

RIPLEY COUNTY, INDIANA

in the

WORLD WAR.

Papers, Clippings
and Photographs

Collected

by

Minnie Elizabeth Wycoff

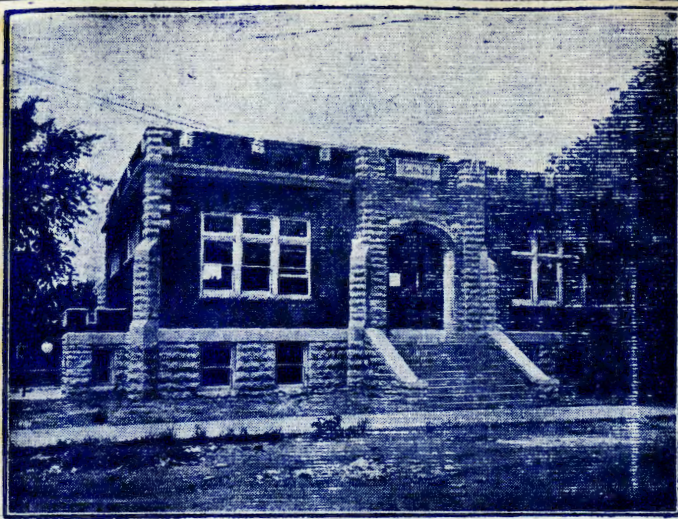
1925.

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107676
April 2, 1926

1. A Few Personal Narratives and Reports.



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Osgood, Ind., *Dec. 8* 191*7*

Dear Mrs. Wycoff:- Our library was active in all war work, but it doesn't seem very much, when you sum it all up:- We distributed 1250 leaflets on food conservation, donated 225 books to the soldiers, and \$10 00 to the War Council.

The Assembly Room was open at any time for the use of war workers and was used ~~36~~³⁶ times by Red Cross, Liberty Loan Com. War Mothers etc.

yours truly
Clara B. Jones.

Go Quickly, My Letter.

Tune: Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

Go quickly, oh letter, across the blue sea,
Bear quickly this message to a soldier for me,
A soldier who's lonely and longing to hear
From home-land and loved ones a message of cheer.

Refrain—

We love you, our soldiers, wherever you are
Our love is not bounded by near or by far,
Wherever you're bearing the Red, White and Blue,
The prayers of a Nation are ever with you.

The home-fires are burning in cottage and hall.
There's a place ever ready for you one and all
Where war-clouds have scattered and Peace reigns supreme.
The deeds of our heroes will e'er be our theme.

Refrain

We love you our soldiers, wherever you are
Our love is not bounded by near or by far
Wherever you're bearing the Red, White and Blue,
The prayers of a Nation are ever with you.

Lucy Roberts,
Osage Co.,
Ind.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our cornerstone of Liberty was laid by master hands
On solid blocks of statesmanship our country firmly
stands,

While course on course of history we're adding year
by year,

Cemented by a people's love who all their lives hold
dear.

We're carving for Eternity, each one, his block of
Fate;

On how we carve and how we build depends this na-
tion great;

For one small flaw in workmanship will spoil a build-
er's plan

And future storms of Time will test the work of every
man.

We're builders of America, our home, our country
free,
She may mean much to others, but more to you and
me;
In righteous cause, across the seas, our noble boys
have gone—
Our Flag and all its folds imply, they mean to "Carry
On."

—Lucy Roberts, Osgood, Ind.

"Fuel Administration Ripley County"

Owing to the shortage of coal occasioned by the extraordinary demands of all industries, the demand of all shipping, both by land and sea, and the drain on the working forces of the mines caused by the miners either volunteering or being conscripted into the military service, this country in the spring and summer of 1917 came face to face with a fuel problem such as had never been thought or dreamed of before.

A tendency on the part of the coal producers to advance prices during the spring and summer caused the government to create and set in motion a piece of machinery known as the Federal Fuel Administration whose office should be to control the production, distribution and price of coal and coal products used for fuel.

During the time this machinery was being created the public was repeatedly advised through the public press not to buy coal at prices prevailing as the prices would be lower as soon as the distribution would pass under the control of the government; acting upon this advice, consumers, who ordinarily bought and stored their winter supply of coal during the months of spring and summer, made no attempt to secure coal and the distributors and producers, not knowing what the attitude of the Fuel Administration would be as to price and manner of distribution, made no provision for an accumulation to take care of the demand which of necessity would come in the fall and winter.

The months of the summer of 1917 passed by with possibly only 10% of the usual number of consumers supplied with coal; fall came on and still the uncertainty of the fuel problem; such consumers, who in desperation were willing and anxious to secure coal at any price, during the months of September and October, could not be supplied owing to the fact that distributors and producers had no stocks on hand and the demand on the mines and transportation by the war department prevented coal coming into the dealers hands in any but very limited quantities.

By October 20th the Fuel Administration machinery had reached such a stage that a national administrator, in the person of Dr. H. A. Garfield had been selected and appointed.

Each state was to select a State Fuel Administrator and for some reason ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ there was considerable delay in the selection of the administrator for this state but finally the appointment of Evans Woollen, a banker of Indianapolis, was announced and later events proved that no better selection could have been made.

Each county was to have its County Fuel Administrator who was to be recommended to the state administrator by the County Council of Defence and ~~the~~ the business organizations of such county; the selection and appointment of H. J. Walsman of Batesville as the administrator for Ripley County was made on Nov. 1st, thus completing the machinery for this county.

The Federal Fuel Administrator most wisely laid down very few fixed rules governing the state and county administrators and in this state no iron clad rules whatever were made by the state administrator, but rather in conferences called for the purpose consulted with the county administrators as to their ideas in handling matters pertaining to the state as a whole and put it up entirely to the county administrator to handle ~~the~~ the affairs of his particular county; this proved to be a most effective way in disposing of some matters which might have proven rather perplexing had they been handled otherwise.

Scarcely had the County Fuel Administrators been appointed and before they had an opportunity to familiarize themselves with their duties, the rigors of winter set in and the cry for fuel became most urgent; most of the dealers in the county were out of coal and now the arduous duties of the county administrators began. Application blanks, guarantee bonds and such other printed matter as was necessary was furnished and immediately placed into service, and the limited quantity of coal allotted to the Fuel Administration by the government began to be distributed on orders approved by the county administrators.

About Dec. 1st winter set in in earnest with a heavy snow that did not entirely melt away for nine weeks; during the entire month of ~~XXXX~~ December the thermometer ranged considerably below normal and with the beginning of the new year, matters grew more serious and the climax was reached on January 12th 1918, when after several days of heavy snowfall the thermometer dropped to a record breaking level, in some instances as low as 25 to 30 below zero; Saturday, January 13th will go down in history as the coldest and most disagreeable day experienced in many years; the high winds prevailing all night of the 12th. and continuing all day of the 13th. drove the light snow into every crack and crevice, thus adding to the discomfort of those who were unfortunate enough to be out of fuel.

The towns and villages in the lower end of the county were more fortunate than those in the northern part owing to the diligence of the dealers in securing coal through the offices of the County Fuel Administrator wherever it was possible and also on account of being able to secure more wood for fuel.

Batesville with a larger population and practically no wood to rely on reached a very critical stage several times, fortunately the public and parochial schools had early in the season filled their coal bins and these were called upon by the County Fuel Administrator a number of times to supply families who were entirely out of fuel; this coal was furnished ~~only~~ in hundred pound lots only to those who had secured permit cards from the fuel administrator.

Owing to ~~XXXX~~ Oldenburgs close proximity to Batesville, the people of that community naturally looked to the Ripley County Administrator for help in their time of distress; through the generosity of some of the manufactories and the general spirit of unselfishness in the hearts of all the people, Oldenburg was helped and the heating plant of the Academy was kept from freezing and the school enabled to continue without interruption.

In many cities and towns of the state the schools and churches were compelled to close for several weeks on account of not being able to secure fuel, but in every instance where the aid of the County Fuel Administrator was sought, ample fuel was provided so no school or church in Ripley County was compelled to close on that account.

The conservation of every pound of coal became so essential throughout the country that an order was issued by the Federal Fuel Administrator calling for lightless nights and heatless days; this order applied to all manufacturing plants not engaged in making war materials or foods as well as to all mercantile establishments, stores and offices; it is estimated that millions of tons of coal were saved by the elimination of the electrical advertising displays and the excessive lighting and

heating of business houses in the large cities and the closing of business houses of all kinds on Sunday and Monday for a period covering about a month; the saving was not so material in Ripley County since the fuel consumed in generating electricity for advertising purposes was a very small matter but the business people of the entire county entered into the spirit most heartily and almost without exception conformed to the ruling without pressure being brought to bear.

To further assist in conserving fuel, the churches in several of our cities and towns voluntarily united their services, thus eliminating the necessity of heating the individual churches.

During the period of excessive snows and unusually cold weather, the fuel administrators in nearly all counties were extremely busy and in most counties gave their entire time looking after the fuel problems by correspondence, telephone, automobile and afoot; despite the most desperate conditions ever prevailing along this line, there is no record of any life being lost directly as a result of not having fuel.

Osgood's ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Holton, Pierceville and Milan, on the B & O S W RR were most fortunate in having men as dealers who cooperated most heartily with the County Administrator and through their very conservative distribution of the coal secured for them by the County Administrator, were able to assist a number of inland villages.

Sunman dealers were kept reasonably well supplied with coal by the fuel administrator and at no time was there any real shortage.

Morris, unfortunately not having a regular dealer who was familiar with the workings of the fuel administration, experienced a fuel shortage compelling the closing of her schools for about three weeks; within twenty four hours after this condition was reported to the county fuel administrator, a car of coal was placed on the tracks at Morris and was being unloaded.

Batesville the largest city in the county presented a more perplexing problem and the most difficult to handle; owing to the very limited amount of coal available for distribution, the county administrator issued an order that no family be supplied with more than one thousand pounds of coal at one time and under no ~~circumstances~~ ^{condition} should coal be unloaded where a supply of approximately ~~or~~ one thousand pounds was in the bin of the consumer asking for coal; this worked a hardship on the dealer but proved to be a most equitable way of distribution since it placed the poorest family on a equal footing with the wealthiest in securing fuel and since the prices were fixed over the county, there was little opportunity for grafting had the inclination been there.

February brought relief when the weather moderated somewhat, the deep snows gradually melted, shipping became easier, the mines were able to produce more coal and the coal famine of the winter of 1917 and 1918 became history never to be forgotten by those who passed through it.

The demand for gasoline, owing to the increasing number of airplanes, tanks and army trucks caused the Federal Fuel Administrator to issue an order prohibiting the use of automobiles on Sundays for a period of about six weeks during the summer of 1918; this order seemed to work a greater hardship on the people of this country than any ~~other~~ ^{order} issued heretofore ~~and~~ and the old horse and shay were again brought into prominence.

The machinery of the Fuel Administration was kept intact until February 28 1919 when the State and County Administrators were released from their duties and although this service did not call for the donning of the khaki or any other uniform it was considered as one of the important factors in winning the world's war.

*Print this little
quotation at beginning
of this article.* (1)

"To minister to those in need,
To bravely meet life's toil and care,
To bind up stricken hearts that bleed,
To smile though days are dark or fair;
To scatter love and live the good—
This is the crown of womanhood."

The War brought a very clear and powerful emphasis to the word Conservation. And in August 1917 our country had already seen the immediate need of conservation of food, so I was asked by County Council of Defense to take up the work of distributing the Food Conservation Pledge Cards throughout Ripley County for our women to sign.

Every woman who signed a card pledged her willingness to conserve all she could in her own kitchen to the best of her ability. The 20th day of February 1918 I was officially appointed by H.E. Barnard, Federal Food Administrator of Indiana to act as county President of U.S. Food Clubs. The organization plan of the clubs was to appoint township presidents, and each township president to organize food clubs and appoint food club presidents, thus making a thorough organized community.

The township presidents were as follows—

Center Tp.--Mrs. E. Maud Bruce.
Johnson Tp.--Mrs. Myrtle Royce.
Laughery Tp.--Miss Sophia Nickel.
Adams Tp.--Miss Myrtle Stille.
Delaware Tp.--Mrs. Herman Menke.
Jackson Tp.--Mrs. Ada Myers.
Shelby Tp.--Miss Georgiana Spears.

At the meetings of these clubs literature furnished by the state was distributed among the ladies and these leaflets contained receipts how to save the wheat, meat, and fats. Our four minute women did a noble work in our clubs too. Only seven townships in our county organized these clubs, but practically every woman in the county received literature, as every school child was given literature to take home.

At this time our sorrows were akin and prompted our desires to do for others. By these little acts of service there was a network of friendship woven throughout our county. I can not refrain from expressing my sincere gratitude for the splendid assistance you women of Ripley County have rendered. It was your efforts and those of others associated with us that made possible the proud record of Indiana and helped to cause the defeat of the arch enemy of civilization.

Mrs. Laura Row Nelson,

President of U.S. Food Clubs
of Ripley County.

The peoples of the world have learned to look to the United States of America for leadership in ideals and morals; for fighting forces when great questions of right and wrong confront them; and for money and supplies when they find themselves in need.

Our country, after deciding on the path of duty, was not slow in responding to every call made upon her. She gave freely of her choicest manhood and of her money and furnished the balance of power which defeated a world enemy.

When the call came from the Near East for the persecuted and starving Armenian and Syrian peoples, America heard and heeded the call.

The quota for the United States in this drive was thirty million dollars. Indiana's quota was six hundred twenty-nine thousand and one hundred seventy-two dollars and Ripley County's quota was three thousand three hundred dollars. Our county has been as prompt in meeting her obligations as our country.

Ripley County contributed promptly and liberally in this drive. Mr. George A. Baas of Batesville was appointed county treasurer. The following chairmen for the townships were appointed and quotas assigned as follows:

		QUOTA	AMOUNT REC'D
Mr. L. A. Bruns, Sumner,	Adams Tp.	\$470.00	\$ 470.15
Mr. Fred. H. Papenhaus, Osgood, R. F. D.	Delaware Tp.	175.00	175.00
Mr. B. L. Vawter, Sumner,	Center Tp.	345.00	346.00
Mr. E. B. Schultz, Batesville,	Laughery Tp.	495.00	755.50
Mr. Thos. H. Thompson, Milan,	Franklin Tp.	325.00	325.00
Mr. James Hazelrigg, Napoleon,	Jackson Tp.	165.00	189.50
Mr. Wm. T. Wilson, Battleville,	Shelby Tp.	300.00	504.75
Mr. W. D. Robinson, Versailles,	Johnson Tp.	345.00	349.00
Mr. H. A. Cass, Holton,	Otter Creek Tp.	315.00	315.00
Mr. Wm. Meyer, Dillsboro,	Washington Tp.	145.00	133.00
Mr. W. S. Lemon, Friendship,	Brown Tp.	280.00	280.00

The above report also gives the amount received with an over subscription of Three Hundred Seventy Dollars and Ninety Cents. For the splendid results I am indebted to the township chairmen, the support of the county newspapers, as well as the liberality of our citizens.

WILL J. GELVIN,

County Chairman,
ARMENIAN & SYRIAN RELIEF DRIVE.

Oran C. Engel,
Corpl., Co. C, 9th
Field Bn. Signal Corps. /

I entered the U. S. army March 29th 1918 at Stanley, N. D. being stationed at Plaza as a railway telegraph operator and clerk. Was sent to camp Hodge Iowa, arriving there on Easter Sunday. Was assigned to Co. C. 163rd Hqspt Brigade of which I only remained there for two and one half weeks when I was transferred to Co. G 5th Hqspt Brigade Signal Corps Fort Leavenworth Kansas. On arriving there I discovered that I had the measles, I was taken to the hospital immediately. Was there for two and one half weeks. One week later I was put in the Overseas Casual Replacement Detachment for service overseas. Expecting to move forward every day the whole unit was confined to the camp. On June 15th I left Fort Leavenworth arriving at camp Merritt N. J. on the 17th. Waited there for transport until the 21st. when I sailed on the Shropshire arriving at port La Havre France on the evening of July 6th. The following evening entrained and went to St. Aignan France which was a few days ride. Then marched out to camp Cuddes and was assigned to Co. B 116 Field Bn. Signal Corps. On July 16th I was promoted to Corporal and few days later was sent on my way to the 5th division. On July 25th I reached St. Liez the headquarters of this division. The following morning I was assigned to Co. C 9th Field Bn. Signal Corps. Was detached to the 11th infantry to help operate the different ways of communication and went up to the trenches in the mountains on the same day. This was known as a quiet sector but the enemy

would bomb our front lines nearly every daynd the Boche aviators would come over, trying to locate our artillerynd machine guns. One evening about two weeks later we surprised them, we opened up with some light artillery such as one-poundersnd trench mortars also included the machine guns. We all were ready at a minute's notice to advance. In the meantime the 6th infantry which was just on the left of us went overnd captured the town of Trappelle. The enemy in front of us had retired so we did not advance. On Aug. 23rd I left the St. Die sectornd began a march towards the St. Mihiel sector, marched at night and rested throughout the day. Stayed at Martincourt a small town for a few hours restnd on the evening of Sept. 11th we marched up to the front, took up our positions in the trenches. I was laying telephone wire from the 11th regimental headquarters to the front until 1 A.M. on Sept. 12th when the thousands of pieces of our own artillery began firing over our heads. At five o'clock the same morning we started on our forward advance. We kept on going and at dawn of the 15th we were relieved by the 60th regiment. We moved back a few miles for that nightnd next day. We then started on our journey to the western front. Only marched a few nights until we were picked up by trucksnd rode. We were held in reserve until we reached the town of Mont Jaucon. Here I was sent back to the headquarters to work with Co. B

9th Field Bn. Sig. Cps. Near October 14th I was sent up to Nantillois to lay telephone line to Madeline Farm. During the night our captain was wounded^{2nd} taken back. We went on but got lost so we decided to wait until daybreak. We then started out^{2nd} reached our objective but were kept busy repairing our wires for the next few days. We then put in lines into^{2nd} beyond Cune into the forests of Bois-des-Rappes. Here we received orders to stop until more reinforcements were brought up. On the evening of Oct. 27th our barrage started and last until the morning of the 29th when we advanced again capturing the towns of Aincreville, Clergy-le-Grand, Clergy-le-patite on to Lun-sur-Meuse where we crossed the Meuse river around Nov 5th. Then went on through Milly onto Murvaux and put in lines from there to Brandeville. On the 10th I helped run a line on towards Louppy. The firing from the enemy broke our lines^{2nd} I was sent back to repair them. On Nov. 11th I left Brandeville again repairing the wires. I reached Louppy about nine o'clock. We were ready to make another advance but soon received orders to stop for the war was over. I rode back in a truck to Lion that evening^{2nd} remained there for nearly a week when I went to Longuyon. Was there until Dec 1st. then went to Luxembourg City, Luxembourg

for nearly two weeks. moved to Merl for a few days.
From there moved to Esch, Luxembourg and remained
there until July 8th 1919 when we started for home.
Reached Brest France on the 11th. sailed on the U. S.
Radnor on July 15th reaching New York harbor on
the 28th. Was sent to Camp Mills L.I. N. Y. for three
days. Then went to Camp Sherman Ohio August 2nd
and received my final discharge there on August 4th.

Ora C. Engle.

Bert Kindie Parker

Born at Richmond Ind May 7 1897
his father died and he was placed
in a Catholic childrens home at
Indianapolis

he was eleven years old when
Labolt Wagner took him and gave
him a good home

he went in the second bunch of
drafted boys to Camp Taylor
and was assigned to Co B 8th
Brigade infantry

he sailed from the U. S. to late
to participate in any battles he was
kitchen police most of the time
while in France he cleaned his
clothes with gasoline to remove
spots when the gasoline ignited
and he was severely burned on the
leg his hospital treatment was in
France he had the Mumps at Camp
McClellan that delayed his sailing

he sailed from N.Y. but he never remembered the ship

I was born in Osgood Ripley Co. Ind in the year of 1897. At the age 19 years and ten months I enlisted in the Third Ohio National Guard at Osgood Ind. on June the 8th. 1917. I stayed at Osgood and Guarded the Bridge until the last part of July, then we were called to Cincinnati, Ohio. Here we were put in the 148th Infantry 37th Division. We stayed there for about three weeks then we were sent to Camp Sherman, Ohio. I was there for three days, Orders came to send 16 men to the 166th Inf, 4th Division, I was one to go. I went to Camp Perry, Ohio and joined the Rainbow Boys. Here, I stayed about three weeks, then we got orders to go to Camp Mills, New York. We stayed there till the 28th of October 1917, then we set sail for France. We landed at Brest on the 12th of November, then we went to a town called Me-Ligny. Here we stayed for a short time, slept in Barns and it sure was cold. Had no tobacco and just about half enough to eat. The reason for this treatment was that the government had but just very few troops over there and the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. had not got fixed up yet. It was hardly.

4 About 5 o'clock on the morning July the 15th the Germans came over. They were coming on a 65 mile front all along. And sure were lots of them too. They sure had lots of machine guns. Bullets were flying every where. Soon as the bunch in the front line saw them they all gave up and were made prisoners. About 6 o'clock the Germans were on us, just 30 of us. The rest of the Americans were a mile behind us. We opened fire on them. They were all around us, had us surrounded. They out numbered us about 20 to 1. They were capturing us one and two at a time. We were fighting to the last minute finally they got me. There were seven more they hadn't got yet. They disarmed us and kept us heavily guarded till they got the rest. There were about 7 ^{or} 8 of our boys killed. But if we killed one German we killed 50. When we were all made prisoners the enemy had all ready advanced back to the rest of our comrades. We could look back and see them. Then they started us back with guards cursing us. There were two

2 ever saw any of them. We left there for
a town called Noidant where we did
our little Training as we hadn't got
much here in the States. We stayed there
till some time in January 1918. When
our help was needed at the front
so we packed up to go. We walked
for 6 days in snow knee deep, slept
in Barns as before. When we would
wake of a morning we would fill
our shoes with hay and set fire to
the hay to thaw them out, other wise
we would ^{never have} got them on. Some
time the latter part of February 1918
we hit the front. We went in the
Toul Front & lost quite a few men. We
stayed there for nine days, then got
orders that we were going to be relieved.
We all were happy but the night
relief came they were shelling us so
that the Captain said, "Boys, get out the
best you can," so we started. Some got
killed, some didn't. I was lucky. The
next two days we walked ^{a long} way back.
The Captain said, "Boys, we are going still
farther back for a rest." Well, we waited
for a couple of days ^{expecting} to go
back, But Orders came to get us

3 Back to ^{the} front as quick as possible
Of course it meant walk far that
is the way we traveled over there.

We started, two days brought us on
the front again. Well it was so hot
up there with Germans that they
~~held~~ us there 110 days. We sure
lost a lot of men. I was gassed
slightly a couple of times. On the 20th
day of June 1918 we left for the
Eastern part of Champagne front, better
known as ^{the} Marne. We were to stop
a big German Offense which was
expected. Well, we stayed ~~here~~ about 3
^{or} 4 days. Orders came for us to
move out and go down to the left
of Chateaux Thierry. We went down there.

The French were in the front line so
we took the second line trench.
They were about a mile apart. Right
behind the front line were two tank
guns. Orders came to put about 30
men on the tank guns. And in case
the Germans attacked not to retreat.
I was one of the 30 to go on the guns.
On the night of July the 14th, the Germans
started to throw a big barrage on us
also lots of Gas.

5
Americans with us that could talk
German. Well, when they got us back
they had so many French prisoners
that our own artillery was firing
back there killing them a dozen at a
time. We had to dig holes and put
the ^{bodies in} ~~them~~ and get in on them and
tramp them down with our feet, some got
nothing to eat for three days. They
killed us up one day and picked me
and two more boys far to go back
for information. We had it pretty
good while they were trying to get
information but after that it was
awful. They separated us and sent
me and a boy from Columbus, Ohio
together. They sent us to a French
and English ^{prison} camp. There we worked
hard worked on rail-roads, unloaded
coal and did all such work as that.
From Day light till dark it was
work, rain or shine, Sunday the same.
English soldiers were dying off like
sheep. We would dig holes and put
them in then all the soldiers would
say the Lord's prayer and all throw a
hand full of dirt on them, then
cover them up 3 and 4 in one hole.

7 At last we ^{reached} ~~hit~~ Givet, France. There
we met Americans. They sent us to
Paris. We were there 4 days. Then
they sent us to Blois to a casual
camp. We were there 3 days then they
sent us to a hospital. There we were
45 days, then we went to Le Mans
France. There we stayed until the
9th Division was coming home, then
we were sent to it to come home.
We left St. Nazaire on the 23rd of
March to sail for the "good old
U.S.A." We landed at Hoboken, New
Jersey on the first of April. We
were sent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey
^{where} we stayed 12 days. From there
we were sent to Camp Sherman. I
and ^{the} boy that was prisoner with me
were together all the time. We came to
Camp Sherman together and on the 23rd
day of April we were discharged
together. We clasped hands and
bid each other good by. He went to
Columbus Ohio and I ^{came} to
Osgood, so here I am once more in
dear old Osgood.

Dallie Kelley
Osgood Ind.

6 They died from starvation. I thought
my time was coming any day
but kept up the best I could
waiting for a better day to come.
I was in 6 or 7 different camps.
I was in Limburg and Domstadt
Germany. Finally we heard that
firing was stopped at the front on
the eleventh of November. On the morning
of the 12th we were not awakened to go
to work so we slept late. We ^{were} sleeping
on the ground all the time in a big
stone house with ~~three~~ ^{barbed} wire
fences around it. When we went
out the morning of the 12th there were
no guards ^{over} us. Just us two
Americans there. We had not seen
another American since we were captured.
We felt like brothers, so when we
saw there were no guards ^{over} us, I
said, "Let's start out and walk back
~~out~~ ^{or} we will die here," so we started.
We walked one day and one night ^{before}
we hit Belgium. — We were all
right then. They gave us something to
eat & we rested there over night and
set out on foot for France. We
walked 3 more days and 3 nights

4/6 — 19/19

VI

Some of my Military
service in the United-
States Army. I was deployed
at Cincinnati ^{with the} Warner, auto Joe
as drafted into the service
Sept. 6th 1918. was sent from
Goodland to Camp -
Rocky Taylor, Louisville, Ky.
I was turned down in
the first examination on the
account of tonsillitis went to
the Base Hospital was kept
there for 2 weeks.

(2)

Then after I was turned out
out of there I was put into a
No. 10. I was called. 53 Co.
14th Bor. 159 224th Brigade.
There is where I got my first
experience. I was given a uniform
and had to drill every day.
I was only there for a short
time when the Spanish
influenza broke out. One
night about 6 o'clock they
packed out a detail of soldiers
to go to the Base Hospital
to help take care of the flu
victims I happened to be one
that had to go. We had
to pitch our tents first. ~~which~~
we had to shut in

3.

Then we were put in different
wards. I and another fellow
were put in Conscientious ward
No. 10. There were 150 sick
soldiers there. The hours we
had were from 6 P.M. till 6 A.M.
The work we had to do was
to help the nurses. That is
sponging the real sick ones.
With hot towels & wash.
then night and morning.
We had to carry their meals
to them 3 times a day.
When there would be
any of them die we had
to wrap them up in two
bed sheets, then go with
ambulance to the morgue.

4.

and bring back the sheets.
you would have to make
those trips quite frequently
for there were lots of them
died. ^{There was} ~~There was~~ a great number
orderless ^{that} took the flies, but
I was lucky, and did not
get it. ~~at you I have told~~
~~you about all the interesting~~
~~parts.~~

(From. Private :
Harry Gillard.)
Private Harry Gillard.

Somewhere in France

11/5/1918

My Dear Mother,

Will write to
right to let you know I arrived
in France O.K. and am feeling
fine I hope you folks received
my oversea card alright I
intended writing before but
we have been busy getting
settled, but we are moving
again tomorrow. I wrote
while on board ship. I
loved the trip fine and
didn't get sea sick at

all. I never imagined there was so much water. The waves were 20 or 30 ft high. We had good food on the way over and now the eats are better. We get candy and tobacco issued to us. The Y. M. C. A. is certainly doing great work over here. They have tobacco, toilet articles, cakes, hot Cocoa, and eats to sell cheaper than in the U. S. They also teach French. Have religious services and games also movies and everything to keep the boys in good spirits. Can you imagine 7000 men feeding from one kitchen. They do it here. Some of the people wear wooden shoes and they drive oxen. The women work like men. They drive one horse in ahead of the other. The scenery is certainly beautiful. It has rained most all of today. The grass and crops are pretty and green. At Elza in Ky I expect it is beginning to get cold back home now. It is funny to see the children scrambling over the American pennies. I suppose you were surprised at my letters before. I left the other

side but our letters were and
still are censored so I couldn't
tell you. Did you get my package
from Langley Field alright. I
bought three bonds before
I left the states. Those over here have paid for. I am in
six months wear a gold cross good sqdn and getting
a stripe on the left sleeve. I hope long fine I do not want
to get one. I like over here for you folks to worry for we
so far. I have been in charge well fed taking care of
quarters today that is. Write soon and tell me all
cleaning up around. I had the news back there. Don't
a detail of three fellows. They expect letters very often
to boys say it rains about as it takes a good while
every day here, but we have for it to reach you. With
plenty of good clothes and love to all my address
a slicker. We can wear our is Corporal Emmett Hamaree
steel helmets in a rainy time 499th Aero Sqdn
I told the sergeant in charge American E. F.
to mail you my bond which

Dear Mother June 23

Was very glad to receive your ever welcome letter the other day was more than glad to hear from you. Yesterday in line of duty I burnt my right hand so I am having my friend write this letter. I am now in the hospital and I think I will be out soon. I will be able to write soon.

from your loving son
Emmett Demaree.

June 30 1918.
Dear Mother,

Will write a few lines. I am still in the hospital but am feeling fine and will be out again in a day or so my face was pretty badly burned but looks alright. I was afraid my eyes were affected but they aren't. I received a big letter from Elza. He is getting along O.K. also a letter from H. Gleisler. A letter from Nella today. We had some big rains this week. The Red Cross must be doing fine. Some Ladies from Hampton came out last night and brought us flowers and ice cream. They treat us fine here in the hospital. I have been in a week today. I heard Helga Hemmree was gassed. Don't know how bad. We are real close to Hampton. This country must be awful hot in summer but I don't mind hot weather at all. Tell Carrie and the Children to write. I suppose berries will soon be ripe. They are ripe here. This is an interesting field as the planes fly most all the time. Well, mother don't worry as I am feeling fine.

I will close hoping to hear
from you soon
Your loving Son
Emmett Remaree

John Kreuzman of Batesville
being a baker by trade served
with the 306th Field Baking
Co. He served overseas from Nov-
ember 1st, 1917 to April, 1919.
He gives a brief but interesting
account of his work.

"Our Co. was the first to
bake white bread in France.

Whenever we found a French
Baking we used their ovens
which were new to all of us.
You build your fire right in
the oven and spread it all
over the oven to have even
heat and after it was burned out
you pulled the sides out and
then put your bread in.

Our field ovens were put
up in 5 minutes and torn down
in 2 min. Each oven has 3 chambers
and each chamber holds 6 pans

of bread. The bread we made
was called ^{Bread} field, one loaf
weighing 12 pounds.

The amount our detachment
of 36 men turned out in 24 hrs
was 30000 lbs.

Our Company was 2nd on
the list for having the best
record up to the time we left
France.

My Army Life in France
Edgar H Woolly.

I

After the Arrival in
France we stopped
at a camp at Calis
France Disposed of
some of our clothes
and cleaned up rifles
and had some drilling
after leaving Calis
France we hiked for
five days stopping
for a few days drilled
some and hiked for
four days longer
arrived at Niols France
where we got two
weeks Drilling then
we made our way.

Edgar W Woolley,
France,
2

To the front. at
Ypres which was called
the Flanders Front.
was up to the front.
for twenty six days.
Came back for some
rest and more drilling
was back five days
went back to the front
went over the top.
a few times. Came
back and went to
St Quinton went
went over the top
there the twenty ninth
of September I was
wounded about seven

Edgar D Woolly.
France.
3

At 10 o'clock in the morning
layed in a German
trench until ten
o'clock that ^{night} before
I got first aid
Was carried back
by two of our men
to first aid station
Was carried by four
German prisoners
to Castaly Clearing
station. Was there
two days Was sent
to the sixth British
General Hospital
Was there two weeks
My wounds were dressed.

Edgar D Woolly,

H

France.

There was sent from
there to Pantheon
England was there
two days was sent
from there to Porto
mouth England;
was there about three
months before
sailing for W. S. A.
sailed from Liver
Pool, Eng. the eight
day of Dec. went
to Brest, France
for Coal and sailed
for W. S. A. arrived the
16th of Dec. in good
condition.

My Army Life in U.S.A.
Edgar D Woolley.

I was sent to Camp
Zachary Taylor. Louisville
Kentucky. On September
the twentieth. 20th 1917.

Was put in the Depot
Bridage was there eleven
days was transferred
to Company. A. 335. Inf.
eighty fourth. Division.

We were trained about
six months which
were sent to. Camp
Sivier. Greenville. S. C.

Was there some like
three weeks was sent
from there to. Camp
Merritt. N. J.

In. W. S. A.

L.

Edgar D. Woolly.

Which we received
our clothes for sailing
over sea on the
17th day of May we
sailed from Boston, Mass.
from there to New York;
from there, Halifax was
there two days and
sailed for France.
Arrived in France
the fifth day of June.

Versailles, Indiana

P.F.D. #2

Oct. 25. 1919

Dear Mrs. Mycuff.

Rec'd said dad regrets
very much that I didn't
keep a diary but however
I can tell you the ports
into which we anchored.
" My first trip was made
Nov. 12th 1918 just after the
signing of the Armistice and
my ship had the honor of
taking the last troops
to France, and also sailed
out of Bordeaux, France
homeward bound with the
first troops direct from

2

France, going home after
the signing of the Armistice.
The date of sailing being
Nov-23rd and we carried
1587 Soldiers and 107 Officers
all of whom had been
wounded and were first
taken from Hospitals and
brought aboard ship.

Arrived in the States
after having had six days
of the roughest weather
I had ever before seen
and don't know as I have
seen the sea any more
severe since in all of my
^{subsequent} previous trips.

As to the rest of
my over seas voyages

#3.

will say that I only
remembered the ports that
I made in France,
which were Bordeaux
via the Azores Islands,
where we stopped and
left mail for the Marine
Base then ^{went} on to Bordeaux
and got a load of troops.

We made four successive
trips to Bordeaux via the
Azores, then we changed our
foreign port to St Nazaire,
France, and then Pauillac,
and then Bassens, and
last Brest, France.

I made two furloughs
to Paris, while in the
service, the last being

#4

the most wonderful of
all, for I made a visit
to the Battle fields and
saw some of the most
awful disasters of modern
warfare.

Now I haven't any
decent photo to send but
will enclose two. One
the smaller one having
been taken shortly after
I entered the service,
and will mark my
picture on the
Quarters Master's squad,
which was taken last
July.

In ^{the} short time I
was in the Navy I made

5

nine trays, all of which
were made during
the months from Apr. 12th
1918 to Sept 1st 1919. "

Floyd Jarvis
Hoping you will be
able to get along with
this brief letter, and
hoping that you are
able to read this as
I am in a tremendous
hurry, for I am leaving
for Oshaka, as soon
as I have finished this
letter.

Very Sincerely,

F. O. Jarvis

~~me~~ U. S. S. Sierra.

2. Newspaper Clippings.

Mostly letters from the
Army and Navy Boys of Ripley County.
1917-1918.

1500 ATTEND BIG REUNION

School Grove at Pierceville
Dedicated as Franklin Tp.
Memorial Park.

In the eastern half of Ripley county all roads led to Pierceville Sunday afternoon, for it was the date of the annual Pierceville school reunion. Seven years ago a few of the former pupils, teachers and friends of this school assembled in a grove on the school campus and renewed old friendships. It proved such a pleasant meeting that it was agreed to meet each year on the third Sunday in August. The interest and attendance have grown from year to year till Sunday's crowd was estimated to be about fifteen hundred. The crowd began assembling at twelve o'clock and two hours were given for informal social visiting. Every automobile was the center for a happy little group of old friends.

With Mrs. I. A. Whitlatch, of Milan at the piano and Mr. Hubert Nead of Pierceville leading the mighty chorus, the grove re-echoed to the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

The Chairman, Mr. W. D. Robinson, of Versailles, briefly explained that in addition to the usual purposes to have a pleasant social time and to foster the splendid community spirit centering at Pierceville, at this reunion the citizens of the entire township would dedicate the grove in which the meeting was held as Franklin Township Memorial Park. He said that it was the desire of the people of the entire township to set aside this beautiful little grove, which belongs to the township as a living memorial of the patriotism and heroism that the Soldier and Sailor boys of Franklin township showed during the trying days of 1916-1918. At the proper season for planting trees, either this fall or next spring, a day will be designated for planting an addition to the grove and each family in Franklin township, that furnished a son in the World War, will be invited, and expected, to plant a tree in the township's Memorial Park as a living monument to their

boy who proved himself to be a man when the time of testing came.

The following program was then given the closest attention: Dedicatory address, Hon. James H. Connelley of Milan; Response of acceptance in behalf of the township's soldiers and sailors, Private Joe Herbst, of Milan; Vocal selection, Messrs. Richard J. Beer, Fred Kohlmeier, Bevan Townsend, and Orlan Griffith, Mr. Carl Beer pianist, all these gentlemen are from Osgood; Address by Mr. E. E. McClure, of Aurora, Mr. McClure is Indiana's present "Corn King"; Vocal selection, Mrs. May Wise Laws, of Milan, with Mrs. Joe Herbst, also of Milan as accompanist; Talk on Corn's Diseases and their Remedies, County Agent Calvin Griffith, of Osgood; Select Reading, Miss Anna Mae Busted, of Delaware; Talk on Recent Road Legislation and Maintenance of our Dirt Roads, Editor Peter Holzer, of Batesville; Violin selection, Miss Alice Sanders, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Virginia Beer, of Osgood, Mr. Carl Beer accompanist; Select Reading, Miss Ada Koechlin, of Delaware; Talk on Phases of School Work of Special Local Interest, Superintendent C. R. Hertenstein; Select Reading Mrs. Lillian V. Cherry, of Pierceville; Vocal selection, Osgood Male quartette.

At the close of the program the chairman paid tribute to the memory of three former teachers of the Pierceville school who has passed into the Shadow Land since the 1918 reunion: Jesse E. Wells, a Civil War veteran and one of the early day teachers, was remembered for his ability to arouse ambition in his pupils. He was a man of unusual ability who, if he had have chosen, could have filled an exalted position. His tastes were simple and he chose to walk the quiet path of life, in a rural community. He passed away at his late home in Milan this summer. Mr. Frank J. Hillman, the circumstances of whose tragic death are still fresh in the minds of the community, ranked high among the teachers of the county. His former pupils at Pierceville remembered him as a pains-taking and competent instructor and a man of sterling worth. Mr. Hillman was postmaster at Milan at the time of his death. Mr. James B. Royce, who was one of the many strong men who succumbed in the very prime of life during the recent scourge of influenza, died at his home in Stewart, Nevada, where he was serving with

marked ability as Superintendent of the Carson Indian School. Mr. Royce was born and reared in Shelby township, this county and had been principal of schools at New Marion, Dabney, Holton and Pierceville. His rare social qualities, great vigor of mind and splendid Christian character have left an indelible imprint on his former pupils in the above communities, as well as among the pupils of the Ripley County Normal, in which he was an instructor.

Every number of the program was a special feature and is worthy of special mention.

As Mr. Connelley is not only a citizen of Franklin township but also had sons in both Spanish-American and the World war, his words come from his heart and reached the hearts of his audience.

Private Joe Herbst had just returned to his home in Milan from overseas. As he stepped to the platform to accept the Memorial Park for his comrades-in-arms, the unexpected appearance of his sturdy figure clad in the uniform of the army, and his tanned and smiling countenance, brought a glad look of surprise and joyous "Welcome Home." to the faces of all present. In the modest and unassuming words of an American soldier he accepted the Memorial Park and expressed the appreciation felt by himself and comrades for the grateful spirit that prompted the citizens of Franklin township thus to honor their boys in the A. E. F. He said that while the boys in uniform had done their duty as they understood it, the folks at home also had done their full part in bringing victory to our righteous cause.

Mr. McClure proved himself at home on the platform as well as in the corn field. He expressed his pleasure at the evidence of such a good community spirit as proven by the modern school building recently erected at Pierceville, this step that the community had just taken to honor their soldier boys and the great throng that assembles each year to enjoy together a feast of oratory and music and to consider matters of community interest. He said that these annual reunions had gained for Pierceville and Franklin township a reputation as a people with the good sense to pull together for the common good, and that if they would but continue their fine teamwork, theirs would become known as the model rural community of the state. In telling how the best five acres of

corn was grown he made it plain that Mrs. McClure was entitled to at least half the honor. As he looked into the eager faces of the many progressive young farmers present he must have suspected that some of them were already planning to make their own farm home the palace of the Indiana Corn King and Queen at no far distant future. County Agent Griffith supplemented Mr. McClure's talk about corn growing with an explanation of the many fields of sick corn this season and gave some valuable suggestions for remedying the evil. This new county official made a very favorable impression and will doubtless be called to Franklin township frequently for expert advice on matters of interest to farmers.

In scurrying over the highways and byways of this county for material and money to make a good live county paper, Mr. Holzer has been deeply impressed with the importance of better roads. He outlined recent legislation whereby our county will receive thousands of dollars from the State and Nation to help build market highways. He particularly emphasized the importance of the local communities putting the dirt roads that are feeders for these main highways into first-class condition.

County Superintendent Hertenstein laid stress upon some weak places in the school work. He said that the belief of the County Board of Education is that the weakest link in the chain of factors that make for real success in our schools is poor co-operation of patrons with teachers and school officials. He urged parents to become better acquainted with their local teachers, to visit the school as often as possible and to know for themselves what kind of work teacher and pupils are doing. Intelligent and sympathetic co-operation between teacher, parents and pupils will prevent early all school troubles and will very greatly increase the purchasing power of the money spent on maintaining schools.

The Misses Busted and Koechlin maintained their reputation as readers of fine ability. These talented young women would command favorable attention as chautauqua entertainers.

Mrs. Cherry won many compliments for the artistic interpretation of her selection. She is to be complimented, too, for her willingness to use her talents to give pleasure to the community of her recent adoption.

The vocal and instrumental selections were of high rank and most delightfully rendered. All these musicians will be most welcome if they will assist next year's program. The Osgood quartette has already promised to do so.

All former residents of the Pierceville community now residing so far away that they cannot attend next year's reunion are urged to prepare a letter about themselves to be read at the 1920 meeting. Kindly do this now and send your letter to the reunion Secretary, Miss Mame Busted, Pierceville, Ind.

It was at the battle of Belleau Woods, where the Yankee fighters forced their way foot by foot to victory in the face of a terrific German cross-fire that left the ground strewn with the bodies of our brave boys, that a certain machine gun nest of the foe survived the deadly fire of the American forces after all those around it had been silenced. It seemed to be protected by some magic power and took a frightful toll of Yankee dead and wounded.

Finally a squad of the most intrepid fighters in the attacking force adopted Indian tactics of approach just at dusk, deploying to a point of vantage at one side of the nest and suddenly making a fierce attack upon the German gunners. In a brief and fierce hand-to-hand engagement they not only killed or captured every one of the Germans occupying the nest, but captured the gun and several others in the vicinity that feebly replied to the unexpected attack of the Yankees.

After the fighting was over 58 dead Germans were counted in and around the captured machine-gun nest and a dozen were taken prisoners. Of the attacking American detachment four were slain and eight wounded, the survivors receiving for this exhibition of bravery under fire medals of honor.

This captured machine gun is one of the features of the war exhibit train which will visit this city on Thursday, May 1st in connection with the Victory Liberty Loan drive. The train will consist of three flat cars, a baggage coach and a Pullman sleeper, carrying several speakers; an escort of sailors and a company of soldiers.

The train consist of three flat cars, a baggage car and pullman sleeper. It will arrive here at 12:15 p. m. and will remain until 4:15 p. m. Everybody will want to see this wonderfully, intersting exhibit. In order to make it possible for everyone to do so with least confusion a program has been arranged.

The factories will close at noon until two o'clock. This hour is especially given to all who work in the factories or are otherwise employed. At 1:50 the factory whistles will blow as a warning that time is almost up and at 2 o'clock they will blow again to begin work.

The hour from 2 to 3 will be given to the ladies of the city, farmers and to all others who are to see this wonderful sight.

The hour from 3 to 4 will be allotted to the school children. The arrangement for the children to see this exhibit have not been fully worked out but will be published next week.

Blue Jacket Band Here.

The famous Blue Jacket Band of Great Lakes arrived here on scheduled time Friday and gave two excellent programs; one at eleven o'clock on the freight depot platform and the other in the afternoon in St. Clair's hall.

The factories shut down for an hour to enable their employees to hear the band in the forenoon and the pupils of both the public and parochial schools and others, who could not be present in the forenoon enjoyed the afternoon entertainment.

The Blue Jackets were accompanied by Dr. Harriman, of Indianapolis, who delivered a short address on the coming Victory Loan at both concerts. Dr. Harriman showed the necessity for the loan. He said that the money was needed to pay for the material that was made but not used but the making, of which brought the war to an abrupt close and saved the lives of thousands of American boys.

The Knights of Columbus threw open their club rooms to the Jackies and furnished them with smokes and candy. This was highly appreciated by the Blue Jackets. Our people enjoyed the visit of the sailors and it is a safe bet that the sailors enjoyed it, too.

JOSEPH GROSSMAN RETURNS FROM OVERSEAS.

Pvt. Joseph Grossman has returned home from overseas. He saw real war during the time he was in the army. He went with others from Ripley County for Camp Taylor on April 30, 1918, then he was transferred to Camp Sheridan, Ala. He was then sent north to Camp Upton, New Jersey, and then he was put on a ship bound for overseas. On the way over his ship was sunk by a undersea boat but another ship saved them. They landed at Liverpool, England and latter sailed for France. Three days more and they were at the front. Grossman fought in the Verdun and Argonne battles and in the Morbache and Troyon sectors. He went over the top five times and fought in clouds of gas but never received a scratch. But while on his way home he had an arm broken in a railroad wreck near Brest, France.

Versailles Republican
THE WORK OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Nov 26, 1919
OVERSEAS

(By Hale Bradt.)

At the request of a number of my Ripley county friends and also the State Y. M. C. A., I am writing this account of my own work as a Y. M. C. A. Secretary and the work of the organization as a whole among the soldiers in France and Germany. I would feel a hesitation about describing my own part in the work did I not also feel that the people of Ripley county have a right to hear from me as I was in a sense their representative and many of them gave their money to the work which has been seriously assailed by some misinformed and misguided ones. I shall make no attempt to prove that no mistakes were made. There were many made. But please consider that the Y. M. C. A. as an organization was NOT organized to carry on war but to work among young men under their usual conditions (peace and not war) and because of its great success in this work was asked by our president and General Pershing to undertake the War work.

I will state my own personal experience briefly in order that the readers may judge if I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

I was accepted by the Y. M. C. A. for war work in Dec. 1917 but because the Noblesville School Board—with which I then had a contract—would not release me, I was unable to go until May of 1918. After nearly a month spent in proving my fitness by attending the Princeton Training classes and other meetings, I finally sailed for N. Y. on May 28th and after 17 days of rough voyage and submarine adventures, landed in Liverpool on June 12 and eight days later I found myself at Meaux within a few miles of the battle line. I was with the "Y" organization of the 2nd Division. I was here only two days when I was transferred to the 4th Division and assigned to the 59th Inf. as Regimental Secretary. I was the first "Y" man sent to the 4th Div., and I remained with it and with the same regiment until the Division was ordered home, leaving my regiment on the 29th of June, 1919. This made a continuous service with one regiment of one year and one week. This record has few equals.

On the 15th of July the German last big offensive was started and on the 18th my regiment was thrown against the German right flank. Our losses during the next three days were frightful. I was not allowed to be on the front for these three days, but visited the boys in the hospitals and took up a load of canteen stuff as soon as I was permitted to do so, and arrived in time to march with the regiment to the relief of the 42nd Div. and engage the enemy as he was falling back on the Vesle River. Here, too we had hard fighting with many casualties. It was almost impossible to get supplies. I had to make long trips—sometimes 50 or 100 kilometers at a time—to get

writing paper and often had to carry it on my back, catching rides on army trucks when I could and walking when I could not ride. Those who say that the "Y" was not on the front line did not stay around near my regiment. Shells fell within a few rods of my tent almost daily and men were killed and wounded within a few yards of me. Nor was I the only "Y" man there. There were many of them coming and going all the time. Our hands were tied to a great degree because there was so little transportation. The army requisitioned our trucks whenever it was felt that the needs of the situation demanded it. This was right but it is not fair to say that the "Y" was not there and doing its best after its failure has been acknowledged to have been caused by other agencies.

After we came out of the Vesle River front—Aug. 12—we had a short rest in the hills north of Chaumont. Here we were able to give the boys canteen and entertainment service. We had moving pictures, vaudeville and baseball. About Sept. 1 we were moved upon the St. Mihiel front in preparation for that battle and following that to the Argonne. In all of which I never left the regiment except to get service for it. In St. Mihiel and the Argonne I was under fire almost continuously for about a month. At one time some of my canteen supplies were knocked over by an exploding shell while I was distributing them into piles to be sent to the boys at night.

All the service that I was able to render at all was absolutely free during the fighting. This rule applied to all battles. After the Argonne my Colonel, F. M. Wise, gave me a letter of commendation addressed to my "Y" Divisional Chief, which I hold as a souvenir.

After the 4th Division was relieved and withdrawn from the Argonne front we had a brief time in a rest camp north of Toul and then were started on some long marches upon Metz. On the morning of Nov. 11 we were again within sound of the guns, and, indeed within their reach, too, had the Germans had enough ginger left in them to reply to the terrific artillery attack that we were giving them. During these marches I was with my regiment or on the road with a "Y" truck serving the boys with hot chocolate, chocolate bars and cigarettes at the night camping places.

During the five months of active service on the battle fields and marches, I scarcely ever slept in a bed—other than my blankets—nor under any other shelter than my pup tent. I almost always ate with the boys and marched with them. I never rode on a truck unless by so doing I could render better service to it was a hard and disagreeable march when the boys marched, especially if it was a hard and disagreeable march. It was only after we started on our

march into Germany that I, in obedience to my battalion commander's orders—because attached to the Officer's mess, for my meals. During a great part of this time, and until we had been in Germany some time I was the only "Y" man in the regiment. Part of the time I had one assistant and for a very short time just before the beginning of hostilities, I had two.

The march into Germany was the most severe strain on the boys. I had dreaded the march for myself, feeling that I could not stand it and as I had had no furlough since leaving home (by our contract we were to have one week each four months) I asked to be allowed my furlough and rejoin my regiment at the completion of the march. But the "Y" was short of men and I was told to make the march. I made no protest and have always been most thankful that I was selected for this task. I believe I was the only "Y" man in our Division who marched all the way. I say all the way for tho I was sent to the hospital one day before the regiment reached its winter camp, that last day's march was really a retrograde movement and not forward. One other "Y" man who attempted the march died from the exposure and was buried at Treves. He was Mr. John B. VanShaick, Huntington, La.

One week in the hospital and I was back with my regiment in time to prepare and distribute to the boys of my regiment their Christmas boxes. Every 59th soldier received a box containing smoking tobacco, chocolate, cake and cigarettes or some combination of these. The boxes are labelled "From the Folks Back Home Through the Y. M. C. A."

The winter was full of disappointments. For a long time it was impossible to get supplies. The large armies were taking the worn out R. R.'s, to their capacities in bringing up the bare necessities of war and the "Y" work had to be secondary again. But after while the tide turned. I had a real hut—a fine big building with a corps of assistants so that I was able to render real service to the entire regiment. It was rare now that a single day passed that we did not furnish service to every man in the regiment who needed it. A large part of this was free but we always had something for which a small charge was made.

At the time that I left the regiment last June we had 11 "Y" secretaries besides myself and our work was carried on in five well organized huts. And they were all earnest and devoted workers, loved and respected by officers and men alike. In fact, the good will and appreciation of the men was universal. I have felt at all times that I was fully paid for all hardships and dangers endured by the spirit of appreciation shown by the men.

The first of the following letters was handed to me at the time that I was being sent to the hospital from Heizenbach, Germany. The others

at the time that I started home last June. All were without solicitation on my part.
Headquarters 2nd Battalion, 59th Inf
Heinzenbach, Germany, Dec. 12, '19
To Whom It May Concern:

I have known Mr. Hale Bradt, the Y. M. C. A. representative, since he first joined the 59th Inf. in June, 1918. He has been a hard worker knowing no such thing as fatigue if he could in any way help the men. He has been with the regiment thru all its fighting and accompanied it on its march, as a part of the Army of Occupation, into Germany. He leaves the Battalion, and in fact the whole regiment, only when the surgeon has absolutely ordered it, and it is with regret that every one sees him go. He takes with him the thanks and appreciation of every officer and man for his past work and the hope that he may soon be as well as ever and if possible, rejoin the Battalion.

THEODORE W. SIDMAN,
Major, 59th Inf. Commanding Bn.
Headquarters 59th Inf.
American Expeditionary Forces
Zinzig, Germany, June 29, 1919
Dear Bradt:—

I desire to express to you my appreciation of the excellent service rendered by you while serving the 59th Inf.

It is my understanding that you joined the 59th sometime in June, 1918, and have been with the organization ever since. During the time I have commanded this regiment, both in action and in rest areas. I have noted with gratification your efforts to furnish the men with supplies that were not always to be had. We know that if any cigarettes or chocolates were to be had you would not fail to get the 59th its share.

Your conduct while with this regiment on the Vesle, at St. Mihiel and on the Argonne is one of which you may well be proud. This feeling is shared by every man with whom you came in contact.

Your year of service with this organization has won for you the confidence, admiration and esteem of the officers and men of the regiment. It is very much regretted that certain rules prevent you from accompanying home the regiment you have served so faithfully.

You have the best wishes of the entire regiment for your future welfare and success. Very Truly Yours,

MAX B. GARBER,
Colonel 59th Infantry Commanding
44th Div. Headquarters,
Niederbreizig, Germany, June 28, '19
To Whom It May Concern:

Inasmuch as Mr. Hale Bradt is about to leave the activities of the 4th Div., being on his homeward journey and the Division about to close its work and return, the Divisional Office of this, the 4th Division of the Third Army, wishes to say in a formal manner but with the deepest of sincerity, that Mr. Bradt's efforts in and for the army have been productive of very great results.

Mr Bradt has been in the 4th Div., longer than any other man now with it and has performed his duties with exactness and efficiency to a marked degree and he leaves the service of the organization with the approbation and esteem of his associates and all in the Army who have met him and his work.

R. B. WILSON,
Y. M. C. A. Div. Secy., 4th Div.
American Expeditionary Forces,
Army of Occupation,, Y M. C. A.
Coblentz, Germany, June 27, 1919.
Mr. Dear Mr. Bradt:—

It was a great pleasure for me to know that you have continued your work with the 59th Inf., of the 4th Div., for an entire year. I remember very well in June, 1918, taking you out to the 59th Inf., your first assignment, from the Headquarters of the 2nd Div., at Meaux. Your year of experience with these men has, I am sure, been full of rich experience for you. While I have not been in touch with you at all times, I am satisfied with the reports of your work, and I know that your regiment has probably had the best service in the 4th Div., due to your own individual effort in great part.

I am sure, as your contract ends on the signing of peace, that you can take great satisfaction in knowing that you have rendered such fine service for the Association. I hope you may have abundant success as you continue your work here or on your return to the States.

Yours Sincerely,
J. CAMPBELL BRANDON,
Y. M. C. A., Coblentz, Germany.
Chief Secretary, 3rd Army.

If the above has satisfied the people of Ripley county that, as their representative in the Y. M. C. A. work, I have done my duty, I am satisfied. In what follows, I shall give only facts that I know from personal observation and for which I have documentary evidence at hand. I have no purpose to serve than to do justice to one of the greatest welfare organizations that has done work among our young men in the last century. I have no personal favors to ask anybody.

At the time of the signing of the armistice, the Y. M. C. A. was operating at 3,356 points overseas, the K. of C., at 60 points, Salvation Army at 40 points and the Y. W. C. A. at 48 points. These workers—7,850 in number—were distributed thru all countries where our soldiers or our allies were engaged and in some prison camps in Germany. Besides this there were 4,763 workers in the camps and cantonments in America. Of these last I shall say nothing more.

The "Y" workers overseas were engaged in canteen work, conducting athletic games, entertainments, religious work, educational work, transportation work, and numerous other lines. All of the services was free except a part of the canteen work. The operation of the "Post

Exchange" or sales canteen was undertaken at the request of the Commander in Chief in order that it might release that many more men for front line duty. Had the Y. M. C. A. leaders been considering the future good name of the organization only, they would have refused to do the Sales Canteen work as it placed an additional burden upon them that could scarcely be borne. But the Association was not looking for snaps nor shirking from any hardships. It was in the war to do its best to help in winning. It necessitated the opening and maintaining, almost overnight, between 3,000 and 4,000 small general stores. The supplies, the salesmen, the means of transportation all had to be brought from America at a time when space in ships was almost unobtainable and only at very high prices, when the draft was taking the best men and there was no time in which to train adequately those who were found available.

Many have criticised the "Y" for not giving away all canteen supplies. They have not understood the magnitude of this work. The value of the supplies handled would have required about \$300,000,000 per year. Besides that the "Y" was doing what the army commander had ordered—the work of the Army Post Exchange. This is never free in any army and has never been in the American Army. All canteen service was free for those combat units that were engaged in actual battle, and canteen service was free at certain hours in the established huts. All entertainment, athletic services, newspapers, library service, letter paper, and all other service including the very extensive and valuable money remittance service was entirely free. The canteen was the only service for which the "Y" made any charge and in this line the charge was actually less than the cost without making any charge for the salaries of the secretaries who did the work. The "Y" lost hundreds of thousands of dollars on these sales.

It has often been said that the "Y" secretaries were not on the front line in time of battle and that the service broke down at such times. This was because the pressure for ammunition, food and ambulance service was so great that "Y" supplies were not allowed on the roads. In the battle of the Argonne I was compelled to wait three days before I was allowed to go to my regiment and then could not take up a single article. I made a direct appeal to my colonel and was told to go back and keep trying. Other "Y" men had similar and less fortunate experiences.

The "Y" was criticized for selling only to certain units. This was due to the orders of military commanders who insisted that the "Y" secretaries attached to their unit should serve that unit exclusively. My own commander did not exact this of me and I never turned away a soldier be-

cause he was not of my regiment.

The "Y" has been accused of selling its canteen supplies at more than the U. S. Quartermaster. This was true, because the quartermaster had no cost of ocean or other transportation to pay the "Y" had to charge more. This difference was finally overcome by the quartermaster furnishing everything to the "Y" at cost.

The "Y" was accused of selling "gift" tobacco to the boys. This also was true. Because the people (New York Sun and Chicago Tribune) who undertook to raise a "Free Tobacco Fund" failed to secure enough money to pay for the tobacco which they had engaged and labelled "Free", they sold the supply to the U. S. Government and the Government sold it to the "Y". When the "Y" sold it to the boys it of course came out. It took a long time to trace this story to its final solution and in the meantime the blunder had done great harm. Any one doubting the truth of this explanation should write to 1st Lieut. C. P. Haffley, of the Q. M. C., U. S. A. who is responsible for the explanation I have given.

Much has been said of the inefficiency of the personnel of the "Y" overseas. People should remember that the army was drafting the best men of the country. The "Y" was forced to secure its workers from those who were not, of draft age. Men over 45 were hard to get. Those who were physically able to stand the strain had business or family ties that were hard to break. The "Y" could not draft its workers. How large a per cent of the army would have volunteered if it had been necessary to ask for volunteers of men over 45? The Y. M. C. A. considered 150,000 applicants and from this number selected a total of 11,229 including about 3,000 women. Of over 3,000 in Indiana who offered for service, 739 were accepted.

It should not be forgotten that these men and women were not "Y" secretaries at all. Only a few Y. M. C. A. leaders were sent overseas. It was impossible to spare them from the "Home Bases" and the shortcomings of the few so-called "Y" secretaries who failed to make good must not be charged to the American Association which has done and is now doing the most successful work among our young men that any welfare organization has ever done.

One critic made this suggestion: "If the 'Y' had limited its force to 500 men it would have been most successful." Of course it would have been successful in those few places in which it would have done any work. But what of the many thousands of places that would not have been touched?

This great organization which for seventy-five years has done such fine work among the city boys and young men is now reaching out and endeavoring to carry the same service to the young men of the small towns and rural communities. It was to this

work that the people of Indiana were recently asked to give. I know of no greater privilege than to support this work. I believe it will pay big in the product of young manhood which it will bring forth.

Lt. Dr. E. L. Heath, of Camp Greene, N. C., arrived in Napoleon last week on a ten days furlough.

Charles Rork, of Maple Grove, came home last week from the army, having received an honorable discharge.

Edw. Endres, of Sunman, arrived from Camp Taylor Sunday morning having received his honorable discharge from army service.

Tommy Gray, who has been stationed with the Heavy Artillery in Alabama, arrived at his home at Delaware Saturday morning with an honorable discharge. Sunday he went to Greensfork to visit his wife, who is with her father, C. D. Car-nine.

Wm. Austin, Senior Lieutenant of United States Navy is at home at Milan on a short furlough with his father, T. G. Austin and family.

Wm. D. Holbart, of Versailles, who has been in the service several months is now at home having received an honorable discharge.

Rev. I. T. Spillman, of Rexville, spent several days recently with his brother Neucl Spillman, of Great Lakes Training station and reports him as recovering nicely from pneumonia.

Mr. James Wilson, who has been in training at Camp McClellan, Ala., arrived here Saturday having been honorably discharged.

Mrs. Mary I. Lamb writing from Madisonville, Tenn., states that her son, Sargt. C. L. Lamb, of Co. M 4th Bn., 22nd Eng'rs in France, writes that from Oct. 1st to Nov. 11th they were at work on the battlefields of the St. Mihiel Sector. Since Dec. 1st have been located at Menil La Tour five miles northeast of Touil. Is safe and well and hopes to be home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Williams, of Holton, received word that their son Claude, who was in service with the 30th Division in France had been given a medal for bravery at the front.

Ray Leach somewhere in France, has been promoted to Corporal. Corp. Leach spent the summer of 1917 in Osgood.

Marion Moody received a letter from his brother, F. W. Moody, who has just returned from France. He was expecting his discharge in a couple of days. He is now in San Francisco, California.

Pvt. Walter Francisco, who has been stationed in Texas, has received his honorable discharge from the army. He arrived at his home at Osgood Saturday evening.

Comrade D. K. Marsh, west of town received a telegram Saturday that his son Harry had returned from France, landing at Hoboken, N. Y., Jan. 31.

The Brookville American publishes the following to a conversation which the editor of the American recently had with Andrew Irrgang with reference to the latter's war experiences: Awarded Distinguished Service Medal

We had the pleasure of talking with Andrew Irrgang, of Spades, Ind., last Saturday and of reading a letter he had received calling him to Camp Sherman, Ohio, to receive a medal for distinguished services in France.

Mr. Irrgang belonged to company 120th infantry in the 30th division. They were used as shock troops against the Hindenburg line. On September 29, 1918, his company was sent ahead at Bellecourt, France to clean out some nests of German machine guns. Mr. Irrgang discovered the location of one of these nests and crawling up to it alone found it located in a dugout. He began throwing hand grenades into the dugout and after the third the Germans began swarming out like rats from a hole crying mercy! mercy! Kamerad! Kamerad! When he counted them he found that he had bagged 27 Huns. He asked them if there were anymore in the hole. They said that was all but he had had enough experience to know that the German soldiers would lie, so turning the bunch into the advancing American line, he crawled into the dugout to see if he had made a clean job of it and brought out three machine guns and felt that he had made a pretty good day's hunt. The war department thinks so too and has requested him to appear at Camp Sherman to receive a medal as a testimonial for distinguished services. Two of the 27 men captured by Mr. Irrgang died from wounds received from the bursting grenades thrown by him.

On October 10, while Mr. Irrgang was fighting with his company east of Bellecourt, he was wounded in both legs and right arm by flying shrapnel and lay in the hospital for two months.

We asked him what his feelings were as he crawled up to that German dugout. He said he had no other feelings than that it was a job which needed to be done and he had a chance to do it. He remarked that "he would not take ten thousand dollars for his experiences in France and Belgium but would not give ten cents to see it again" but added that "if he was needed again he was ready to go."

Amos Wesler came home Wednesday afternoon of last week having received his honorable discharge from Camp Sherman. Amos landed at Philadelphia on April 30th with the 112 Infantry Band of the Keystone Regiment. He became a member of the 149th Infantry Band at Camp Beauregard and went across with this company being later transferred to the 112 Infantry Band. In a competitive concert among the regimental bands the 112th was declared the winner and were rewarded by a tour through France and Italy where they treated the natives to genuine American music played with Yankee skill and vim.

LIBERTY GUARDS DISBAND

The Batesville Company of Liberty Guards met at the Town Hall on Monday evening where Captain Pohlman read the proclamation of Governor Goodrich releasing the Guards as a state organization but extending them the privilege of continuing as distinct units. After hearing the proclamation, the company voted to discontinue the organization but it was the consensus of opinion of those present that the members would respond to the captain's call to turn out upon any special occasion, and, with this in mind, Captain Pohlman urged upon all the members to keep their uniforms in good condition.

The Liberty Guards of Indiana were organized for state service during the time of war, one of the most important duties required of them being to give the men of draft age an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of military training before being called for service. The Governor's proclamation to the Guards was highly complimentary to them, emphasizing especially the great benefit they had been to the Indiana men in giving them an opportunity for preliminary training.

Thirty thousand men were enrolled in the various Guard units throughout the state and of these 8,000 were called into active service.

Batesville was accredited with having one of the best drilled companies in the state and at the meeting Monday evening appreciation was expressed of the work of Captain Sykes in whipping the company into such excellent shape.

The Batesville Company at the time of disbanding had seventy-three active members and had sent twenty men into active service. Practically every man who drilled with the Batesville Company was made a corporal within a short time after being called for active service, so there is no doubt of the benefit they derived from drill with the home company.

While the Guards have in every way endeavored to give Batesville a company of which the city could be justly proud, all the boys realize and appreciate the support and co-operation which they have received at the hands of the people of the community and this sentiment was voiced at the meeting Monday evening.

At the time of disbanding, a sum slightly exceeding \$100.00 remained in the treasury and it was unanimously voted to donate this amount to any fund which may be raised for the erection of a suitable memorial in Batesville for those who entered the service.

Roy Brooks was mustered out at Camp Taylor, where he returned from Edgewood, Maryland, for discharge. Roy is now with home folks, near Cross Plains.

Thaddeus Brenton, who has been stationed at the Great Lakes training school the past seven months was released from the navy and returned to his home at Osgood, Friday.

Irving Harding, who has been stationed at Pelham Bay, N. Y., was released from the navy and returned to his home at Osgood Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Spangler, of near Friendship, have received word from their son Howard, that he has arrived safely at Camp Devens, Mass., after spending several months with the Aviation Corps in France. Howard exemplified true Americanism by not only helping at the front but in also helping to place Brown township over the top in each Liberty Loan drive.

James Belcher, of Camp Humphrey Va., arrived home at Milan Friday night, being honorably discharged from the army.

Corporal Clarence Kamman, of Camp Meade, has been honorably discharged and is at home at Milan.

Everett Dunbar, who has been stationed at Ft. Wayne, Detroit, Mich., received his discharge and arrived at his home at Delaware, Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. James Murdock, of Holton, received a letter from her son Wagoner John R. Murdock first letter she has received since he landed in France. He is with the 42 Division stationed along the river Rhine in Germany. He is well and having a good time.

Rolla Warman arrived home at Holton Sunday morning from an Eastern camp where he was discharged.

A message received from C. W. Morrow, Friday stated that he had safely arrived at Ellis Island, N. Y. A letter to his wife at Sunman Sunday morning informed here that he was still confined to the hospital suffering from a severe shell wound. At the time of writing he had just undergone a third operation upon the wound from which pieces of shell were removed each time. He expects to be moved to a hospital nearer home as soon as he is able to walk but does not know how soon he will get home.

Walter Bloemer, of Co. E. 114th Supply Train is the first Batesville soldier to return on discharge from overseas service. He arrived home on Thursday night and was royally welcomed by the Eureka Band.

Chester Stockinger, of Batesville, came home on discharge from the army last Friday.

Irving Wilson and wife, of Elrod, have received word from their son, James that he has an honorable discharge and is on his way home.

Mrs. Katie Bodenber, of Napoleon received word from her son Albert last week. Private Bodenber has returned from over seas and is now in New York City. It is expected that he will soon arrive home.

Private Charley Myers, of Napoleon, was honorably discharged from service at Camp Sherman, O., last week and returned here last Friday night. Private Myers, who served as a cook, was in France for several months.

Dan Foley came to his home at Batesville on discharge from Camp Taylor last week. He arrived from France, Jan. 29th.

Byron Winsor and Stanley Hoene, of Batesville, have both arrived safely from France. Byron expects to be discharged from Camp Taylor. Stanley is at Camp Eustis, Va.

Captain Alcedo Whitlatch, who has been stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, has been mustered out of service and is now at home at Milan.

Captain Withrow, of Milan, returned to Camp at Baltimore, Monday. The Captain does not know when he will be mustered out.

Pvt. Dallas McMullen, of Camp Sherman, Ohio, has received an honorable discharge from the army and is visiting his father and sister and other relatives at Rexville.

Edw. Stohlman arrived home at Sunman from Camp Taylor, Saturday evening after receiving his honorable discharge as a U. S. soldier. Edward experienced the hardships of the front line trenches in France and was one of the lucky few to get thru without injury. His home coming was a great surprise to his parents and friends as none knew his secret, and the scene as he stepped over the threshold at home can only be imagined by those who have witnessed like scenes before. Another son and brother, Louis, is still in France.

Fred Gerard, of Camp Knox, Tenn., was at home at Milan for a few days last week.

Mrs. Joseph Sutton, of Milan, received a telegram Saturday evening saying her son Russel, had just arrived on the Manchuria at Hoboken, N. J. Of course he does not know when he will get to come home.

Roy McGee of Camp Taylor, spent a two days' furlough with home folks at Cross Plains.

Rolla Meyers, of the receiving ship U. S. S. Southery, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is at home at Holton with an honorable discharge as a sailor.

Lt. Irving Row, of Ft. Worth, Texas, arrived home at Osgood last week on a thirty day furlough.

Pvt. Carl Stegmuller, of Memphis, Tenn., visited home folks at Batesville last week.

Private George Kreinhop was discharged from service at Camp Taylor last week and has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kreinhop near Napoleon. Pvt Kreinhop will work on his father's farm.

Henry Gausman arrived at Batesville on honorable discharge from Camp Sherman last week. He was a member of Co. F, 16th Infantry and was twice wounded in battle in one day.

Mr Ivor Fuller, who was a member of the field Artillery and spent five months in France, arrived home at Milan Friday having been honorably discharged at Camp Taylor on Thursday. Ivor was made chief mechanic a few days before the armistice was signed and was placed in charge of several tractors. His many friends in all parts of the county are pleased to have him with them again.

Corporal William Gilland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Gilland, living three miles northwest of Osgood, gave his all to his country on October 18th, when he was killed in battle on the fighting front in France. It was first reported that he died quite awhile after being wounded, but later reports show that he was killed in battle.

Corporal Gilland was one of the seven who volunteered as the first contingent to go from Ripley county on the 9th day of September, 1917, to Camp Taylor at Louisville, Ky. These seven constituted five per cent of those drawn for service from Ripley county. On the first day of April, 1918, he was transferred to Camp Sevier, S. C., staying there 35 days; then to Camp Merritt, N. J., from which point he embarked for overseas

duty. In his last letter to his mother he said: "I will be home sometime, but if I never come back, remember, I was no slacker and did not try to get out of the war." He was known as a brave and fearless boy and never shirked duty and died on the battlefields of France that his fellow man may enjoy the freedom that the constitution of the United States grants every one of her subjects. His grandfather before him gave his life to his country at Atlanta, Ga., during the Civil War so that Old Glory might float over the land of the free.

Corporal Gilland was held in high esteem by every one in his community and was regarded as one of the most industrious young men in the neighborhood. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World. The entire community joins us in extending sympathy to the bereaved family in the loss of their loved one, although this thought should be of comfort to them—he died for his country.

Henry E. Schraub, whose parents live in Olean, Brown township, this county, made the supreme sacrifice for his country on October 14th when he succumbed to injuries received in action while fighting for his country in France. It was last Thursday when Mr. Philip Schraub received a telegram from Adjutant-General Harris conveying the sad news of his son's death on October 14th.

Henry E. Schraub was 24 years, one month and 28 days at the time of his death and leaves his parents, a sister, Mrs. Clara Obendorf, of Parma, Idaho; two brothers, Private John Schraub, also now in France, and William Schraub, of Olean; two half sisters, Viola Bernhardt, of Cincinnati, and Miss Emma Schraub, of Olean, as also a large number of other relatives and friends to mourn his death. He was highly respected and a favorite among all who knew him.

He entered military service at Camp Taylor September 20th, 1917. After receiving strenuous training at this camp for quite a while, he was transferred to Camp Sevier, S. C., and then to the coast where he remained for only a few days before being sent to France. He often wrote of the good times he was having, how well he liked camp life and of the beautiful country "over there."

The sympathy of the entire county is extended to the bereaved family in the loss of their brave son and brother.

HARRY ZURLINE SERIOUSLY WOUNDED

The sad news was received by the parents of Harry Zurline Tuesday evening that their son was seriously wounded in battle on the battle front in France on October 11, how serious the "dispatch did not state, but it is hoped that better tidings will soon be received.

DELAWARE

(By W. R. Dunbar.)

Mrs. P. H. Keck has received from her son Chester A., who is now stationed at Coblentz, Germany, a German "Tin Kelly" helmet and a German officers spiked leather dress helmet, a German trench flashlight, a clip of German practice rifle shells, also a collection of German, French, Belgian and Luxemburg coins. Chester writes that he is still collecting souvenirs to show to his friends on his return home.

WILLIAM ROY HUNTER.

William Roy Hunter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hunter, was born in Eddyville, Nebraska, March 20, 1897. When six years of age he came with his parents to Batesville, Ind., where he grew to manhood. It was while employed at Connersville, Ind., that he answered the call of his country enlisting in the 139th Machine Gun Battery, Company A. He began his training at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, and was later transferred to Mississippi and arrived in France about June of last year.

He was severely wounded some time in August. Though details are lacking it was doubtless largely due to his weakened condition that pneumonia developed which caused his death on Oct. 2, 1918, age 22 years, 6 months and 22 days.

Besides the parents he leaves to mourn his loss four brothers, two sisters, four grandparents, and a host of relatives and friends.

Abe Frankel, of Lawrenceburg, is in receipt of a letter from his son Nathan, stating that the division in which he is will soon be sent from France to Germany and that he will probably not get home before six or eight months. At the time the letter was written Nathan stated that rain had fallen every day for three weeks, and that the soldiers were wading about camp in hip boots.

Mrs. Walter Carrington, of Cincinnati, received word from her brother Wilkie Moody that he had landed safely in New York. He says he is glad to get back in the good old U. S. again, but rather enjoyed his work although he did some hard fighting. He will be mustered out in Oakland, Calif., where he enlisted but he is coming to Cincinnati soon.

Corp. Howard Heitmeyer arrived home from Camp Taylor Tuesday evening having been mustered out of service. Mr. Heitmeyer arrived from France some few weeks ago and has been stationed at a camp in New York.

Pvt. Albert Longcamp, of Camp Humphrey, Va., has received an honorable discharge and is now at home at Dillsboro.

Camp Devens, Mass., Nov. 23.

Dear Brother:

Will write a few lines this afternoon. This is the coldest day we have had here.

Yesterday we had another one of those battles. We were the enemy. We left at 7 a. m., went out about three miles. We did not have much time to dig trenches, but we worked hard and got down deep enough that they could not see us. They were within a hundred feet of our trench before they knew it. The officers said we did fine.

Have been drilling hard this week, even drilled this forenoon, something we never did before, but it is on account of the Military Carnival we are going to have from the 25th to the 27th. General McCain is giving a gold medal to the best company in this camp. Each man in the company will get one. I think Co. C will get it. They are pretty good. We have too many new men. We are expecting large crowds the three days. They will see everything that is done in a big battle.

I do not think we will do much after the Carnival as that will be the farewell for the division. I think they will begin to discharge the first of the month. Yesterday the first 200 left for home from the Depot Brigade which numbers about 3,000. After those are gone they will begin on the division. We will probably be last, but expect to be home by Christmas. We will be examined again before we leave.

Had another shot in the arm for the prevention of pneumonia as there is a great deal of it here in Massachusetts.

I suppose you and papa are about through with the corn. Did you get the pictures? I sent Aunt Anna Luhring one this morning. Am sending Elmer a picture of this camp. The white spots that look like water are the drill grounds.

Will close as I want to wash my clothes yet before dark.

Your Brother,

Pvt. Frank J. Brandt.

HOME FROM FLYING FIELD

Art Carter returned home Monday evening from Barron Field at Everman, Texas, having received his honorable discharge on Saturday. Art's knowledge of motors enabled him to rapidly work his way up after his enlistment and for several months past he has had charge of a large body of men at Barron Field in the shops where the government air craft were overhauled and repaired. He has been making almost daily flights in the testing of the airplanes and says that riding through the air is not as smooth work as it seems for the air currents make it as bumpy going as a rough road.

Art is so well pleased with Texas that he expects to return there in the near future and locate in one of the growing cities of that state.

COUNTY GAVE SOLDIERS ROYAL TIME FRIDAY

Celebration Was One of the
Most Magnificent Accorded
the Soldiers By Any
Indiana County.

In one of the most magnificent Welcome Home celebrations tendered the sons of any Indiana county, Ripley county paid tribute to her soldiers, sailors and marines of the World War Friday.

The celebration which occurred at the Fair Grounds at Osgood, was one of the greatest successes ever held in Ripley county. The weather was perfect as a fine rain in the early part of the week laid the dust, and relieved the extreme heat. The parade composed of Civil war veterans, war mothers, war fathers, soldiers, sailors and the marines of the World War and the red cross members headed by the Eureka brass band, of Batesville, formed at the school house at ten o'clock and marched east two blocks down Buckeye St., six blocks, west one block, up Walnut St. six blocks and out to the fair grounds where the soldiers stood at attention in front of the grand stand, during a short memorial service in honor of the forty-two young men who had paid the supreme sacrifice. During this service which occurred at eleven o'clock nearly all of the bells thruout the country were tolled. Dinner was served to the veterans and war mothers from the art hall. As each person passed the table he was given a plate containing two sandwiches and a pickle and a cup of famous burgoo. The tables were set in the grove with cold slaw, pies and cake, ice water was served in abundance. Burgoo was also served to anyone wishing it. Promptly at two o'clock the exercises began in the amphitheatre. A double quartette sang, "The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground." Judge R. A. Creigmile then presented the Rev. Father Huntingford, of Napoleon who has just returned from the East where he served as a K. of C. chaplain. Father Huntingford gave a short description of his work among the soldiers. Judge Charles Orbinson, of Indianapolis gave a splendid address, which was much enjoyed by the audience. He was followed by Adj. Gen. Harry B. Smith who gave a talk on Indiana's part in the great struggle and every Hoosier can feel proud of belonging to such a great commonwealth. Andrew Irrgang, of Spades, was next introduced by Judge Creigmile and made a few remarks. The double quartette sang the "Star Spangled Banner" as the closing number.

The Eureka band furnished excellent music during the day. A game of base ball and dancing in the art hall furnished amusement for all. The K. of C. hut distributed ice cream cones and cigarettes free to all soldiers, sailors and marines and gave each a handkerchief. 220 soldiers registered at the hut but it was estimated that there were 400 in attendance. There were about four or five thousand people at the fair grounds and between 2,000 and 3,000 at the street dance. Never had the streets of Osgood been enlivened by such a scene as was shown on the main street Friday night. Hundreds of electric lights, gay decorations, the brave attire of Ripley county's daughters and our boys in uniform dancing in the street made a gay scene long to be remembered. The Aurora band furnished excellent music which was enjoyed by all. The Ripley County Home Coming was a day that will live long in our memories and the citizens of Ripley county are to be congratulated upon the successful ending of a perfect day.

WAR VETERANS WELCOMED HOME LAST FRIDAY

Six Thousand People Assembled
On Osgood Fair Grounds to
Greet Returned Soldiers

WAR IS NOW OVER

The Welcome Home celebration for Ripley County soldiers and sailors at Osgood last Friday was a decided success. The crowd was not quite as large as was anticipated but it was a Ripley county crowd. It is estimated that there were 6000 persons in attendance.

The parade formed down town and marched to the fair grounds at 11 o'clock. About four hundred soldiers were in line. The parade was led by the Eureka band. Then followed automobiles with members of the G. A. R., war mothers, war fathers, Red Cross workers and other war organizations. Arriving at the fair grounds a short memorial service was held for the memory of the 42 Ripley county boys who did not return. The soldiers then formed in line to be photographed and were then dismissed for mess.

Dinner was served on long tables. It consisted of sandwiches, burgoo and all kinds of cake. There was plenty of lunch and burgoo for everyone. Everyone who ate the Burgoo pronounced it fine.

After dinner the audience assembled in the grand stand and around it.

Here the program for the afternoon was given. Judge Creigmile first introduced Father Hoomingford, the new pastor of St. Maurice Catholic church at Napoleon. Father Hoomingford was a chaplain in the army and spoke very briefly on the morals of the boys in the army. He assured the fathers and mothers of the boys that they need have no fear for the morals of their sons. He said that his experience convinced him that the American soldier, man for man, was the superior of any in the service physically, morally and intellectually.

Judge Chas. Orbison, of Indianapolis, was next introduced. Judge Orbison paid a high tribute to Ripley county for the part we had in the war. Ripley county he said had always responded nobly to every request that the government had made. Every job assigned Ripley county was done 100 per cent or better. He analyzed the conditions that led to our entry into the war. He showed that the United States did not go to war merely because a few ships had been sunk but that we entered the war for a more noble and glorious purpose. This war was fought to establish the rights of democracy and that every sacrifice made was made for humanity. He paid a high tribute to the character of the American soldier. He also warned his hearers against some of the evils that are coming up as the result of the war. He especially sounded a note of warning on the present unrest on the industrial world. He said that the American people would solve this problem but it would require a lot of straight thinking. He argued that the same patriotic spirit that carried us and our soldiers through the dark days of the conflict to a successful and glorious victory would also carry us through the present period of unrest and finally establish a just and lasting basis on which all future labor and industrial problems can be and will be settled. The Judge's speech was a masterly effort and he was highly complimented.

Adj. Gen. Smith, of Indianapolis, was then introduced and while he claimed he was not an orator, he demonstrated that he is at least a very interesting speaker. He told of what Indiana had done in the war. He also declared that the American soldier was the best in the world. He said the reason for this was that the American soldier was not an automaton. He was a thinker. He said that the French, English and other European soldiers were good parts of a fighting machine but they easily went to pieces whenever anything went wrong with the machine. He said that if any of these soldiers should lose his gun or any part of his equipment he would not know what to do. But he said that if an American soldier should lose all his equipment he would rustle around and in a few hours he would have himself fully equipped again and be ready for service.

After this program those who cared

to do so enjoyed dancing in the hall on the grounds until late in the afternoon. Then the scene was shifted to the paved streets in the town and dancing continued. This part of the program was highly enjoyed by the soldier boys and also by some who were not soldiers. It is said that even some of our elderly citizens who, one would think had long since passed the time of life when anything "so frivolous" would appeal to them, ruined a perfectly good pair of shoes on the concrete street. One of them is an ex-judge and others are bankers and merchants. Of course we promised not to use any names, as these persons said they dance only to amuse their friends and their friends say that they succeeded.

While all parts of the county were well represented Batesville was there in full force and was given the place of honor. Three Batesville boys carried the colors. They were, Harry Engel, who carried the flag and represented the army; George Ollier, was one of the guards and represented the navy and Randolph Benz was the other guard and represented the marines. There was also much comment on the size of the Batesville boys. Some one remarked that those that are not over six feet tall make up in sturdy build and weight what they lack in height.

SOLDIERS FARES WILL BE PAID

Special Train Will Carry Ripley Co. Folks to "Welcome Home" Celebration.

Ripley county boys who saw service during the world war will not be forgotten when Indiana formally welcomes her sons home, early in May, upon the return to Indianapolis of the boys of the 150th Field Artillery Rainbow Division. Arrangements have been completed whereby the county commissioners will pay the railroad fare of every returned soldier, sailor or marine, who wishes to go to the Capital City for the state wide celebration that is being arranged.

A Big Delegation.

It is expected that a big delegation will go from Ripley county, headed by the county committee recently selected at the request of the state organization in charge.

In order to facilitate matters a man has been named in each township to whom the boys who wish to make the trip from each section may report. All who can go are asked to enroll immediately, so that a complete list can be compiled at an early date. The men representing the various townships to whom soldiers should report are as follows:

L. D. Weare, Johnson Tp.; Marshal Spangler, Brown Tp.; Wm. J. Holman Shelby Tp.; J. W. Simpser, Otter Creek Tp.; Anthony Meyer, Jackson Tp.; W. Edgar Smith, Washington Tp.; T. W. W. Sunman, Adams Tp.; H. H. Gooking, Delaware Tp.; Geo. C. Sparling, Center Tp.; T. H. Thompson, Franklin Tp.; A. W. Romweber, Laughery township.

Account Board Authorizes Expense.

Gilbert H. Hendren, chief examiner for the state board of accounts sent letters to all county commissioners notifying them that as far as his office is concerned they are authorized to make arrangements to send soldiers to Indianapolis paying their car fare.

The letter follows:

"You are hereby authorized, in so far as the state board of accounts has authority to empower you to pay the car fare of every discharged soldier to and from Indianapolis on Victory day in order that every man who saw service can take part in the celebration of the world's greatest war to establish international peace. This will be by far the greatest celebration ever held in the history of the state."

As there was no appropriation available the county commissioners and county council both met in special session Monday morning with all members of both bodies present. There were no funds from which to appropriate money for the car fare of the soldiers so the county council authorized the commissioners to borrow \$4,500 for this purpose.

From 9:30 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2:30 p. m. until 6 p. m. meals will be served free to all soldiers at the State House.

Special Train.

The United States Railroad administration has announced that a special train will be put on the B. & O. on the day of the Welcome Home celebration. The special train will start from Milan leaving at 6 a. m. The only stops that will be made will be at Osgood and Holton. Soldier boys should take the train at the one of the three stations (Milan, Osgood or Holton) that is the most convenient for them. There will be some one at each station to purchase tickets for all soldiers, sailors or marines who care to make the trip. For the benefit of the many civilians who desire to make the trip we are authorized to quote the following round trip fare. From Milan \$5.54 per round trip, from Osgood \$5.00 per round trip, from Holton \$4.62 per round trip. These prices do not include the war tax.

The special train will arrive in Indianapolis at 10:00 a. m. and returning it will leave Indianapolis at 6 p. m.

Watch the papers for the exact date of the "Welcome Home" day. It is thought now that it will be about May 9.

This will be a great day in the history of Indiana and every one who can should make arrangements to attend. It is estimated that a crowd of from 50,000 to 75,000 will be in the Capital City to welcome the boys home.

LETTER RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF CORP. DEMAREE.

Mrs. Sarah E. Demaree, of West Fork, received the following letter relative to the death of her son Corporal Emmett Demaree.

435 Prospect Ave, Hartford, Conn.
March 15, 1919.

Dear Mrs. Demaree:—

On behalf of Captain Harper of the 499th Aero Squadron to which I had the privilege to belong and to serve in France, I am taking the liberty of writing you in regard to the death of your son, Corporal Emmett Demaree. No doubt you have learned that the squadron left Saint Maixent about January 28th. and proceeded to Saint Nazaire there awaiting orders for embarking to the United States. While at Saint Nazaire your son contracted a bad cold which developed into pneumonia in a short time. He was sent to Hospital No. 11 early in his illness and continuing worse he was transferred to Base Hospital No. 101 Saint Nazaire and passed away at 2:45 p. m., February 20th, his diagnosis being bronchial pneumonia. The squadron embarked that evening on U. S. S. Mexican for America leaving besides your son, seven other boys sick in hospital, and three officers besides myself, who were detached only a few hours before sailing to make room on board ship for wounded.

I embarked February 23rd on the U. S. S. Mongolia and during my stay at St. Mazaire made several visits to the hospital and was able to obtain the details concerning your son's death. My association with the 499th Squadron through several months service has brought me into very close contact with all of its members and it is with a feeling of sincere regret that I extend to you my sympathies over the death of your son, Corporal Emmett Demaree, and I assure you that he has proven himself to be an excellent soldier, cheerful at all times, popular among his associates and willing and ready to

undertake and carry out any task set before him and I trust that you will be able to find consolation in the fact that he has been taken for the sake of humanity and in the noblest service there can be, that of his country.

Corporal Demaree was buried with the full military honors of his rank at the American Base Cemetery No. 21, Saint Nazaire France. The number and description of his grave will be forwarded to you through the American Red Cross at an early date and for further details (such as grave number, etc.) I would suggest your writing personally to Headquarters American Red Cross, Base Hospital No. 101, A. P. O. 701, France. Trusting that this information given may act in a somewhat more personal way than the somewhat meagre details you no doubt have already received and assuring you and your family of my sincerest sympathy, I am Very Sincerely,

MILLER B. HEEBNER,
1st Lieut. A. S. A.
Squadron Adjutant.

BACK FROM FRANCE.

Lawrence Olmsted writes to his parents as follows: "I am on U. S. S. Northern Pacific and have just returned from France. We landed at Brest, France, took on 1,500 wounded soldiers and are now returning to the U. S. We are caring for the boys in every possible way to make them comfortable. We feed them in their bunks. We returned on the same ship we went over on. Our bunch (aviation) were the only ones who got to return at this time. We are all glad to get back to the good old U. S. now that the war is over. I will write you when I land."

Later—He landed at Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 3rd.

PAUL WYCOFF WRITES A VERY INTERESTING LETTER.

Paul Wycoff writes his grandmother, Mrs. Mary A. Stewart of Versailles.

Ft. Watsworth, S. N. Y.
Nov. 27, 1918

Dear Grandma:—

Well I'm back to New York and will soon be home. Am expecting to be there by Christmas anyway. We are getting a lot of honor that really belongs to someone else. You see we were all ready to sail for France on the morning the news came of the armistice signing so we came here on a transport and in oversea uniforms and every one who saw us that we were arriving from France and being the first to arrive they're going wild over us. We had a fifty-two hour ride on the U. S. S. Martha Washington, which is one of the largest transports in use. It has made nine trips across. I didn't get sea sick but a lot of them did. We were over a hundred miles out from land most of the trip and went far out of the regular course to avoid mine fields. They had out mine sweepers

all the time and we had to keep on life preservers and all our clothes the whole trip. Twice a day the alarm was given to man the life boats and rafts and we had to learn where to go and what to do in case of an accident. You know the mines haven't been taken up yet and many of them are floating loose and can't be found.

When we got into New York Harbor ferries and passenger boats turned out of their courses to run parallel to us. Such yelling and waving you never heard or saw. And every whistle and bell in the harbor was doing its best. When we landed and got out on the streets it looked like the whole population of the United States was there throwing eats, confetti and even money at us. We're to parade in New York tomorrow. Theatres and every thing else is wide open to us. All you need is an over sea uniform to have New York at your feet. If you stop on a corner you have a crowd around you in a minute asking questions. I'm going to have a forty-eight hour pass beginning tonight. The Y here has invitations for five thousand of the 41st Brigade to spend Thanksgiving with private families in New York and Brooklyn. I don't know yet whether I will accept one or not. It's certainly heaven here for us but with all that I'll be glad when I can come home. This letter will have to do for all my relation at Versailles because I'm my own secretary and trying to write to every one today. Love to all.

Your Grandson, PAUL

A HISTORY OF SERVICE:- A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS
OF CO."D" 53rd. INFANTRY, REGULARS, 6th. DIVISION.

- Left Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, Wednesday afternoon at 6:00 o'clock
June 26, 1918, traveling on Special Pullman train, reaching Camp
Mills, Long Island, Friday morning, 7:00 A.M., June 28th.
- Left Camp Mills, Friday afternoon July 5th., traveling by train to Bush
Terminals, South Brooklyn, boarded H.M. transport, Ulysses and remained
on transport for the night, leaving New York harbor Saturday morning
July 6th., getting under way with full convoy at 10:00 A.M.
- Reached Liverpool, England, Wednesday, 8:00 P.M., July 17, spending the night
on transport and went ashore Thursday morning July 18th., marching
through streets of Liverpool to an American rest Camp named Knotty
Ash, on outskirts of City, spending the night of the 18th. in Camp
and leaving on the morning of the 19th. for another American rest
Camp at Winchester, England. The trip was made in third class style
on a British railroad, Reached Winchester in the afternoon about 3:00
o'clock and marched to a Camp two miles distance from the city.
- Left Camp at Winchester on the morning of July 22nd., traveling by train
to South Hampton. Remained in dock shed there from morning of the
22nd. untill about 6:00 P.M. same day, boarding small transport
named La France for the trip across the English Channel.
- Reached Cherbourg France at 6:00 A.M. July 23rd., marched to rest Camp
five miles from the City and spent the night of the 23rd.,
boarding French troop train De Luxe on the morning of July 24th.,
traveling on said train till late afternoon of July 25th., getting
off at Bricou, France and marched to permanent station Colombay,
reaching there at 1:00 A.M. July 26th.
- Left Colombay, France Aug. 26th., traveling in French Auto trucks to
Saulxures reaching that City on morning of Aug. 27th.
- Left Saulxures morning of Aug. 30th., marching to LaBresse, a distance
of eight miles.
- Left La Bresse 3:00 A.M., Sept. 3rd., traveling by trucks to Odeon where
we stayed untill Sept. 8th. and then marched to Camp Bousset reaching
there in the afternoon and left the next morning for Camp Mounier,
arriving late at night.
- Left reserve positions at Camp Mounier in the afternoon of Sept. 15th.
and went into the front line trenches, arriving late at night, taking
over the Braunkopf sub-sector in the Benoit sector.
- Left Braunkopf sub-sector on the night of Oct. 9th and slept in the woods
near Metlach and left this place late in the afternoon of Oct. 10th.
arriving at Kruth about 2:00 A.M.
- Left Kruth Oct. 12th. and marched to Saulxures, arriving late that night.
- Left Saulxures on the night of Oct. 27th., traveling by train to Camp
Schillaz, reaching there on night of Oct. 28th. Left that Camp on
morning of Nov. 1st. to take part in the great Meuse-Argonne offensive.
March was from Camp Schillaz to Fuytau to Montplaisville to
Chavirres to Breguay to Autruche to Stonne, reaching last named
place on Nov. 7th. and remained there untill morning of Nov. 10th.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

191

Left Stonne Nov. 10th. marching by way of Autruche to Montfaucou
to Bailecourt to Verdun to Verdun battle front taking
up position on Verdun front on the evening of Nov. 14th.

Left Verdun front, eight miles from the city on Nov. 21st.
Enroute to the 14th. training area, the trip lasting till
Dec. 7th. The route was as follows: Verdun City, Devir-
la-Fert, Waly, Auzecourt, Nogeville, Berthe, Braucourt,
Sommevoirs, Vill-Sur-Terr, Fontaine, Juvancourt,
Silvirerous, Gavrolles, Montmoyen, and present station:
Quenignyrot, Province of Cote d'Or, France, reaching
last named place late evening of Dec. 7th., 1918.

OUR NEXT STOP: THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. Toot Suit (Toot Sweet)

Data compiled by Cpl. A Schraut, Co. Clerk, Co. "D" 53rd. Inf.
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It may be a mansion-
It may be a dump-
It may be a farm
With an old fashioned pump.
It may be a palace
It may be a flat-
It may be a poem ~~where~~
Where you hang up your hat
It may be a house
With a hole in the door
Or a marble hot l
With a coon at the door.
It may be exclusive
Or simple or swell
A wee bit of heaven
Or on a little --- WELL
Just kindly remember
Wherever you roam
That Shakespear was right, kid
There's no place

LIKE HOME.

sent in by book

*Co. D 53rd
Inf Reg.*

6th Div

Am. E. L.

C. O. Matthews

AMERICAN



Ralph Croxton Writes About Life In Navy

Brooklyn Yards, N. Y.,
April 7, 1919.

Dear Mother and All:—

I received your letter dated April 1, 1919, yesterday. Sometimes a letter from home reaches me in two days but it does not make any difference how old they are, anything from home or vicinity is almost sacred.

I got the Journals O. K. and My! what a lot of news they contain. Most all the boys I know are being discharged. Some of them are Thaddues Brenton, Paul Day and others. It seems so funny to read in the paper about Pvt., Corp. so and so, because I know them by Paul, Russell or whatever their name is. Too, in the Navy everybody is just plain Jack and every officer is Sir, and not Lieutenant or Captain.

Mother, I told you I was on one of Uncle Sam's best ships but didn't describe her very much. She cost \$21,000,000. She is the only ship of her kind being run altogether by electricity. She has twelve 14 inch guns, twenty 5 inch guns, several 3 inch and smaller arms. The 14 inch guns comprise the primary battery, and the 5 inch the secondary battery. The cost of firing the guns seems great, but in war you know cost does not count. It is efficiency, or the one who wins is the one who can deliver the goods in the shortest time. To fire a 14 inch gun it costs \$749.00. Three of them are fired at once, so the real cost is \$2,247.00. We call this a salvo.

On board we have a working station. I work in the discharge office. We have a fire station. I am in the fire control division and have a fire plug to open. We also have an abandon ship station. I abandon ship in Motor Sailor 2, second trip. The funny part is that the men in the first trip are taken quite a ways from the ship and then have to jump overboard and swim until the boat comes after us. Then we have a general quarters station. This is our battle station. And that is the most important, because all the other stations are to make us efficient in battle. My station is on a delicate instrument called a spotter. The ship rolls, you know, and what I do is to look through a telescope and catch the middle of the roll. Then the ship is level and the guns are fired. We practice here in the yards. We have a machine which rolls the wires. If

you make a hit, the bell rings. I made eight hits out of ten shots yesterday.

Having a great deal of liberty now and we are getting ready to open the baseball season. The "Y" and Jewish Welfare Club sent us 60 bats, 100 balls and 40 gloves. There is a park in the yards where we practice. We also have infantry drill twice a week. The fleet gets in from Gautauama Bay, Cuba, next week. The U. S. S. Pennsylvania is flagship. Oh yes, the Idaho, just launched, came in yesterday from Philadelphia. That is her home port. She is S. O. P. ship now. That means Senior Officer Present. We have been S. O. P. all the time. She has Rear Admiral Coonz aboard.

Am sending you two snapshots taken the day the 27th Reg. paraded in New York. Had some pictures of myself taken yesterday. Only \$12.00 a dozen.

Mother, I read over the affidavits now and pick out the most urgent cases of dependency. We have a 3 per cent allowance now. We have 200 cases filed and our percentage calls for 21 men in May. It is queer how the Navy took picks of the country's men and their people are most all cripples or have rheumatism and are so old, generally 45 or 50. What must be the condition of the people of those rejected. I don't blame them for getting out if they can. We all are glad to get back.

With love,
RALPH CROXTON.

we reach port. It is rougher this morning than at any time on this trip and while the ship rolls and pitches I write.

Mother, I was looking over my diary last night, and find that this will be my last letter to you during my first year in the navy, for the time is drawing near which will make it a year since I joined. When I think of the many things so new to me that have happened, I know some of them will interest you. Altho I told you many things when I was home in January, I am going to give you a short synopsis of my navy career. I look at my rookie days in quite a different light, anyway, now.

I joined the navy, you will remember, Nov. 22nd at Indianapolis. At first they told us we were going to Norfolk, but sent us to Great Lakes training station instead. The two boys I was sworn in with are gone—one is serving three years at Portsmouth naval prison for stealing; the other has deserted and can not go home. The former was 18 and the latter 15. I was 21.

Our time at Great Lakes was short, altho it seemed long to us. We were there five months to the day. I went the regular route—first, detention three weeks; next, real camp and then outgoing camp. I was in Camps Farragut, Perry and Ross, as you remember by my mail addresses. At Great Lakes they have nine camps and this winter intend to keep 100,000 there all the time.

It seems that whatever we do in life, we imagine our lot is the hardest. So it seemed then; but now it is a pleasure to think over our petty joys and sorrows. These are some of the things I think of when thinking of my time as a rookie—snow shovels, swabs, sick boy, inspection for liberty, breaking up of Company E, the crack company in drill and losing my furlough paper, also drill, and the way we used to parade when the girls came to camp Wednesday afternoon, which is a half holiday in the navy.

Well, we were very glad when we got orders to move to Camp Ross. We imagined we were old salts and sang and hollered at the other sailors all the way over. There we had another inspection and got our last two shots in the arm. We had already received three besides our vaccination.

In three days we took train enroute for New York, the wonderful city we had heard so much about. There were 110 of us and we had three cars to ourselves. We sure did try ourselves on the way. We threw pillows, sang, put the porter under the fountain, etc. We left the Lakes at 8 o'clock and reached Brooklyn navy yards the next day at 4 o'clock. Our stay in the Morse receiving ship was short and the next day a tug took us to Ellis Island. It is just across from the Statue of Liberty. It is the place where immigrants land when coming to the United States. They also take the soldiers returning from the front there for inspection. The next thing was the separation. We were lined up for ship drafts and 23 of us were sent to the U. S. S. Northern Pacific, a transport. This was a sad parting, altho we had only been together five months. The book of Uncle Tom's Cabin came to my mind and I thought of the bitter partings taking place in it. We came aboard our ship and were there from 5:30 until 6 and she sailed. She looked like a monster to us, but is small compared with others I have seen since. She is speedy, tho, and many people you meet have heard of her and her record return trip. We have carried many noted men and women. Last trip we took Secretary of War Baker to Europe and have

him returning this trip. Some others are Vanderbilt, Senator Lewis, Miss Irene Franklin Green (actress), and Senator Chamberlain.

I have made seven trips across now, or in other words, have traveled as much as two times around the world. Many times I get blue and downhearted, but I know at the same time it is the greatest experience in my life. France is a beautiful country. We cannot see much of it in war times, but talk to people who have. We pass thru a beautiful bay on entering R—, France, which is said to have eight entrances. The people are so funny and are regular beggars. A Frenchman told us the reason of so much begging was because the American sailors didn't care as much for their dollars as they did their centimes (1-100 of a Franc).

We have our times to be on watch, which is generally 4 hours on and 8 or 12 off. I have done several things on board. I was on deck, an idler, mess cook, messenger, helmsman and am a signalman now. It is all great, but when the war is over I want to get out of the service. Uncle Sam pays us all he can, but we can't save any money in the service.

Hoping this gives you a better idea of myself in the service and apologizing for its length, I close until I hear from you. With love and affection,
Your son,

RALPH L. CROXTON.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

News and Experiences of Several of Uncle Sam's Servants.

Last week we published an account of the wounding of Henry Gausman and the strange coincidence of his coming under the ministering care of Miss Bertha Greemann in the hospital.

The following letters to his parents, Chas. Gausman and wife, show that while other nurses may be ever so good that one from home brings a cheer that none others can.

Somewhere in France.

Nov. 11, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

It has been some time since I wrote last but could not get much chance sooner as we were on the go nearly all the time and were at no place where we could get paper or get the letters censored. We were following the Germans and they were going so fast that it took lots of hiking to get up to their lines.

We went over the top on Nov. 6, and went seven kilometers and didn't

find any of the enemy, but the next morning we met strong resistance, but it did not take long before we had them going again.

Well, I am taking a rest now as one of them managed to hit me in the right ankle and made me turn back. It is not very much of a wound as it did not break any bones. The machine gun bullet went through on the right side of the ankle near the ankle bone.

When I was hit, it did not hurt. All that I noticed was something hit me and I looked and saw a bullet hole in my shoe. I wanted to go on at first but some told me to look after it; when I pulled my shoe off I saw a hole through the side of the ankle. It is about an inch and a half from the place where it entered till the place where it came out again. I then pulled out my first aid package and tied it up and went to the rear. I had to walk about a mile to the first aid station which they established in a little town which we took in the morning. It was about two o'clock when I got hit. On my way back I pulled up a nice good turnip out of a patch the Germans had sowed and it surely tasted good as I was good and hungry. It was the first raw turnip I had since I was over here. When I got to the first aid station I was looked after and the road was blown up near there, so the ambulance could not get there, so the captain said if we could walk to the next town which was about three miles off we could get an ambulance. So a few of us boys started to walk. My ankle was pretty sore by this time and I could hardly walk. But I was surely lucky as some good engineer came along on horseback and let me ride his horse and he walked. When we got to this aid station I could not stand on my foot anymore and stayed there all night.

The next morning was taken to another station and from there to a field hospital. Stayed at this field hospital a day and was then moved to the hospital where I now am. Landed here night before last. Think I'll be sent to some base hospital today or tomorrow. Then I'll have a good rest and enjoy the good eats of the hospital. My foot is a good deal better today already, and I guess by the time this reaches you it will be healed.

I met Bertha Greeman this morning. She is staying at this place, but is in a different ward. She came through this ward yesterday morning. As she passed by my bed I saw her and thought of her right away. I asked our nurse afterwards and she said she was in the next ward. This morning after she was through with her work she came in. She surely seemed to be glad to see some one from our home town. She said I was the first one she had met. Well, I must say

she surely treated me fine. She went to the Red Cross and got me a sweater and brought me some candy, cakes an apple, box of cigarettes and this writing paper. I think the apple, candy and this paper was some of her own. She wanted to do all she could for me and I am surely thankful to her. When you get this letter you call up her folks and tell them I saw her and that she is looking good and in good spirits and very cheerful.

Well I hope and think that peace will be signed today according to rumors around and if not I hope it will be very soon hereafter.

I have a good appetite and feeling fine aside from my little sore and hope that you are also all well and taking care of yourselves.

Will close sending my love to you all. Tell the friends around there hello for me and that I think we'll soon come back to tell our experiences.

Goodbye, from

Pvt. Henry J. Guasman,
Co. F. 16 Inf. A. E. F.
France.

Somewhere in France.

Nov. 14, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

I suppose you have received the other letter I wrote telling you of my

slight wounds in the ankle. I am getting along fine. The swelling has gone out of my foot some and it does not pain me much. I can sleep good at nights. I most generally go to sleep right after supper about seven o'clock and sleep until the next morning. We are well taken care of. We have it good. Our meals and everything are brought to our beds, but I surely would rather be out with the boys carrying my pack. You know it has always been hard for me to lay around.

Well I guess all the people over in the states are glad and thankful that the fighting has ceased and the war is won. Everyone is celebrating over here.

I wrote in the other letter about meeting Bertha Greeman. Wish she could be in the same place that I am as she surely treated me fine. If she had been a sister of mine, I don't think she could have treated me better. All the nurses here are very nice and surely doing a great work and sacrificing much to help the boys along. Seems as if the sun can shine now since the war is over. Before it was much cloudy weather. Have not had any freezing weather yet, only a little frost.

The boys are all talking about going home now and I hope it won't be long before we will all be back again.

Don't worry about me as it won't be very long before I'll be able to be around again and join the boys. Will

close hoping this will find you all well and taking care of yourselves and I send my love to you all.

From Pvt. Henry J. Gausman,
Co. F. 16 Inf.,
Amer. Ex. Forces, France.

Henry Winsor and wife are in receipt of the following letter from their son, Byron, and although Byron has been forced to forego the idea of eating Christmas dinner at his mother's table he is now looking forward to being there for his birthday celebration next February.

France, Nov. 21, 1918.

Dear Dad:—

Well, dad, I don't think it will be very long until I will be back in the states again and then home. They are sure trying hard to have a great number of the boys back to the states by Christmas, and I might be lucky enough to be one of them. How are you and the rest at home? I hope they are all fine and enjoying good health, as I am fine myself. This country is enjoying some beautiful weather here, and the people are taking advantage of it, and gathering their crops. We have had a few heavy frosts and when a fellow gets up at quarter till six in the morning, his tent is covered with frost and small pools of water are frozen. The people here sure are quaint. They ride in big high-wheeled carts, and they drive milk cows like people down south work exen. The men here wear hats with ribbons hanging down their backs and wooden shoes.

Does Gladys drive to school or does she board? Dad, I think I will be home in time to visit her school a day or so, long before her school ends. If we have snow in February next year, I may be home and have a sleigh ride. As the troops are going to be sent home fast, and I think they will be discharged from the service at once. Well, don't worry about me, and you mam, and all stay well at home, and I will be back with you people soon.

Lovingly,

Your son, Byron.

Corporal John Kreuzman writes the following interesting letter of his experiences abroad to his parents, William Kreuzman and wife. While his brother, William, has been busy chasing Germans, John has done his share by baking huge mountains of bread to feed the boys and give them the pep to run the Germans a foot race to the Rhine.

Langus, France.

Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Dad and All:—

Today the censor is off and being time for daddy's Xmas mail I thought I would tell you all I know and of what I saw while coming over up until now.

We started from the states Oct. 18 1917 on the ship they called the Lincoln which has been sunk some time ago. Well the first three days I felt alright but the last days I was sick all way over. We had good eats on the boat only it took so long to get it for they had to feed about 2500 men and that took a while to feed them. We were K. P's. one day on board. We also had to do exercise twice a day and you can imagine how we done it with the ship rocking like a cradle. We also had fire calls and we had target practice. They sure did have some gunners on our boat. They all got a raise in salary that day. I never saw any sign of subs on the way over. The first land I saw after being on sea for 13 days was Bell Island. Late that night we hit in port of St. Nazaire and the band played as we yelled. The next day was Nov. 1st and we got off and got in trucks and went to camp. We didn't have any bed so slept on the ground. The next day we started to unload the boat and getting our equipment on trucks and taking it to camp two days later we started to bake and had 4 eight hour shifts and that went alright. On Nov. 10 we were paid in francs.

We were in that town for three weeks and received orders to move. We packed up and boarded the French train the first one I ever rode in and were on the road three days. I have seen some scenery on the way. We then reached a city called Nevers at about 12 o'clock at night and were brought to camp to rest. In the morning they took us to the French barracks and we stayed there two weeks before we done any work. After that they sent us to work in the French bakery where fifty French girls were working. Everybody had a woman but I, for I was too busy firing the ovens. The old style ovens were used there where the wood is placed in the oven, then taken out after which you place the bread in and the same thing over and over again.

We had a swell Xmas that year and the day after New Year's we went to a place called Gieves, a small town but the largest camp in the world. It covered seven square miles and the railroad yard were like the ones at Chicago.

We stayed there six months until they were drawing too much bread, then we had to leave. We were baking around 25 to 30 thousand lbs of bread a day. So we packed again and went to Augers, a beautiful city with a population of 170,000 people. We had a camp of our own a small place and started to bake on July 4th with two field ovens and later on we had to use eight of them. About a month later they said there were some of us going out on detachment so we got ready and boarded the train again and we hit in Tours in the afternoon and a

Sergeant and I started out to tour the town and slept in a hotel that night and that was the first real bed I slept in for a good while and felt like home. Well we missed the train the next morning and we didn't care for the Sergeant had 500 Francs on him and we got on an American Special and started to where our bunch were so the train in Bourges and toured that train and see France and we got off the train in Bourges out toured that town all day and the next night we were on the way again and we saw our outfit in cars waiting to be pulled out so we passed them and went to the town of Chaumont and there I met George Engel and Frank Gauck and they were glad to see me. We slept in a good bed again that night. The next morning we said let's go back so we went to the place where we are now and we had to climb up a hill about one mile long to get to the place. We found the bakery and started to work the next day and we are working twelve hours every day, turning out about 30,000 lbs of bread a day.

This is some town. There are walls around it and the only town the Germans didn't take in the year of 1800. They have an underground city here but I have never been there to see it.

Well, think that is about all I know about the past and hoping that I will see you soon.

I remain,

Your Loving Son,

Cpl. John A. Kreuzman,

Bakery Co. 306,

A. E. F. France. A. P. O. 714.

Sebastian Burst is in receipt of the following letter under date of December 2nd from his son, Frank, who is in a hospital in England recovering from being gassed by the Germans. Frank relates something of the fierce fighting which he and the other boys of this vicinity have undergone and also touches upon his inspection of one of the places which Germans, in their dire extremity for grease for the manufacture of explosives, boiled the bodies of their own slain soldiers. His letter reads as follow:

Dear Father:

I have not received any mail since the 17th of October because of being gassed and sent to a base hospital in England.

I hope that everyone at home is O. K. and although I am still in the hospital I am feeling fine and I hope to get out this week for I want to get back to my unit which is one of the first to go back to the good U. S. A. for the great work we have done.

We had some hard fighting on Sept. 29th. On Sunday morning at 5:40 we started over the top to break the Hindenburg line and we did it. Our Com-

pany M. made the first wave of our battalion and we were the first to cross. That is where Coy Sunman lost his life and where C. Miller was injured. Coy was within six yards of me when machine gun bullets got him and I saw him fall. He never moved again. More of my Camp Taylor and Ripley County boys lost their lives, boys from Versailles, Milan and Milhousen. It certainly was one Sunday I shall never forget.

After that we kept going and took town after town and in crossing the St. Quentin Canal we found a place where the Germans had a number of little rooms and a tunnel about six miles long. In one of the rooms we entered there were a great number of dead Germans and possibly others too but from what I could tell they were all Jerries. They had posts and blocks and knives where they cut those men to pieces and made high explosives from the bodies. And they thought they could win the war with that kind of work. Never in their lives.

Well, I don't care to write all that I saw of the dirty brutes so I will tell you where we were in July and August. We were on the Belgian front at Camel Hill and Ypres and that is where Louis Boehmer was injured. His wound was not thought to amount to much. What they call over here a nice Bluda which it was I don't think for he was sent back until it was all over for he was not back when I left my unit and I had a letter from him a few days ago from England.

I will close for this time and will write later. Give my best to all.

Here's hoping that I will be back in the States by spring and wishing everyone A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Your loving Son, Frank.

The following letters were received by Chas. Wesler and family who have two sons serving in France. Ted, who is connected with the medical corps, was wounded some weeks ago when the Germans indulged in one of their favorite raids on the hospitals behind the lines endeavoring to kill doctors, nurses and men already wounded, claiming of course that God was with them in such methods of warfare.

Amos is with the 154th Infantry Band and their music has been an inspiration to many of the boys and cheered their spirits during the discouraging and dangerous days of war.

Mesves, France. Nov. 24, 1918.

As the censorship has been raised I will try to relate my trip across the Atlantic during war time. Somethings happened which I will tell you rather than write them. August 6th we left the port of Newport News at 2 p. m.

there were three ships in our convoy, several days later we met three from New York this made six boats in our convoy. I was on a Holland boat called Zeelandia it carried about 1800 to 2,000 men. The first few days of our trip the weather was hot, toward the end of our journey overcoats came in to our comfort. Most every night the upper deck was covered with sleeping men. It was either because of the heat or fear of the sub that brought them on this deck. On leaving port several cruisers and an aeroplane accompanied us but returned after several days. As we went on the boat over the gang plank our names were checked and each man received his bunk and raft number. I was on the third deck or about even with the water line. At night no light was to be seen, no matches struck, no cigars or cigarettes could be smoked. The sailors took off their white and put on their blue uniforms. The vessels ran abreast $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ miles apart. We had drill at dawn and at just before dinner every day. The raft I was on was of an egg shape and held 15 to 20 men. I will never forget the first morning I was on that boat. I heard the electric bells ringing. At first I could not imagine what it was for. It was the raft drill call.

A life saver is in each bunk and these we had to carry with us all the time. When about halfway across the ocean we carried our reserve rations. These consisted of bacon in a bacon can, our condiment can contained coffee, sugar, salt and four packages of hardtack. Three days before landing our cowboy was met by cruisers and destroyers. A sausage shaped balloon used for observation was suspended on one of the cruisers. A destroyer can make about 40 miles an hour. Our course over the ocean was in a zigzag route. This is to prevent the submarine from following. At times these U-boats followed a convoy all day and then at dusk or at dawn made an attack on them. Sunday afternoon, Aug. 18th we came to anchor in the harbor of Brest till the 22nd. As I have been permitted to write some of the happenings of my trip in my former letters I will close by adding that this morning our band "played" another group of men out of camp and it won't be long before all of the casualties will be gone from here and one of these days we will be lucky to get home with one of these groups.

Musician Amos G. Wesler,
154th Inf. Band,
A. E. F. A. P. O. 798
Via New York

U. S. Base Hospital No. 13.
Limoges, France.

Nov. 24, 1918.

A Dad's Letter—I am still in the hospital, though I thought last Sunday I would be ready to go back to my company. But it will be at least two more weeks before my wound is healed. I met one of the fellows from our outfit recently who came here Nov. 8th, and he told me all about the shelling of our hospital. Instead of one man being killed there were two Sergeants and nine privates killed, one officer wounded and one gassed. Eight shells came over our building and three hit it. The others fell between the village and hospital. Nearly all of our clothing were ruined. The next night the nearby village was shelled and a lot of French soldiers were killed. This took place from three to five miles north of Verdun on the 2nd of Nov. I had a lot of souvenirs in my barrack and if I don't get back to my company I shall not be able to bring any along with me. The village we are at now is certainly a beautiful place. But of all cities I have seen they won't compare with those in the U. S. A.

The French people are very nice to our soldier boys.

Your Son,

Ted R. Wesler,

A. P. O. 753,

A. E. F.

John Boehmer is in receipt of the following letter from his brother, Louis, and while other soldiers are bringing back pieces of shell in their luggage as souvenirs Louis brought his over firmly imbedded in his body.

New York. Dec. 17, 1918.

Dear Brother and Family:

Well people I am back to civilization again and I am glad of it. No doubt you received the telegram I sent you yesterday when we landed here.

This afternoon when the nurse dressed my wounds she pulled a piece of shell out of my back and it was a great big piece to be carrying around in my back. And to think I carried it for three months so it is no wonder my wound wouldn't heal but I guess I will be all right now in a few days.

I hear they are going to ship us to a hospital near our homes but I don't know how true it is.

This is Wednesday morning and I have just had breakfast and you can well believe that I am filled to the limit.

I thought I could be home for Xmas but am afraid I will not be able to make it now but what is the difference so long as I am in the States

again.

With best regards to all, I remain,
Louis.

U. S. Debarkation Hosp. No.3.

Among the names in the published casualty list of last Friday was that of Joseph B. Keene, son of Bernard Keene and wife of Route No. 1. Joe entered the service last September, went overseas in April and was wounded on the 4th of October.

Mr. Keene a few days ago received a telegram from the War Department informing him of his son's wound and in the meantime the following letter from Joe reached his parents.

A. E. F. France, Nov. 22, 1918.

Dear Parents and All:—

I am writing a few lines to let you know that I am well and trust that you are the same. We are having nice weather at present for although it is cold during the night it is nice and warm during the day.

I am in a Red Cross hospital just outside of Paris which is the largest city in France and it is certainly a beautiful city.

I have been away from my company since the 5th of October and I do not know when I will get back to it. Neither do I know when we will start for the United States but I will be home some time in 1919.

News is scarce with me so I will close with my wishes that you may have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

From Your Son,
Joseph B. Keene.

LETTER FROM MISS GREEMANN

Miss Bertha Greemann writes the following interesting letter to home folks here describing her first trip "on purely pleasure bent" since going abroad.

Feb. 2, 1918.

Dear Sisters:—

Came back from my vacation two days ago and found Nora's letters of Dec. 28th and Jan. 10th, Edwin's of Dec. 3, and two darling little letters from Lola and Ada dated back Oct. 3, besides quite a number from other Batesville people. There were 28 in all. Oh yes, one man enclosed five pieces of chewing gum—but you could guess all day and not know who—and, I'm not going to tell you. The gum was fine—you didn't know that I had acquired the habit, did you?

Say I was glad to hear a little about your Xmas, but I think one letter must be missing for none of you told me anything about your gifts. I still continue to get little remembrances—such as handkerchiefs, cards, etc., in letters.

Now for your questions,—yes, I

am just as well as that snap shot shows. I have a cold a great deal but everybody does in France. But oh girls—there is a spot in France that is "sunny" and I found it. Alas—I had to come back to the snow and cold. Now let me tell you about my trip.

We left LeMans Jan. 17th and arrived at Paris at 9 P. M. the same night. After the usual red tape at the R. T. O. and A. P. M. etc., we landed at our hotel. Now we were supposed to have only 24 hours in Paris but we managed so it stretched to 48 hours. We sure had a great time. We went to Notre Dame, the Louve (I am sorry to say that all the wonderful things there have not been returned as yet); we shopped in the wonderful stores such as the Lafayette Galleries and also attended Grand Opera. I guess you know that the Paris Opera house is the most wonderful in the world. The trip from Paris to Nice is about twenty-four hours and it was some trip for me. You know I had never seen large palm trees, olive groves, orange groves and January roses, so of course I went into ecstasy over it all.

At Nice we took rooms in a beautiful hotel along the beach. Oh it was great to lie in those "comfy" beds and see the sun rise beyond the Mediterranean. You have no doubt seen many pictures of scenes along this sea and I assure you that none of them have been exaggerated.

While at Nice, we of course took some sight seeing trips. Among them was a fine mountain trip up to Grasse where the perfume factories are, which we visited, and of course spent some of our francs.

Then we took the Monte Carlo, Mentone trip over across the border into Italy.

The big Casino, which is built out over the water, has been taken over by the Y. M. C. A. and been turned into recreation rooms, etc., for the enlisted men and nurses and maybe you think we didn't have a wonderful time. The boys who "knock" the Y. M. C. A. have to acknowledge that they are getting the real thing at Nice.

When leaving Nice we did a rather foolish thing, that is, took the mountain trip back home. Its a splendid trip thru the French Alps, but boo! We stayed one night at Digne and the only heat they had were a few dinkey stoves. The best thing of the whole trip up there was the hot thermos bottles which we found in our beds. Believe me, the French maids got their "tips" that time long before they asked for them.

Our next stop was at Lyons which is supposed to be the second largest city in France. There had been a

heavy snowfall and as it was beginning to melt it was terribly sloppy, so I can't say that I enjoyed my stay there. From Lyons, we went back to Paris for two more days and took our trip to Versailles. If I tried to tell you about that I would be writing all night but if I have to stay here long enough to entitle me to another leave I want to go back and see those gardens again in spring. I had the privilege of going thru the old King's palace and spending a few minutes in the beautiful historic room where the final "peace terms" are to be signed.

After seeing a few more Paris sights we started back for LeMans, to find that our organization had moved out five miles and had taken over one of the Belgium camps and were hard at work.

There were eight girls in our party and you can imagine how we did enjoy our trip and the many humorous things which took place. Two things I must tell you about, one is that I had my first ice cream in France. It cost us about sixty cents for a thimble full. Just watch me run past the Statue of Liberty when I get back home and order up a gallon of chocolate ice cream soda. ha, ha.

The other was this, we had a great deal of fun trying to parle vonFrench. Coming home our party had to break up and take places just when we

could. Three of us were in a first class compartment with a French officer and his wife and a Belgium captain and his wife. Now they all tried to be polite and start up a conversation but about all we could do was to grin. Finally I thought I'd be smart and start something so I said something in German. To my amazement both officers understood it and answered. I interpreted to our other two girls and they to their wives. So with a mutual language we had a peasant four hour trip together.

Well I just must close and get to bed for I am again a hard working lady. When I write again I'll tell you about this place and our work here.

Write soon. Remember me to all who inquire and to those of our friends who have had so much sickness and trouble.

Lovingly, Bert.

Bertha C. Greemann, A. M. C.
Evacuation Hosp. No. 11,

A. P. O. 762, Emerg. Unit,
Group E. A. E. F.

P. S. Please don't think that I am a millionaire. You don't get that way in the army. We had to yap all our own expenses only we are given one-fourth fare on the R. R. France doesn't do this, not much. My Uncle Sam pays the $\frac{3}{4}$. All the francs I saved up back in the woods are gone, but it was worth it. However, I must say that

the enlisted men not only get their R. R. fare but are billeted in good hotels at government expense when one leaves over here.

LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS

News and Experiences of Various Men in the Service.

Chas. Wesler and wife received their first inkling that their son, Ted, who is serving with a medical corps at the front, had been wounded when Ted's letter reached them telling of his experience. The telegram from the Adjutant General, which one would think would have reached them many days before, did not arrive until after Ted's letter.

Had the message arrived first its vagueness as to the extent of the wound would naturally have caused Mr. and Mrs. Wesler a great deal of worry but owing to Ted's assurance in his letter that he was far on the road to recovery when the message arrived they were not unduly alarmed.

The message and the letter follow:

Mrs. Emma Wessler
103 Albert St.,
Deeply regret to inform you that it is officially reported that Private Ted Raymond Wessler, Medical Department, was severely wounded in action November 2nd, further information when received.

Harris, The Adjutant General.

U. S. Base Hospital, No. 13.
Somewhere In France, Nov. 10, 1918.
Dear Folks:—

I was unable to write last Sunday for last Saturday, November 2nd, at 11:30 a. m. the Germans started to shell our hospital which was three miles north of Verdun.

We were sleeping in houses and the first shell hit the building in which I was sleeping, killing one and wounding eight of us. I received two wounds, one above my left eye at the margin of my hair and the other on my right forearm. The latter wound was three inches long and three inches wide and they took fourteen stitches in it when they sewed it up.

I was sound asleep and when I woke up I was lying on the ground and I must say I did not know what happened. I felt blood running down my face and I jumped up and ran for the door when they grabbed me and put me on a stretcher and carried me out into an open field. They carried all the patients out of the wards and after they quit shelling they took us back into the operating room.

They gave me ether and I was soon sound asleep. When I woke up I was in a ward but I was only there a short time when I was put in an ambulance and taken to the Red Cross train and then we rode to the Base.

I suppose by the time you receive this letter I will be back with my company so don't address the mail to me here but the way you always have.

The way things look now I think we will be home by Easter.

Well I must close,

As ever, Ted.

John H. and Edward J. Lamy, of Louisville, Ky., brothers of Mrs. L. A. Schreiber, are here this week for a visit with Rev. Schreiber and family. Both of the young men were in attendance at the officers' training school at Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas, being mustered out on the 26th of November, and John H. has kindly contributed the following interesting article relative to their army experience.

OUR "OVER THERE."

With the war over and the laurel-bedecked heroes returning from the front, we cannot but look back into the very recent past, when we had our little play in the big game of war. While the regiments kept pouring across the brine, our regiment for some mysterious reason was overlooked, and for eleven long, monotonous months we sweltered in the withering sun of Mississippi. Camp Shelby was an unusual place, and like all unusual places, contained unusual things to individualize it. The thing we will longest remember is the heat of the sun. When we arrived in Mississippi the natives confidentially informed us that it sometimes became so hot that about noon you could look across the fields and see hundreds of pine stumps running to the woods for shade. It might here be well to explain that it didn't get quite that hot last summer when we were there. They also told us that the mosquitos were so large that they could be caught only in big, double-jawed steel traps—but we never were visited by any except the younger generation, although they did their bit very willingly.

After eleven months of the "sunny south" my brother and I decided that our regiment would never go across. Dame Rumor even whispered publicly that the War Department didn't know we were there. Determined to get across, we entered the Officers' Training School and were dispatched to Camp McArthur, Texas, where chapter two of my war diary begins. Like all army camps, McArthur had its disadvantages, as well as its recommendations. It was my sixth army camp, and by far the best. The neighboring town of Waco could not have been improved in any respect. The people were wonderful in their patriotic spirit, and their attitude toward the drab-clad inhabitants of McArthur was such that we shall never forget it. But there were some few faults to be found with the camp. When we arrived we were told that it rains only about twice a year. We were there two months, and it only stopped twice. I wish I could describe the mud, but alas! words cannot but fail in such an impossible attempt. Let me therefore draw slightly upon your imagination.

Imagine yourself standing upon a gigantic piece of black chewing gum that has been CHEWED. Then imagine a big army rifle on your shoulder and a ten-hour day with nothing to do but drill. While the mud was wet, the above description will to some degree suffice, but in the phraseology of young America, "that ain't half"! To complete the picture we must imagine having stood in fresh concrete until it had hardened completely. You sit in your tent and wonder what to use to get that mass of

dry mud off your shoes. One of your tent-mates suggests an axe. You try it, but give up in despair. Likewise,

several other implements are tried but of no avail. There is only one way. You must stand in a puddle of water till the mud softens; again and then if you have lots of time and patience, you may remove the greater part of it.

Otherwise the camp was fine. Two months of drilling were over, and we were already picturing ourselves in officers' uniform. Meantime, our regiment at Camp Shelby packed up and sailed for France. You can imagine our feelings, but we worked on just the same. Then the master blow fell. The cowardly Hun surrendered and we were all discharged—sorry to have missed the world fight over there—but glad nevertheless, VERY glad, to be back home again.

JOHN H. LAMY,
Formerly with the 138 F. A.

Mrs. Joseph Pfeiffer, of R. R. No. 1, is in receipt of the following letter from her brother, Frank Battisti, and they feel that Frank has come through safely for the letter was written under date of October 27 when his company had come from the front for a rest after several weeks' service so it is likely that they were still in a rest camp when the armistice was signed.

Dear Sister:—Your letter received and I will try and answer it now for I could not write sooner as I have been in the line all of the time for the past month and no doubt you have read about our outfit being in the fighting.

We took the Jerries about forty miles and captured about eighteen towns and villages and they are still on the retreat. Trench warfare is a thing of the past, for it is all open warfare now.

I suppose you heard of Coy Sunman getting killed. It certainly is an awful thing to go through the machine gun bullets and the artillery fire and I sure consider myself lucky for so far I have come through without a scratch only I have a very bad cold from laying out in the weather.

I think it will be several months before we will have to go into the line again as our officer said there was two or three months' rest due us.

Well, how is everything at home? I suppose they are almost ready to husk corn and I hope that this winter will let us out of this bloody war.

I received a letter from Delbert sometime ago and he said that they could not get any help at all this fall. You said that Joe had to register but I don't think that many of them will have to come over for I am looking for it to quit in a few more months.

As I do not know much else to write I will close with love and best wishes.

Your Brother,

Frank Battisti.

Mrs. John Johnson and family are in receipt of the following letter from the son and brother, who is a member of one of the machine gun companies which aided so much in persuading the Germans that the only way they could keep their life insurance from coming due was to take a swift hike towards the Rhine.

Somewhere on the Globe.
Sat. Oct. 26, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

I am O. K. and am feeling fine. I hope you are all well. I am in a machine gun company now. I like it better than the infantry. We get pistols to carry. I turned in my rifle and bayonet. I won't have so much to carry now. We drill every day with our machine guns. It shoots 250 a minute. If Wm. or Lafe have to go tell them to get in the navy. Then they won't have a heavy pack to carry. Well I don't know much news. I'm not in France. You'll have to guess where I'm at. Well don't worry about me. I get plenty to eat and we sleep in our tents.

The weather is fine at present—its nice and warm here. I suppose it is cold there. Well I guess I'll get back some of these days. It will end soon. Well guess this will be all.

Hope you get all my other letters

Love to all. Ben.

Pvt. Benj. G. Johnson,
Machine Gun Co.,
362 nd Inf.,

Am. P. O. 776, A. E. F.

P. S.—Don't look for me to write so often, I don't get many chances. The Huns are on the run. Its hard to keep up to them. I hope we get them soon. Got a couple of your letters last week. Hope to get more soon.

Everett Haase is in receipt of the following letter from his uncle, Brightley Severinghaus, a former Batesville boy who is now serving in France.

Co. M. 34th Inf.

A. P. O. 793, A. E. F.

Dear Nephew:—I hope this finds you and all of the family well and happy.

We are having a rainy spell here now and some think that it is the constant firing of the heavy artillery that is causing it to rain so much.

Everett, I too remember that trip I took with you over those green Indiana hills and valleys and through the woods and I enjoyed it as much

as you did and possibly more.

I am scribbling because it is soon chow time and we Sammies usually are on the job when the trumpet sounds the chow call.

Well I still have pains in my stomach, back and chest but have my appetite back again. That night when the Boches came so thick and close I thought that I would never see daylight again for they seemed to have the range down pat on our front line of outposts.

Steve, a sergeant friend, of mine said as daylight appeared that he believed that God alone saved us. It lasted all through the night and I kept my rifle hot and bayonet fixed, ready for the Huns, but they didn't get close enough for us to use our bayonets. After some hours of it I told Steve that General Sherman was right for while this was not my first experience it was one of the toughest fights.

There are peace rumors now as the Boches are getting enough of it.

Answer at once. May God bless you all and give you a Merry Christmas.

Your loving uncle, Brightley.

Wm. Schwier and family, of R. R. No. 1, are in receipt of the following letter from their son and brother, Holden, who is serving in France with the 138th Infantry.

Somewhere in France.
Nov. 20th, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

Will drop you a few lines this morning. I am well and hope this finds you all the same. I have been transferred to Co. G. 138th Inf. D. Co. 333 was nearly all transferred. We have moved up just behind the front lines. I guess we go up to the front sometime tonight. We will be in reserve in a quiet section and we won't be in much or any danger. It has been raining nearly every day, and is getting pretty muddy. We have been quartered in dugouts for about a week. It is dark as night in them all the time. I've got one letter from Wm. Strobel and one from Pearl since I've been over here. They were both sent to Camp Mills, and it took a month till I got them. They gave us Christmas tags to send to whoever we wanted a Xmas package from. We were only allowed one a-piece. I sent it to Pearl so if you send me anything you will have to send it with hers. You can't send much in a box 3x4x9 box but that is all that is allowed.

They think it will be over by Xmas but I don't know if it will be over or not, the Germans are falling back along the whole line, they send a few shells over us here, and they shot down one German aeroplane here one day. Lots of the fellows saw it come down but I didn't get outside in time to see it.

Is Walker still in Ala., or has he been sent over here? This is a pretty rough country we are in now. We get better feed here than we did in Co. D. Old Co. D. nearly starved us after we come over here. The mess Sergeant was too lazy to order supplies. I guess so I am glad I am out of it. Lt. Snyder was the only officer that come with us. There are three of us Ripley County boys together, that is Wm. Werner, Geo. Brown and myself and Ed Prickel is in H. Co. 138 Inf. Well it is raining and I am outside writing this, so guess I'll close. Answer soon and tell me all the news.

Your son and brother,

Holden Schwier, Co. G. 138 Inf.
American E. F.

WITH OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

Mr. Wm. A. Wildey, of Holton, R. R. 3., received the following letter from Corp. Harrison Reynolds, who was reported killed on January 16th of this year:

Oberwinter, Germany, Dec. 29, 1918
Dear old neighbor and friend:—

Will drop you a few lines as I now have a good opportunity. Up until the present time it was impossible to write to all, for since last February we have been almost continually on the firing line. I served about 110 days on the Lorraine Front in the trenches. From there we went to Champagne where on July 15 the Crown Prince launched his great offensive against us, trying to reach

Paris. Life looked hopeless but I never lost heart but fought to check the masses of Big Prussians that were coming towards us. For a short time I thought all was lost but we stopped them. No mans land looked like a cemetery with those big Prussians biting the dust cold in death. The French were fighting on, both sides of this division, which was the only American division there. They said it was the heaviest bombardment the Germans ever put over. High explosives, shrapnel, trench motors, 77's, 1 pounders and gas shell fell like hail. Never have I witnessed as much steel flying in all my life and for 25 kilometers behind us trying to cut off support and supplies. Airplanes would even fly over us and shoot machine guns at us. We saved the day for France. Should we have failed to hold them back they would have no doubt reached Paris. Our company had 106 casualties, captured, killed, gased and wounded, so you see how we were situated. From there we were taken to Chateau Thierry on the Marne river now called the river of blood, where we had some more fierce fighting, no doubt you have read of it. Then the drive at St. Mihiel on the Toul Front advancing 14 kilos in 28 hours but pushing on 5 farther or 19 in all. The French had tried several times to retake this ground but failed with heavy losses. It was there I met Eddie Wildey as his regiment was also in the drive. It sure was a happy meeting, I have not met him since. Next was the final blow at Verdun on the Argonne, where a fierce battle took place, but the American heroes got them on the run and followed them almost day and night until Sedan was reached where Napoleon III lost but this time it was Germany that lost. From there we started on our long march across Belgium, Luxemburg into Germany and up the Rhine where we are at the present time and are longing to come home. I sure have some terrible experiences to tell you when we meet. I have faced all the shot and shell and never got a scratch, which only a few in this company can say. I saw the 28th Infantry in the final drive but I was unable to find Eddie Wildey's company. Will close wishing all a Happy New Year. Answer soon.

Your old Friend,

CORP. HARRISON REYNOLDS.

Co. I. 166th U. S. Inf.

83 Brig., 42 Rainbow Div.

A. E. F., France.

With the American Army in

Luxemburg

The Versailles Republican,

Dear Sirs:—

Just a few lines from here to let you know at least some of the Ripleyites are among the surviving. I would be much pleased with a copy of the paper, as a former reader. There are no Ripley county boys near me at present, but they will all read the paper, here any-way. The Chicago

Tribune, prints a two page edition at Paris and the New York Herald, a four page edition, but they contain very little for us and besides we were not accustomed to receiving them until we stopped here. We are in army Reserve being in 2nd Army. Have been here almost five weeks. This leaves us waging war on the cooties, and considering the much debated question, "When will we go home?"

Respectfully Yours,
SARGT. BEN HARREL
Co. K, 131 U. S. Inf.
A. P. O. 750 A. E. F., France.

Mr. Adam Hull, of Hoston, R. 2., received the following letter from his brother who is now in Germany. He was one of Ripley county's quota in the call made for May 27, 1918:

I will in a brief way relate my experience in the European war.

We entered the lines on Sept. 30th, lying in support over night. On the following day, which was Oct. 21st (my birthday) we went over the top with a result of many casualties due to the fact that it was so rainy and the roads were in such poor condition that the artillery could not stay up with us so we fought without the aid of it until it could catch up.

We stayed in the lines for twenty days, where we had great success and on the 20th of Oct. we went back in a wood on a hill for a few days rest. The greater part of us looked like fox hounds after a two or three days run. Then on the first day of November our artillery threw over a barrage for about twenty hours, which gave the Huns an idea that it was time for

them to take a hike, which kept us busy to keep up with them until the armistice was signed on Nov. 11th. There we stopped for a few more days rest. It was so quiet and such a change had taken place that it seemed as though a great thunder storm had been raging and had now ceased.

In a few days an order came that we were to make the hike from Jaine-estry to the Rhine, so on Nov. 17th we began our long and tiresome march. With full packs we marched day after day across France, through Belgium and Luxemburg, parading every town that we came to and they were very numerous—about four kilometers apart. The roads were very winding reaching over mountain after mountain until after a hike of about twenty-five or thirty kilometers we were almost worn out with only one feed a day and a lunch which we carried.

We crossed the line into Germany at 7:30 o'clock Dec. the first but the people who came out to watch us pass did not have quite as good a welcome for us as the people of France and Belgium had. At 12.30 o'clock we crossed the Rhine river which seemed to have been moving away from us as we were making our march. We marched about twenty kilometers

across the Rhine, where we are now located, doing guard duty for Uncle.

Well, we dough boys are not homesick; but we think that it is due time that we should turn in the machinery of our present occupation and sail back across the blue to our fatherland.

You must not forget that I did not mention any of the horrors of the war. The reason I mention them not is because tongue or pen cannot tell or begin to picture them.

PVT. GOLDEN G. HULL,
Co. H., 126 Inf.
32nd Division.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

News and Experiences of Several of Uncle Sam's Servants.

Miss Tillie Benz is in receipt of the following interesting letters from her brother, Hugo, who is serving on the U. S. S. Nevada. Hugo witnessed the greatest and most majestic naval event in the history of the world for words cannot describe the scene when the German navy came forth and without the firing of a gun surrendered to the Grand Fleet of the Allies. The Grand Fleet formed a majestic line for miles across the sea and as the German warships appeared there was not a cheer from the victors as the battleships of the Allies with every gun crew in position and every gun ready for instant action swung silently alongside of the German vessels and escorted them to their anchorage in the Firth of Forth.

Hugo's letters are welcomed by the family not alone for the news that they bring from him but also because of the assurance that Leo Benz had suffered no injury up to the signing of the armistice. Leo is in Co. D, 317 Machine Gun Battalion of the 81st Division and is with the American troops occupying German territory and either because of lack of mailing facilities or the fact that they are constantly on the move no word has been received from any of the Batesville boys who are marching into Germany for several weeks.

Although Hugo writes that he did not expect to return to the states for sometime the Nevada is one of the warships which is listed as having sailed from France on last Saturday for the states. The ten American dreadnoughts which escorted President Wilson into port set sail at 2 p. m. Saturday and are expected to reach the United States before Christmas. These are the first of the American battle ships which saw service with the battle fleet in the North Sea to return, so Hugo may possibly be able to also spend this Christmas at home.

U. S. S. Nevada,
Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Your several letters received, also package of papers.

First of all the censorship is lifted, and I am writing this letter on a Sunday afternoon. We are anchored with the Grand Fleet in the Firth of Forth; the German Fleet

has surrendered, we have them right here with us, we brought them in Friday so there is no further need of censoring.

We have been in the English Channel most of the time that we have been over here watching the southern part of the North Sea while the English Fleet had the Northern Part, but the Germans didn't come out. We tried coaxing by sailing past Heligoland, but they didn't even try a shot at that range.

There are ships of every nation at anchor here, our battle line is 38 miles long over three hundred ships so you can get an idea of the size of this harbor.

We are in battle squadron six when acting with the Grand Fleet and anchor now near the famous bridge that spans the harbor.

England has lots of ships, but I think we could whip any two they have. The Nevada is the only ship in all this fleet that has three gun turrets. The ban on cameras has also been lifted and this morning, H. M. S. Warspite got underway. They were lined all along her rail with cameras getting a picture of the U. S. S. Nevada.

Father Dupp has been doing shore duty in London for some time so we have no church. I was to Mass on the Florida this morning.

I see there was more flu in the states than over here. We had only eleven deaths aboard and they were mostly firemen and engine-room sailors. Fresh air rules are pretty strict.

Well it is soon going to be Christmas and naturally I think of how happy we all were last Christmas. I was ashore in Ireland some weeks ago and managed to buy one of the famous Irish lace collars. I tried to buy several but the lady had but the one for sale at that time and told me to come back in a day or two but I didn't have the opportunity.

The war is over but still no rest for us for we are to have Admiral's inspection tomorrow or Tuesday and fire battle practice Thursday — Thanksgiving Day.

I am pointing for turret four if we fire. It has been pointing drill day after day since we have been over here so I for one sure would enjoy a rest.

Had a letter from Leo yesterday. He is all O. K. There are no prospects for us leaving for the states so far, not until all the peace terms are carried out anyway but I am as well as ever.

Sincerely,
Hugo.

U. S. S. Nevada,
Nov. 28, 1918.

Dear Sister:—

Going on liberty to Edinburg, Scotland this afternoon to stay all night.

Sailing Saturday for an English port. Going to sea to escort Pres. Wilson over. People are sure preparing to pay him great honor over here.

I think I'll get to go to Stratford, Kent next week to see Louie, anyway I hope so.

German ships have been taken over and are now helpless so we've got nothing to worry about.

Saw Santa Claus but I'm not sending anything across, might get lost.

I'll bring it all along.

I received a letter from Leo but it was censored so I don't know where he is.

Have to get ready for liberty now. I'll write more when I get back.

Sincerely,
Hugo.

This is a small world after all for in the following letter to his parents, Chas. Gausman and wife, their son, Henry, tells of being wounded and during his time in the hospital his nurse was Miss Bertha Greemann. Raised within a few miles of each other they receive their first introduction in a hospital in France and we can well imagine that it was a pleasant surprise to both patient and nurse to find that they were neighbors "back home."

Henry was wounded in the last week of the fighting and his parents evidently failed to receive his first letter written after he reached the hospital but they are indeed glad to learn that he is recovering so nicely. The wounded lad exhibits the spirit characteristic of the American soldier for instead of worry about his wound he is glad that it is no worse.

November 23rd, 1918.

Pvt. H. J. Gausman,
A. R. C. M. H. No. 5.
France.

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow is Dad's day here but I will start my letter today, so I'll be sure that I get it written. Hope it will reach you before Christmas as I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Guess I'll spend Christmas in a foreign country this year but we ought to be thankful any way that the war is over and I am still among the living. This ought to make it all the more merry and happy.

I am getting along fine. I am able to walk around again and it won't be long until it will all be healed. I consider myself very lucky anyway when one sees some of the other seriously wounded boys. A quarter of an inch over farther and it could have been worse and would have been a long time healing. The bullet just touched the high ankle bone on the right ankle. The doctors opened the wound and cleaned it out and then one could see a little groove cut along the bone.

Well I did not tell you before that another bullet also hit me. It struck me in the neck but did not make a wound. It went through my overcoat collar and blouse and my two shirt collars and there it stuck. It just made the blood come. I have the bullet and intend to keep it as a souvenir. The Lord surely was with me and stopped the speed of that bullet. We were fighting along the Meuse River near Sedan. If I were not wounded I would have been with the first division boys following the Germans into Germany.

We are well taken care of and am getting a good rest. The Red Cross does much for the boys. They come through the wards nearly every day and hand out doughnuts or cake and candy. Last Saturday when I came here they handed out pumpkin pie. It was only a small piece but it was worth money to me. First I had in France. Some of the boys from here are being sent home. They take the severely wounded ones those that it would take a long time before they would be fit for service. The boys are glad to go back. I am glad and thank-

ful that it won't be long before I'll be able to go and tear around again as before instead of being severely wounded.

We are located here at Paris. Hope that I will get a chance to visit the city while I am here.

There are some things I would like to buy here to send home but everything is very high and I have only 25 francs left so if I do not get paid soon will have to do without it. That is about five dollars. We have not been paid since in France.

We are having nice weather altho' it has turned cooler. It freezes ice every night, but during the day the sun shines bright. I do not know much news, so will close, hoping this will find you all enjoying good health, and not worrying about me.

Again wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

I remain,

Your loving son and brother,
Pvt. Henry J. Gausman.

George H. Goyert and family are in receipt of the following letter from their son and brother, Gilbert, and in addition to the letter he incloses an interesting newspaper clipping showing that up to the very last minute of the war they were fighting just as hard as they ever did.

The newspaper clipping is as follows and as Gilbert belongs to the 7th Division of the Second American Army he was in the midst of the last bitter fighting of the great World War.

Attack Before Vigneulles.

Probably the hardest fighting being done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 92nd, 81st and 7th Divisions with the Second American Army, who launched a fire-eating attack above Vigneulles just at dawn on the 11th. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the battle, and the order to cease firing did not reach the men in the front line until the last moment, when runners sped with it from fox hole to fox hole.

Then a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline of the crest ahead of them grew suddenly populous with dancing soldiers and, down the slope, all the way to the barbed wire, straight for the Americans, came the German troops. They came with outstretched hands, ear-to-ear

Savenay, France, Feb. 17, 1919.
Mr. Editor and Friends:

I am going to write you a letter about a trip and hope you will find it fit to publish in your paper.

On Feb. 3rd I received a furlough to St. Malo. This place is about 150 miles from where we are located. I landed at St. Malo at 5:30 a. m. Feb. 4 and there I was taken care of by the Y. M. C. A. People. There were about 250 soldiers who took that trip the same time I did. From St. Malo they took us across the river of Rance to the city of Dinard. It is located on the coast of the Gulf De St. Malo. This place is noted as a great summer resort for the English and it certainly is a grand place. It has the nicest beaches that I ever saw. There is a Y. M. C. A. building located on the beach of the the Rance river and

the tide comes in there from the gulf. I have been in a number of Y buildings but nothing compared with this one. It is built of the finest stone and marble.

We were taken to hotels that were run by the Y people but taken care by the French and must say we had service. The beds we had were great. It made me feel as if I was discharged from the army.

The Y officers had different places where they took us to see different things. The first trip they took us to was St. Servan. It is across the river from Dinard and off the coast of St. Malo. It is a small island. This place is very old and also odd. This little town was started up in the year 400 and there were some of the old stone walls there that were used for forts in the 5th century. This place was used to guard the town of St. Malo from the enemies.

Most every one has heard of the "Three Sisters of the Poor." On this island is where they first started in the year 704. This city is used now for the headquarters of the "Three Sisters of the Poor of France." It does seem so strange to look at these old places and then to think of the fine places we have in the States. These people we call "Frogs" and it certainly is a fitting name. They are the same all the time and never think of any improvements.

In this place we spent about eight hours and enjoyed the sights very much. A few days later we took a trip to an island called Mt. St. Michel. We took a boat to St. Malo and from there we took a frog train to this island. This place was started in the year 400 by the Monks. This place was first used for the priests of France to go for a vacation and in the year 832 the people from Ide De Jersey island came there and ruined the place—completely wiped the buildings and walls off the island.

The tide comes in around this island for seven miles and comes in faster than a horse can run. The base of this island contains seven acres and in the center of the island is a rock that extends a hundred and fifty feet above sea level. In the year 850 there was a man came there called St. Michel. He and a few Monks started to build this place up again and they used part of this place for prisons. In the year 1246 the English came to this place on the high tide and expected to capture this island but the Monks were too well prepared. They captured two large canons from the English and all the harm that was done was that they tore a large hole in one of the walls. The Monks placed these two canons inside of the wall where the English had tore the hole and, to this day, they are still

setting in the same position. In the year 1250 they built a platform at the top of this rock and it contains a four acre space. There are four stories under this platform and now there are five above. It seemed to me that there were a thousand rooms in the five stories. In some of the cells there are wax forms of the people that were in there as prisoners and they had all kinds of old relics that a person could think of. I also met a friend of mine there, Pvt. Karl. His home is near Batesville. It certainly is a treat to me when I can get to see some of my friends from home.

From there we went back to Dinard. I certainly did enjoy that trip. Nearly every evening we went to the Y building and took in a show or otherwise danced. They have real dancing there as they do in Batesville. On the 12th of Feb. I left there and got back here to camp Feb. 13. It was a great treat for me to take this trip but it doesn't make a person feel very good to get back to camp after such freedom. But at that I am enjoying life fine and am gaining in weight. We are fed good and have very good officers, so what can a person ask for more while in the army. I am in hopes that I will soon be back to the States with my old friends.

I received several copies of the Herald and it is like a letter from mother to me. This is rather lengthy, so must come to a close.

With best wishes to all.

Your truly,

Sgt. Earl L. Papenhaus.

Mallendar, Germany, Feb. 9, 1919.

Dear Parents and All:

Am writing to let you know I am at Mallendar, Germany now. We are having pretty cold weather at present. Yesterday morning it was ten below zero and this morning three below. It snows a little every day but the snow doesn't stay long. I go to church every day and receive communion every Sunday. The church I go to is the one I sent the picture of. It certainly is a pretty church. The old fellow I am staying with bought two little pigs about four weeks old and paid twenty-five dollars apiece for them. Some price, isn't it? He said before the war it took a pretty big hog to bring twenty-five dollars. When the war began he had five cows and a yoke of oxen taken away from him. They were used to feed the soldiers.

Received the pictures. They certainly are fine. Every time I look at the picture of the tractor I wish I was on it. But I will be on it soon. How did you get along with the

shredder this fall? Some of the big farmers over here use the Big Bull tractor and all are made in the U. S. Stick to your old "Bull" for it is a good make.

Received a letter from Margaret. She wanted to know how I would like to have a French or English girl for a wife. I say the "Good American Girl" for mine. The French and English have too much war in them. I sure have enough of it. I haven't been paid for eight months. I have about two hundred dollars back pay. I will send all home that I don't need.

I received a letter from Kress the other day. He is in France as a military police. In the past week I received letters from Miss Edna, Maybell, Bernice and also my old friend E. M. S. If you see them tell them "Hello" for me. Must cut this short as I am contemplating sending some post cards of places over here. Hoping to see you all soon.

I remain your loving son,

Joseph Keen.

Queenstown, Ireland,
December 2, 1918.

Dear Cousin:—

Will write a few lines to you this evening. I am here in the recreation room of our barracks. In the quaint old city of Queenstown, Ireland, on the Cork harbor. In the land where the river Shannon flows and the three-leaf shamrocks grow. This is some country. The landscape is beautiful. Everything is green here now and the flowers are blooming.

It rains here all the time. I've have been here two weeks and have only seen the sun shine one part of a day. I've almost forgotten what the sun looks like. From what these Irishmen say, they have rain most of the time the year round. Ireland may be heaven to an Irishman who knows no better, but not for me.

Where did you spend Thanksgiving? I thought of you all back in old Ripley quite often during the day, and where I was this time last year. I suppose the boys all took a big hunt. So did I, but not for birds and rabbits. We had chicken and mince pie for dinner here at camp, so you see I stayed by until after noon. Then a bunch of us went up in town and out to see the graves of the Lusitania victims. We had to have some souvenirs so we all went Shamrock hunting near the cemetery. I am sending you some of the souvenirs. I saw the graves of five hundred of the victims. They were buried in big, square graves, thirty in a place. It was a sight to see. We then went back and attended a show at night given at the U. S. Naval Men's

Club. It was a good show and we had a good time.

I came here about two weeks ago from St. Mazarie, France. I have sure traveled some, saw much country and had some thrilling experiences since you last heard from me. Was eight and one-half days on the water coming across, landed at St. Mazarie on the 13th of November, stayed there a few days in the harbor, took on a load of wounded soldiers who were going back to the States and brought them as far as Brest, France. I was there in camp a few days when we went on the U. S. Destroyer Bell and came across the English Channel to Plymouth, England. From there we came by rail to Fishguard, Wales, crossed the Irish sea to Water Ford, and came by rail to this place, through Cork and Killarney. Had an interesting trip and saw some pretty country.

We stopped over at Fishguard, Wales, from 9 a. m. one day until 11 p. m. the next day. We were the first U. S. sailors in the town, and we sure did get some reception. They planned a meeting for us of the young people of the town, which were mostly girls.

They all brought eats from their homes and gave us our supper of the best they had in town. We all sang and danced from 4 to 11 p. m. We sure had a wonderful time and made a hit with the girls there. They were the prettiest bunch of girls I have seen since I came over here. They were more like the girls of the good old States. I made the acquaintance of one, the sweetest of all I think, and took her home. She gave me her picture and made me promise to write, which I did. When we were ready to leave our Chief made the town a present of ten pounds of English money, or about fifty dollars of our money. We gave them a sky-rocket and we're going again. The people said they wouldn't forget the U. S. Jackies soon and I don't think we sailors will forget Fishguard, Wales, soon.

From there we came across the Irish sea to Water Ford, Ireland, landing just at day break, and came by rail here. Ireland has some pretty landscape and well deserves the name of "Emerald Isle." Nevertheless, I will welcome the day when the dear old States of Liberty loom up in my sight at the entrance of New York harbor. I don't think that will be very long as we haven't much to do since peace has been established. This is a Destroyer and Sub Chaser base and I would probably have been on one now hunting for Subs had I not been a little too late. They were all called in when we got here. We

had their clothes off but twice in ten days, but just got what rest they could in their ambulance. They had driven a thousand miles in that time, from battlefield to hospital, and had to drive in darkness without a bit of light, the roads being narrow and rough, and they could hardly get through. Some of the drivers would upset or get stuck, it was so difficult to drive. He said he wouldn't take anything for his experience and what he has seen, and his trip over there. He said his work kept him busy dodging bullets and shrapnel and gas bombs would drop around and explode. He slept in a dugout one night during a heavy barrage. He wrote that Glen Sheets is working at the hospital, but hadn't been able to see him so far. He said the Red Cross was certainly doing good work over there and for the folks not to turn them down, for if they could see how the boys enjoy their work they wouldn't hesitate a minute to help all they can.

Elmer Hankins writes his sister, Mrs. Lulu Greenwood, Madison, R. R. 12.

Molorne, France.
March 10, 1919.

My dearest sister:—

Will try and answer your letter I received tonight. I sure was glad to hear from you and I got another letter from you just a few days after I had written you. I also had a letter from Annie this afternoon. You don't know how glad I am that I can get your letters, it certainly makes a fellow feel good. I am all O. K. but am anxious to leave France. Don't know for sure just when I'll sail but I think about first of May. Believe me I am going to make up for lost time when I do get back but guess my time hasn't been lost. I have done my bit and the only thing I am sorry for is that I'll have to leave several of my friends over here but guess I am lucky that I got thru the battles all together. Am safe and sound and feeling fine and dandy and will sure be glad to see all of you, but time will soon pass and I'll soon be with you so don't worry. Has Edgar Elston gotten home yet. Trust he is all O. K. I won't get back in time to go rabbit hunting but look out for squirrels. Tell Ethel I certainly will be ready for all those good things that she is going to cook for me when I do get back. I did think I would get back in time to farm but don't know for sure. We are building French roads now. Guess we will soon have them done. Suppose all the boys from around home are back by now. Well I'll be there too by and by. I hope all of you got over the flu all right. I had it before I was transferred from the 84th Division but didn't hurt me very much.

Several of the boys died of it. I suppose you are getting ready to farm. Would sure like to be there with you but it won't be long and don't worry about me for I am all right. Tell everybody hello for me. I'll close now hoping to get your letters oftener. Your loving brother Elmer to my dear sister.

RVT. ELMER HANKINS,
80th Division, 329 Inf.
Company A., Molorne, France.

Alvie Bronnenberg, now in France writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Bronnenberg, of Versailles as follows:

Tours, France.

March 30, 1919.

Dear Father and Mother:—

Just got back from Nevers, France this morning and have found out all about Earl's death.

After landing in Nevers I started out to see his Commanding Officer, on the way out I passed a new cemetery where some Americans were working. I went in and scanned the white crosses to see if one had Earl's name inscribed upon it. It only took a moment to find the one at the head of his grave with his name, rank and date of death, the date was Feb 14, 1919. It was a very sad few minutes which I spent there at the grave, my thoughts going back to you who may never see his last resting place unless the dead are transported home after this whole thing is cleared up. My thoughts also went back to the day we two spent together last fall, not thinking at that time that we would never meet again upon this earth.

After leaving the cemetery I went over in the next field where his Co., is stationed. I walked into the orderly room and introduced myself and explained my mission for being there, I can't explain in words what a hand-shake the Captain gave me and the emotions he and the two Sargts. showed when they explained the whole thing to me. They all praised him as being one of the most contented and willing workers that they had in the Co., and as a soldier who had never given his superior officers a moment's trouble or worry. He was sick only a few days and the Co., was shocked and surprised very much when the news came that he had died in the hospital. The Capt. and the whole Co. attended the ceremonies at the grave and put a large floral wreath upon the grave. I was going to get some flowers for the grave but the soldier in charge at the cemetery told me that it would be of no use until all the graves were fixed up as they should be, which will take a few weeks yet to go. You can rest assured that the grave will be well taken care of after the cemetery is fixed up.

The Capt. showed me a copy of

the letter which he sent to you, along with Earl's personal effects. Earl carried \$10,000 worth of insurance, but his allotment had run out. After our conversation the Capt. introduced me to Earl's old chums and made me spend two days and one night with the Co. I was never treated better in my life by a bunch of fellows, than with that bunch. I know by the good treatment they gave me, that Earl was loved and respected by them all, I found out from them about Earl's daily life, they praised him as one who never shirked in his duties altho sometimes they were pretty tough and as a soldier who was ready to help any comrade that might need it, both financially and physically. You can imagine how I felt when I went to bed that night thinking of poor Earl laying just a little distant from me, but under six foot of French soil. I made 3 or 4 trips past the cemetery during my stay at the camp and on each trip I had to go in and take a look at the grave.

As to the photos he wrote you about, the Sargt. he chummed with told me that the first bunch he had taken were spoiled and he took sick before he could have any more taken. Upon leaving the camp I bid them all good-by and thanked them very much, on your behalf and on my own, for the good treatment they had shown toward Earl while he was in their midst. I thanked the Captain for that letter which he sent you, knowing that it meant a whole lot to you in your hours of distress, you not knowing whether to believe the telegram or not.

Well I have told you all, and you can be proud, as I am, that poor Earl died the death of a true dutiful soldier, serving his country, instead of otherwise. That kind of a death is the most glorious of all. I will close now hoping to hear from you soon and that all are well.

Your Son,
ALVIE.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Red Cross Nurse and Soldier Boy Tell of Experiences.

We are indeed glad to publish the following letters from Miss Bertha Greemann relating her experiences as a Red Cross nurse.

On Active Service
With the A. E. F.
October 30, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—

It is not very polite or complimentary to say "as I have nothing else to do I thought I would write you a few lines," yet, such is the case.

We are still waiting here, peacefully waiting. It's a crime that's what

it is. If our commanding officer had any pep he would turn this into a medical hospital, or move us up where the surgical work is. Now I can hear you say "Quit your growling" but really you folks would be peeved too if you had to sit around when you knew how badly you are needed somewhere else. You should hear the doctors make a holler. If only mail would come they would at least have some letters to answer. Guess I'll have to start in and answer some before they come. Ha! Ha! Think I'd be safe in starting in on Jerry Greemann. There must be at least a dozen on the way from him if he writes as often as he did back in the camp.

Well I try not to worry about you folks at home only just now we have reports that the Spanish influenza, or, in other words a pretty severe kind of grip, has become pretty severe in America. If any of you get it please call a doctor in time and be careful. If you once develop pneumonia it seems like that's the end of things. Three nurses whom I knew have died of it over here. One was in another unit but she was a Camp Lewis girl. Then we lost two of our unit, one of whom was a dear friend of mine who lived in the same dormitory with me at camp.

I walked one and a half miles to town Sunday morning and attended Catholic services for I hadn't been to church for four weeks. I took my Bible with me and read Psalm No. 91 and extracts from John and prayed while they sang mass and when the priest came down from the altar and took up the collection, I dropped a French dime into the little green silk basket; so while the services were strange to me I felt better for having been to church.

In the afternoon we went on a two and a half hours' hike up through the woods to another little town and the walk was great. We found a few blackberry bushes and think of it we gathered at least twenty little sour berries. In the town we saw an old tumbled-down building which was built in 1610 and was used in those days for a brewery. The immense old press is still there and it surely is a sight. I was wishing Daddy could have been with us on that walk for he sure would have enjoyed it.

The day before, we walked to another town and I had the great pleasure of sitting in another old historic Catholic church. It was the old church in which Father Passavant once preached. You know the Deaconess movement originated in the Catholic church and this good old priest started things. Little did I ever dream that I should ever sit in his church.

Well I should really love to sit in a good old American church again. We are hearing peace cries again and hope that it will be real peace by the time we sing "Peace on earth, good will to men."

With just lots of love to all, I am as ever,
Bert.

Nov. 2, 1918.

My dear Mother and all the Folks:—
When I last wrote you I was fussing about work, mail, trunks.

Well the work has come and we are really fairly busy. I am not working as hard as some of the others for I am still on night duty in the shock ward and for some reason or other the patients are not as badly shocked as sometimes.

Yes, I really have had one letter

but not from America. It was from Helen Greemann and I was so glad to know that she is well and all O. K. Three of my nurse friends have died of pneumonia so I sort of worried about her. I knew her unit had landed safely but I couldn't locate her. She finally found out my hospital number and wrote and gave me hers. Now I know where Base No. 46 is so she is only about fifty miles from me. I may not be able to get to see her as transportation is poor and it would be impossible to get an ambulance for joy riding now that a drive is on. Besides I haven't the time now. But we both know that each of us are alright.

Now let me finish with a real Thanksgiving shout. My trunk and carry-all have arrived in perfect order. Some of the girls are still short of baggage. Think of it, now that it is again raining I have my boots and when bed time comes I can crawl into my nice wooley sleeping bag and be real comfy. Oh the joy of having starch for my caps, collars and cuffs. You see now that our trunks have come we try to rig out like real respectable nurses.

Our chief nurse sent word about two weeks ago to Paris to the Red Cross headquarters about our clothes shortage so today was Christmas morning here. My handout consisted of two dandy Jersey dresses, (I mean nurse uniforms) two pairs woolen stockings, one pair fingerless gloves and a wonderful trench coat. Its like a long heavy khaki rain-coat with a loose woolen lining. Just the thing for a cold sleety day. When weather is milder the lining can be removed and coat worn just for rain. Now I can't think of another thing I could want to keep dry and warm. Sure feel rich.

So you see where some of the Red Cross money goes. We have to keep well if we are to be of use to the boys and the Red Cross tries to help us. We haven't been paid since we left America but since we have enough to eat and wear, our travelers' checks we had to bring with us are holding out pretty well.

Did I ever thank Nora and Grace for their little donation which reached me in New York? If I didn't sure do now for the investment went into the bottom of my trunk and it sure tastes and looks good now.

Well don't forget to think about me when some one eats my piece of turkey on Thanksgiving day. You all know which is my piece, don't you?

Love to all, Bert.

Somewhere in France.

Nov. 13, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—

First of all, will you please notice that I am writing on what the boys call, "Honest to God Writing Paper."

I slept fine today and this evening before I came on duty I dug down to the bottom of my trunk and fished up this paper.

So far I have only one patient. All the wards are crowded but none of them hurt seriously enough to suffer shock. My only patient is a German prisoner, whose hand and leg have been amputated and who is suffering seriously from gas infection. We have a large herd of them in tonight. They were deserted by their own field hospital corps and after lying around for forty-eight hours without attention, our men found them. The poor boys guess they were glad to see our men.

Just had to stop and get busy for a while for my family has increased to three G. P's. I may be a Deutsch Verderber but it surely has come in handy. I only wish I could "parle pas Franceise" as well.

Say I guess you think I am a little "off" for writing so often and saying so little but I thought some letters might be lost.

By the way we got ours today. We can't leave the camp ground without permission from the Colonel. Now by sex he is an old bachelor but by actions etc. he is an old maid so here is where we stay at home. Had my last joy ride day before yesterday. We started for another evacuation about ten miles away where some of our unit are. We started home on a French truck and when we came to the village where we turn off we tried to make him understand that we wanted to get off but as I Je ne parle pas le Franceise, he thought we wanted to go faster. Before we could stop him he had taken us four miles the wrong way. The French are slow but one thing they do and that is they sure make their motors spin. Our boys are only allowed to drive a certain speed. We had a real treat tonight, one of our cooks used to play in one of the biggest Symphony Orchestras in America. Tonight while we ate dinner he played Humeresque, and a number of our other favorites for us. Lots of love to all.

Aurevoir, Bert.

Bertha C. Greeman, A. N. C.
Evacuation Hosp. No. 11,
Emergency Unit, Group E.
Am. Exp. Forces, France.

Miss Ethel Davis' is in receipt of the following letters from her brother, Roy.

Somewhere in France.

Oct. 29, 1918.

Dear Sister:

How are you all by this time?

I am well. Received a letter from you a few days ago.

It was sure too bad about Clarence Beal. Have you heard from Rollin lately? I haven't written to him for a long time as I am busy so much of the time and when I am not busy I don't feel much like writing. I had a letter from Rose Saturday. She said they were well. Is O. B. S. still at Camp Taylor? Most of the people think the war will be over by Xmas, but of course we cannot tell, but I sure hope it will be.

We had a big frost this morning, but it is hot in the sun now; it's a little after twelve o'clock.

I am on guard at the warehouse today which is an easy job. All I do is sit and hold my gun. The rest of the Company are in a gas mask drill this afternoon. I got out of that as I am on guard. We take a hike out in the country in the morning and drill after dinner. I like to go on the hikes because we always see something new. After we finish drilling we play base and basket ball and also other games.

I went to a picture show Sunday night at the Y. M. C. A. and think I will go again tonight.

Hoping this will find you all well, I will close for this time.

Answer soon. From Roy.

Somewhere in France.

Nov. 1, 1918.

Dear Sister:—

As I have just finished writing An-

na L. a letter I will write you a few lines and send Mother a Christmas present. I suppose it will almost be that time when you receive it.

This is Saturday a. m. now. I started to write this yesterday evening when they called some of us out for detail and we went out in a truck and hauled rifles and belts all night. Just got in and ate breakfast, but as soon as I get this letter finished I am going to my bunk and sleep all day.

We are going to move from here soon, but do not know where we are going. May move from here by tomorrow.

I will write again in a few days.
Answer soon.

Private Roy Davis,
335th Regiment, Supply Co.
A. P. O. 905 A. E. F.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

News and Experiences of Several of Uncle Sam's Servants.

Waldo Michel who is with the Personnel Dept. of Co. C. of the 16th Infantry writes the following to home folks, John H. Michel and family, from Luxemburg where he was quartered the latter part of November.

Co. C. 16th Inf., A. E. F.
(Personnel Dept.)

Luxemburg,

Nov. 25, 1918.

My Dear Mother and All:—

I have a little time tonight so I will write you a letter. I suppose you have been looking for it for some time. I wanted to write sooner but when I had time I couldn't get the material. We are so busy and on the go all the time.

I am real well and hope you are all the same. I am certainly anxious to hear from you folks. I haven't received any mail whatever since the last day of September. But I guess I will get some soon if it ever finds through. I suppose you have my other letter by now with my address and the Christmas seal in it and I guess you have already started it on its way.

I am writing this letter so you will get it by Xmas or your birthday. I wish you a happy birthday mother and all of you a Merry Xmas. I don't know how soon I will get back to the States. But things look pretty favorable now.

We have had very nice weather here all through November. It freezes pretty hard every night and is cold all day. But the sun has been shining nearly all the time. It rained a little today. Well I suppose that is about all for this time mother. Hoping to hear from you soon. I am,

Your loving son, Waldo.
Give my love to all.

The best Santa Claus in existence this year for Miss Alice Schomber was the mail man for on Christmas Day he brought her the following letter from her brother, Cliff, and to learn that he had come safely through the severe fighting made it a happier Christmas for his folks at home. Cliff was in all of the big drives made by the Americans and he was indeed fortunate to escape without a scratch for his division has been in thick of the fighting from the very beginning. Somewhere in France.

Dec. 1, 1918.

Dear Sister and All:—

Well Alice, how are all at home? I hope well and happy. Babe we were on the front till the last. We put the last big drive over on the Verdun front. Lots and lots of prisoners I seen brought in. Here are the names of the fronts I have been on: Toul Front, Alsace Lorraine, Chatteau Therry, Soissons and Verdun. No doubt you have read about all the 32 Div. drives. I am now in a hospital with the influenza. I am getting along fine and hope to be out in a short time. Never got a scratch and put in many a hard day and night on the fronts and now sick. I am glad I am getting well but may be too late to join my outfit. I hear they are leaving soon for good old U. S. A.

Alice it sure was a wild old night on the front the night the Armistice was signed. Never will I forget it. My bunk-mate was killed on my birthday. Another was killed last day of October.

They sure treat us nice here in the hospital. Good eats and cocoa. The nurse brings us cigarettes, cakes, and chewing gum every day. Well the war is over and I guess every one is glad. I know I am. Lots to tell you when I see you.

A Chaplain was in to see us today and gave me this stationery. A very nice man and he said he was from Cincinnati.

I was made a Corporal on the Verdun front on Oct. 3rd.

I am sure glad Ches. is where he is. He will know after I see him.

How is Anna? and all love to them. I sure am glad we don't have to live in shell holes the rest of the winter. Sorry to hear about Coy and Fred. Ches would have been with that bunch in Belgium.

Well Alice here is hoping you are all well. I will see you all soon I guess.

Love and kisses to all. Remember me to Ella and all. Tell mama I am fine and not to worry..

Bye, Bye, Babe.
Love and kisses to you and all.
Corp. C. Schomber,
Battery D. 119 F. A.

Sergt. Frank Foerster came in Christmas eve on a thirty day furlough which he will spend with home folks and his many friends here. This is Frank's first furlough home in three years for he has been in the Panama Canal Zone for the past twenty-five months and he says that a person cannot realize the immense work that our government has done and is still doing there.

He kindly furnishes us the following interesting account of his experiences since entering the service.

Since I failed to write before, I will give you a brief outline of my experience in the service of Uncle Sam.

I enlisted at Columbus, Ohio, June 8, 1916, and was transferred to Fort Hamilton, N. Y. After six months' training in a Post Hospital, I was again transferred to Corozal, Panama C. Z.

On arrival there, my daily duties were sanitary drill, which includes foot drill, ambulance drill, litter drill, riding and first aid. Some of the most interesting and useful among these is the Litter drill. In this we are taught what is called the Allen method. In this we give first aid to such an extent that the patient may be comfortably moved to the Field Hospital without further treatment. Our riding instructions are also very useful and interesting and are practically the same as Cavalry drill, which includes bare-back riding, hurdling mounting and dismounting in full gallop and various exercises on horse back which correspond with the exercises of infantry. I have for some time been instructing recruits in these drills.

The climate in Panama is very pleasant; we have a wet and dry season and is practically like mid-summer in Batesville all year. The dry season is from Dec. to May.

The baseball season opening game was played on Christmas day.

During this time tropical fruit can be had for the picking. These include oranges, bananas, mangoes, mamais. The last named resembles a cantelope and is very delicious, the taste resembling that of a peach and strawberry. We have a vegetable here which is called Yam, it resembles the potato and is used for the same purpose.

Big game hunting here is very interesting and exciting. We have deer, wild cat, wild hog and alligator. The jungles are only a mile from our quarters, and are infested with above named game, including snakes of all sizes and description. The most of the snakes are non-poisonous. We have a few poisonous snakes, the most dead-

ly among these is the 20 minute snake; a bite from this snake is always fatal, death ordinarily resulting in 20 minutes. Among the non-poisonous snakes are boa constrictors. I have seen these as long as 20 feet. A very common snake is the banana snake which is found in all sizes up to 18 feet long. They live entirely on bananas, leaves and stem and are often found partly coiled around the stem of banana bunches and have the color of a ripe banana.

Among the interesting places are the "Sand Blast District". This is inhabited by people who at mature age are not taller than the average 8 year old child and have a mentality equal to a 3 year old child.

They live in huts about 10x10 ft. made of bamboo and palm leaves and have no floor. They live almost wholly on tropical fruit which are very plentiful in these parts. They do no manual labor of any kind.

The canal zone itself is being improved to a wonderful extent. The city of Balboa has a dry-dock that will accommodate the largest ship in the world, the dock being 1000 feet in length.

Here we also have one of the largest and best equipped machine shops in the world. They are equipped to repair and manufacture anything including a locomotive or a modern man of war.

They have large electric pumps which pump soapstone out of the canal into swamps in the neighboring jungles. This transforms the dangerous and unhealthy swamps into useful land. This will eventually be improved and used for building sites. The cities and immediate neighborhood have improved streets, being built of 8 to 10 in. concrete bed with a two inch asphalt cap. All the improvements in the canal zone are done by the U. S. Government and are superior to the improvements of some of our largest cities.

The cities of Panama and Colon are similar to our cities with the exception of the lower class of Panamamiens. It is very common to find a family of eight or ten living in one room. They do all their cooking in a small charcoal burner which they set on the side-walk in front of their door. The children in this district have little or no clothes and their best bath available is during a rain when they lay in the gutter and let the water run over them.

Our government is doing a very commendable piece of work in Panama.

My experience has been very valuable to me, having qualified in all ambulance Co. work. I am at present on detached service in one of Uncle Sam's

best and largest hospitals located at Ancon C. Z.

The canal itself is so well described in books that I will not endeavor to describe this wonderful piece of Engineer work.

Edward Meyer is home from Camp Knox, Kentucky, having received his honorable discharge in time to spend Christmas with home folks.

Khaki Notes.

Osgood friends of Omer Platt have received word that he is still in France employed in the office of the supply base. He says the work is very light and thinks he will be sent home soon. He has visited Paris and the battlefields in the vicinity of Rheims where he picked up a box of relics, including a center piece he secured from a building which was shot to pieces; a portfolio of Parin and many pictures of Rheims and vicinity, also a picture of himself under the sheltering palms at Brest, France, with a German helmet on which he has sent home. He says he is feeling fine, weighs 180 pounds and is anxious to get back to the good old U. S. A.

Dear Cousin:

March 24, 1919.

Will this morning answer your most welcome letter received a few days ago, and was sure glad to hear that you were getting better. Would have written sooner, but have not been feeling very good the last few days. I guess I will have my knee cut again in a few days, and believe me, I sure hate to think of that, for I have already been operated on five times, but I guess there is a piece of loose bone that has to come out, so I guess I will be in the hospital all summer. I certainly am getting sick of laying around, but can't help it.

Well, as the doctor is here and commencing to do dressings, I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you again soon. Goodbye, with love and best wishes,

Your cousin,
ALLAN SALYERS,

Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

When at last world's peace is sounded

And we finish all this grind—

When we start upon the homeward trip

To the girls we left behind—

When we turn in all our ordnance

And barrack bags so full;

Sacrifice the monthly rotation

Of good old Army "bull"—

When we sing our last together

And start out for the West—

When we do our last fatigue work
And leave the squadron pest.

The time has come and it's over—

No more traveling to be done,

And the Government has called in
our haversacks and

Wont we miss the Army routine?

Wont we miss the good old bunch?

I'm thinking, well, backward;

We'll be longing for the good old
times the boys had overseas,

Traveling in box cars and sleeping
on our knees.

Yes, even cooties chasing

And sleeping in the tents,

And cramping by sevens for our
last fifty cents.

The traveling that we've done

With the poor old squadron nut,

Is much more than we'll ever do

In the home civilian rut.

But experience has taught us that
adventures, great or small,

Will come if they are destined, or
they'll never come at all;

And if we've another war, the
good old bunch we've got,

Will join up in a body and be
"Johnny on the spot."

The above was contributed by
Joseph B. Keene, Co. D., 23 Inf., A.
E. F., son of Bernard Keene, of
Batesville, Ind., R. R. 4.

Ediger, Germany,
March 12, 1919.

Dear Mother:

I feel ashamed for not writing you several days ago, but just kept putting it off until this morning. I received your letter of Feb. 6th about a week ago, and the papers came yesterday. That was quite a write-up Irving Row put in the paper. I have witnessed some daring stunts in the air, but none quite like that one.

I don't think it will be very long until Eldon will be home, if the papers know anything about it. A few days ago the New York Herald stated that the 89th was slated for an early return.

You asked as to how I liked it over here, and about all I can say is, that if it wasn't necessary for us to be here I would just about as soon be in the jungles of Africa. We get good food and have a bed to sleep in, and at present we are keeping the roads in repair. We have a Y. M. C. A. here and in all we have a very good time. But the country and people do not appeal to me.

The Rhine river is more celebrated for its historical value than it is for its beautiful scenery.

A number of the company went on an excursion up the Rhine by boat the 5th and I happened to be one of them, but can't say that it was such a grand trip. The scenery is much the same as we see every day, although the river is lined with old castle ruins, which

are centuries old. The hillsides are covered with grapevines and the people carry manure and other fertilizer onto the hillsides in baskets, and when the grapes are ripe they are carried down to the foot of the hills in baskets. Every member of the family has a willow basket made for them as soon as they are old enough to carry one, which is 8 or 9 years old. The baskets are carried on their backs and the women work just the same as the men. A little church at this place on top of the hill was built in the year 1500, with a path leading to it from the church in the valley, the path being called the "Way of the Cross." Along this path there are a number of statues showing the birth and crucifixion of Christ.

I do not think we will start for home for several months. If we are home by the Fourth of July we are exceptionally lucky. I think the Regular Army will be the last to leave Germany, which is fair enough.

We are having some fine weather here now. Hope it is the same at home. I will close for this time and hope this finds you feeling better than when you last wrote. Will write Josie in a day or so.

I thought I told you in one of my letters that I had received the Christmas package and that it suited me just fine; could not have been better. Hope this finds everybody well as it leaves me. Good-bye; God bless you all.

SGT. SAM'L. C. HEINRICH,
Co. A., 4th Engrs., A. E. F., A.
P. O. 746.

Somewhere in France.
Sept. 20, 1918.

My Dear Mother:

Received your interesting letter yesterday and glad to learn you were all well. I also got a letter from the folks, which they wrote while they were at the Lakes. It has been real cool here lately and it's been wonderful to catch up on any lost sleep one might have lost in civilian life. I am feeling fine and taking life as it comes, so do not feel the least worried about me. I've received quite a bit of mail lately, by the way, a letter from Harold Jenkins.

I cannot get the Journal over here, or at least it does not come, so you send the write-ups or any events that might seem to interest me. Everyone over here, that is, among the native people, are getting ready to make wine. The vineyards are full of grapes this year, so wine will be plentiful, but I do not like it in the least. We have been over here almost two months in a few days and we all seem to enjoy ourselves, but I suppose in the next two months we

will be busy; however, we are all ready and anxiously waiting.

By the way, about four Red Cross nurses came to our billet today while out for a drive and I think nearly every soldier in the outfit wanted to shake hands with them, and did so. They were very attractive and had a most pleasing personality and it seemed like old times to see some Real American Girls once again.

I am sending you a little clipping out of the New York Herald (Paris edition) where V. A. Terrill, a lieutenant of Franklin, Ind., gives a little account of his experience on the front. He always came to the Osgood fair and was about North Vernon and I often saw him in Indianapolis. The clipping follows:

Lieut. V. A. Terrill, from Franklin, Ind., who was in charge of a squad of salvage workers, said: "We have been right on the heels of the retreating Germans. They had certainly been taken terribly by surprise. I have been on the trail before, but never saw such unmistakable evidence of a precipitate retreat. They had tried to pack up some of the pianos and had got about a dozen boxed up, but had to leave. We have a German warehouse filled with clothing. It is all made of good wool, indicating that Germany is not so bad off for clothing as she wants the world to believe. We found shoes, boots and all kinds of wearing apparel." In several of the villages which the Huns had occupied, cinema theatres were found.

Well, it will soon be our supper time and I don't want to lose out on any meals, so I will be on the jump. I stay in a room with a bunch of boys, nine in all, and they are sure a good bunch. A fellow away over here needs some good pals and I must say we have some mighty fine boys in this outfit.

With love and best wishes to you all, as ever yours,

PAUL DAY.

Somewhere in France.
Sept. 11, 1918.

My Dear People:

You can't imagine how glad I am that you have received some of my letters. It certainly is an exciting time for us when mail is called. I received a letter from Bob tonight and am glad to know you are all well and enjoying life. Tell Bob I am very glad he wrote me and of course I'm very glad to hear from you all and the boys all think it

fine that I hear from you so often, and I've tried to write you as often. I've received letters No. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Letters No. 1 and 2

must have been lost, as we know we lost one bunch of mail.

It has been raining hard all day, and we just came from the rifle ranges. When the rains get pretty bad, we don our raincoats and hip-boots. The other morning when I was at the Chateau a big rain came up so I waited there until it stopped, and the maid took me through the whole place. Of course it's not the greatest but you can't imagine what one is unless you had the chance to visit one. They had two pianos and a large Willard room, which is very inviting, the furniture being antique, yet of the finest quality. There is a large grate and mantel in each room. The only thing they are lacking in is in plumbing, so they could have better heating and water systems.

So far I've never received any papers, especially the Journal, and you know I need that. Well, it's getting dark even by candle-light, so will say goodnight. With love to all, yours,
PAUL.

Somewhere in France.
Sept. 26, 1918.

My Dear Ada:

Received your letter of Aug. 28 and was very glad to hear from you. Monday eve I received some mail, all written about July 31st, a letter from you and from many others, all in answer to my safe-arrival cards. In your letter you told all about the Osgood fair. This letter wasn't numbered, but I guess I am lucky in getting them. I think they went to England. I have received so much mail lately I never will get it answered. I am getting lost on the strength of the Journal; you want to send me that paper, as I can't get papers over here.

Well, I guess all the boys that are home are having a time, as they have the state to themselves. I got several letters from Indianapolis, and they say the old city is too quiet since the war. Gray and Cox are fine and so am I at present. We are having some interesting work now and as it will be of the greatest use to us we have to keep our eyes opened. Oh, yes, that Kramer is up front now; he is the boy on the postal I sent. Hope you are all well, with love to all, yours,
PAUL.

ROBERT HANDLE DESCRIBES HIS MILITARY EXPERIENCE

Says Sherman Might Have Been Right About the Civil War, But Didn't Begin to Define This One.

I have been requested by many to write a story of my experiences while in the service of Uncle Sam, and although I make no claim as a story-teller or writer, I shall endeavor to give my readers a word picture of a soldier's life in training as well as under fire.

During the early months of last year I enlisted, and left Dayton for Ft. Thomas, Ky., where I got my first impressions of the art of making soldiers from peace-loving civilians. I was at this station but a few days, during which time I received the preliminary instruction in the gentle (?) art of warfare, and had issued to me a suit of regulation khaki, spring style.

I shall always feel that they were in a hurry to get me to Europe, because in less than two weeks I was transferred to Camp Wadsworth, near Spartanburg, S. C., and began training in earnest at a rifle range in the mountains. There were lots of other fellows like me there, and it seems we must have been apt pupils at the fighting business (probably because we were Irish), for in about one month we were pronounced fit to proceed to the battle zone, and were given our overseas equipment, consisting of about 80 pounds of freight.

We were marched to waiting trains and started for Camp Mills, N. Y. From here we went to Hoboken, N. J., to await our transport. Needless to say, it was ready to take us across long before some of us were ready to go, but as I had enlisted for the purpose of "going over," I was contented when at last we marched through the pier and aboard our ship, the "Juliana Princess." Before going on board, we were all given printed post cards which said: "The ship on which I sailed has arrived safely overseas." These we were permitted to sign and address to relatives and friends, and when the ship landed on the other side, the authorities at New York placed them in the mail. I suppose if the ship had gone to Davy Jones' locker, the whole lot of cards would have been kept for souvenirs. As a means of identification, each man wore around his neck two metal discs on which were stamped his name and a number, these discs being referred to by the boys as "dog tags."

I shall never forget the feeling which came over me as we steamed out New York harbor, escorted

by tugs, and as the outline of the Statue of Liberty faded in the distance I said silently, "Goodbye everybody, goodbye everything," for I was now bound for the scene of the world's greatest conflict.

There were several ships in the convoy, and, of course, we were escorted across by torpedo boats, destroyers, etc., to protect us from the U-boats. We had regular drills on board while going across, and each man was assigned his place in case we were torpedoed. When we reached the "danger zone" each man put on his life belt, and we were constantly on the alert. No lights were allowed, not even a cigar or cigarette. Personally, I expected to see a periscope bob up in front of us every minute from the time we left New York until we landed, but nothing of the sort happened, and after about 10 days we weighed anchor at Glasgow, Scotland, and I got my first view of this beautiful country.

After a brief stay here, we went by rail to Winchester, England, where we spent two days in a rest camp. After spending the time in getting rid of our "sea legs," we again boarded trains and proceeded to Southampton, England. Here we were taken on board British troop ships, and started across the English Channel for France. I want to assure you that on this trip across the Channel I was terribly seasick, and felt that if I lived through it the war wouldn't have any terrors for me. After 14 hours we landed at Le Havre, France, and here I began to realize just what hardships and privations meant to a soldier. We were camped about five kilometers from town, in camouflaged tents, surrounded by barbed wire. There were lots of M. P.'s (military police) to keep the men from drinking wine, which was plentiful and cheap.

Leaving Le Havre, we passed through Bricon, near Chaumont, where General Pershing had his headquarters; then on through Valincourt to Audreville, which was our headquarters. Here we drilled in hand grenade and rifle-grenade practice, also automatic rifle practice. Then we were drilled in skirmish or open warfare.

We also practiced at St. Martin, the whole division being engaged.

From St. Martin we were taken in trucks to Vagney, in Alsace-Lorraine, on our way to Bresse, but owing to a change in orders we were kept at Vagney for two days, where we again practiced open warfare in the mountains.

Having received our new orders by this time, we were taken in

trucks to Kruth, which is a typical German town, in the Vosges Mountains. A strange sight here was to see the women washing clothes in cold water on stones in the public pools. We pitched our "pup" tents at this point and enjoyed an elaborate menu of hard-tack (made in Dayton), monkey meat, "slum" and corned beef.

We left Kruth on Sunday morning for the cable head, which we reached at 9 o'clock. Here our packs were carried up the mountain on a cable, but we were obliged to "hike," and after six hours of mountain climbing we reached the top of the cable.

It was absolutely necessary to rest here for a short time and at 10 o'clock Sunday night, in a downpour of rain, we started with our packs for the dugouts, where we arrived at 4 o'clock the next morning, after going through a barrage which the Germans laid down to cut us off. This was my first real taste of what the war was like.

We rested in the dugouts for two days and then left for the trenches in Alsace-Lorraine. Arriving there in due time, we took our place in the trenches. By the aid of field glasses, I could see the Rhine river and the German cities of Colmar and Mulhausen.

We had lots of company in the trenches, as there were hundreds of rats and millions of "cooties." This was a quiet sector, and we lived in dugouts, about 21 men to a post. Three men stood guard during the day, and all were on guard at night. Food was carried to us from the kitchens, which were in the rear. We had outposts in the woods, which were block-houses, surrounded by barbed wire. There were openings in the walls about six inches wide, through which we shot.

We had many close calls from 3-inch shells, as the German trenches were only about 300 feet from ours. An amusing incident happened one evening as we were eating supper. The Germans sent over a gas cloud, and, of course, we dropped our "chow" and put on our gas masks. One of our cooks became so confused that he grabbed his Red Cross bag and pulled it over his head. Before we could get him harnessed in his gas mask

he was almost suffocated.

Owing to the fact that the citizens of most of the towns were chiefly French, we did not shell them, but could have done so easily, as we were near enough to hear the German bands and see trains moving in the towns.

One night we had an Italian doing guard duty. Suddenly he heard

some sort of a noise, shot twice, and then called out: "Halt! Who goes there?" He evidently did not want to take any chances.

After spending 16 days in the trenches, we were sent back to the cable head to rest, but the Germans kept us busy with their artillery. We lost some men during this time, but the number was small. Later we were sent to the trenches in a different part of the line, and here things were more lively. We went over the top one night to get prisoners, and penetrated to the German second line trenches. We did not meet much opposition, took no prisoners, and lost only eight men. I was slightly wounded by a piece of shrapnel and was sent to the field hospital for serum, and then to another hospital farther back. My wound kept me out of the line about two weeks.

I was now considered a seasoned warrior, so they sent me to the Argonne region. Imagine, if you can, marching toward a battle-front and while 20 miles away hear the roar of the artillery, every step bringing you nearer.

As we marched on and on, the thunder of the big guns grew louder and louder, until it seemed one continual roar, the ground under our feet trembling as in an earthquake. But we had grown accustomed to it by this time, and marched on up to our position as though there was not a shot being fired.

I went into the line on September 26. It was hell on earth. We started in with 600,000 men. Dead and wounded soon lay in piles all around us, some Americans, some Germans. Men fell all around me, and I began to feel that I would be next. I confess that I was rather scared, but a scared Irishman can fight if necessary, and I did my best for Old Glory. Three of us laid in a shell hole for a long time fixing a jammed machine gun, but when we got it in working order—well, there were some Germans who wouldn't bother us any more.

Even here in the face of death the Yankee nerve was displayed. As the big shells from the German guns came whistling through the air, some doughboy would shout: "Oh, hell; that bird hasn't got my name on it," and would pay no at-

tention when it struck near him and exploded. It was not uncommon to hear a bit of some familiar song amidst the din of battle, and the morale of our boys was one big surprise to the Huns.

We lived on reserve rations (hardtack) and it was necessary to take it from the dead Americans, as none could be brought up to us.

We drove the Germans out gradually, and the Marines had a big part in the driving.

After being in the lines two times here, I was sent north through Grand Pre and Buzancy. About 15 miles from Buzancy, at a little village called Stonne, I was gassed. This ended my fighting days, just before the armistice ended the war. I was sent to the Old Glory hospital at Verdun, a beautiful city on the Meuse river. All the buildings there were of stone. Next I was sent to a hospital at Souley, then on a Red Cross train to Mont Dore. The latter is a sporting town, with large hotels and gambling houses or casinos, and beautiful stone chateaus.

At Mont Dore I was put in Class 2-B by the doctors, and sent to St. Aignon, through Verzon and Bourges. The central postoffice and record office are at the latter place. Here I was held in a camp where accommodations for the wounded were sadly lacking. On Christmas day I slept on a blanket in the mud and snow, but the snow was some better, as it had rained every day before that.

St. Aignon is a large classification camp, and here I was put through what they called the "cootie machine," an affair where, all wearing apparel is sterilized by steam; then through the "mill," where I was examined and reclassified by a doctor. Then I was given a new uniform and my back pay, which made me feel much better. At this camp 25,000 men were fed in one hour, and the food was good.

On December 27 I was sent to Brest with a casual company of 150 men and two officers, representing all divisions. At this town conditions were terrible. We had to wade through mud up to our knees to and from the kitchens, and often would not go to our meals on account of the mud. This refers especially to Kitchen No. 5, where the 83d Division Infantry was fed. At places in the mud boards were laid on top to make it better for us to walk on (or in), but one night one of our men fell off this "duck board" and it was quite a job to get him out.

On January 7 I sailed from Brest on the transport "Pueblo" for the good old U. S. A. Part of the voyage was very rough, waves going clear over the vessel. We passed

the Azores on Sunday, January 12, and could see the little white houses and green fields, which were a beautiful contrast to the shell-torn ruins of France. We could also see the American submarine base on a large island of the group.

On Tuesday, January 21, we sighted the Statue of Liberty and it was a grand and inspiring moment in my life. We landed at Hoboken, N. J., and were taken to Camp Merritt, the most beautiful camp I saw while in the service. We were given 24 hours' leave in New York City, and took in all the sights. The people treated us royally, and I had five big meals—real meals—that day. Then I started back toward Dayton, passing through Elizabethtown, N. J., Philadelphia, Pa., where the Red Cross gave us a splendid dinner; Baltimore, Washington, and other eastern cities, arriving at Camp Sherman at night. Here I received my discharge on January 28, and reached Dayton February 1.

One thing I want to tell you is this: During my stay in France I did not learn the word for water, but as everyone else drank wine, I did not want to change their customs, so I did likewise.

I had a great trip, but I am cured. Sherman may have been right about the Civil War, but he didn't begin to define this one.

I found the spirit of brotherly love stronger than religion with the boys facing death in the trenches. In answer to numerous questions, and without malice or prejudice, I must say that the Red Cross and Salvation Army did more for the boys in our division than all other organizations combined.

I am glad to be back with my loved ones, but in spite of all I saw over there, if Uncle Sam ever needs me again, "Red" Handle is ready to go.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bronnenberg
hear from their son Alvie.

Bourges, France, Nov. 8, 1918
Dear father and mother:—

Your letter received this p. m. and your paper yesterday.

I see by the records that Ray Spencer's outfit is over here, but at present he is stationed to far from here for us ever to meet. I will drop him a line tho in a day or so. I had a card from Ralph Hyatt the other day and he is still in the same old place. I haven't heard from Earl since I was down to see him, he sure isn't very plentiful with his letters.

I start on my furlough either tomorrow or the first of next week. The "leave area" I am going to, is at the town of Grenoble, situated at the foot of the Alp mountains, I am looking forward to having a good time as that part of the country is one of the

most historic in the world. I will write you again when I get down there.

Last Sunday I was out with a Frenchman who speaks very good English. I was in his house for a little while then we went up town and spent the afternoon in looking at the large and small guns, which were brought here and put on exhibition since their capture from the Germans. These guns range in size from the very large cannons down to the small trench motors and shells that stand as high as the average, built man. From the looks of this war material, Germany was sure well fixed for war when she started out on her wild rampage.

Well as it is getting late I will have to ring off and write you again from Grenoble. Tell everybody hello for me. ALVIE.

Cook Dennis Israel over there writes Mr. W. P. Neel and family at Holton.

Somewhere in France,
Oct. 24, 1918

Kind Friends, W. P. Neel and family:

I received your letter Friday. Was surely glad to hear from you folks. Sorry to hear Bud that you were still feeling bum. This leaves me in pretty good health, altho I am awful tired and worn out. The mud has been something awful, but is getting a little dry now but looks awful cloudy tonight. I would not be surprised if it is raining by morning. The country that we are in now is awful hilly. The Germans had some nice dugouts some of them were fifty feet under ground and all lighted with electric lights and air pipes running down to the rooms. The officers had their dugouts—wall papered. It looked like peace times. All you can see is holes left. Our boys had a time to get the bunch out of here. I will never forget the night the drive started. You would have thought hell had broke lose. I guess the Huns did, Bob when our boys start any thing they never do it by halves. If you could see what the U. S. has accomplished ever since they entered the war you would be surprised. The U. S. is surely opening the eyes of the world and also showing the Germans what she can do in a short time. I guess that is enough war news. When I come back I will come over some Monday and help you cook. I have used quite a little of Gold Medal flour since I have been cooking.

I forgot to tell you about the house we live in. We picked up some sheets of corrugated steel that the Germans used for roofs in their dugouts for sides and ends of our pump-tents. It raised our tents up so we can stand straight up. Write soon. As ever your friend,

COOK DENNIS ISRAEL,
162 Field Hospital,
A. E. F., via N. Y.

Stockton, Calif., Nov. 18, 1918.
Versailles Republican,
Versailles, Indiana.
Gentlemen:—

Enclosed please find \$1.25 for which please send me your paper for a year. I have been without it for over a year and have missed it very much. It was just neglect on my part for not renewing sooner. I will try and not let it happen again. I think it was the first time in 20 years that I have been without it a single week.

It sure did me lots of good to know that old Hoosierdom elected so many G. O. P. Congressmen on Nov. 5, and to know that my cousin J. S. Benham from the old Democratic 4th district was elected. As so glad to know that the grand old state is on the dry list. We made a hard fight to put California dry this time but failed by a small majority but have a dry Governor and both Assembly and Senate are dry. So I think we are sure of having the National Prohibition amendment ratified. Wishing you and all old Ripley county friends a merry Christmas and a happy new year, I remain yours truly, W. B. BENEFIEL

Pvt. Harry R. Sarringhaus, somewhere in France writes his niece Miss Lavera Gunter, of Osgood, R. R.
Oct. 20, 1918

Dear Niece and all:—

Received your most welcome letter a few days ago including those from sister Lou and Ervan and as I cannot write to each of them all can read these few lines.

I was glad to hear that you and all were well and having a prosperous year with crops—that sure sounds good, as there is many a boy in khaki Over Here getting away with much of those good old U. S. eatables. Our appetites never fail and we are always there with our mess kits and when chow call comes we answer promptly, as well as all others.

The folks wrote me that they had a fine trip to and from Illinois in the Fostoria and also while there.

This is Sunday and quite rainy. In general have been quite busy as we haven't had so very much rain and as you can realize that means a big difference to the boys over here especially when in the trenches. At present we are back from the front line for a rest, away from the roar of the guns and the shells which often drop about us and the many other activities along the front line, and I can never express on this paper what all ready did happen, some of these days I know not when but we are going back and "Over the Top" and again and again with the rest of our comrades over here and do not be surprised if you receive some time in the near future some souvenir, probably the Kaiser's helmet or the like from me.

Just returned from services, Memorial services in honor of the brave boys of this battalion, who gave their

lives for this just cause which we are fighting while we were on the front. It was held in a church being my first time inside of a French church.

Gus asked my opinion of the prettiest girls of the different countries which he mentioned, I will judge from what I have seen and we have seen some very pretty French girls indeed, but oh that language which they speak, and take it from me the little American girls are good enough for me. They excell all others and not only the girls but the good old U. S. A. excels in everything you would mind to compare. I shall tell you all about it when Kaiserism lives no more and that shall not be long. This leaves me fine and dandy as well as the whole fighting 51st. Always glad to hear from you folks. Love and best wishes to all.

PVT. HARRY SARRINGHAUS,
51st Inf. Co. F., A. P. O. 777.

Orvil Lambertson, of Columbus, S. C., writes his mother Mrs. Laura Lambertson, Versailles, R. 2.

Columbus, S. C.
Nov. 29, 1918

Dear home Folks:—

As I am ready for inspection tomorrow I will drop you a few lines I am all O. K. and feeling fine. It is so warm here now that a fellow perspires sitting still. We have lots to eat and have lots of covers on my bed.

I was in Charleston, S. C. this week and saw the ocean and some battle ships.

We don't have any hard work to do any more now. We had turkey, cranberries, corn sweet potatoes, cake and two kind of pie for Thanks, giving dinner. Well, I have told you lots of the funny things of army life but none of the hardships as I thought it might worry you but we don't have to do them any more so I will tell you some. I had the fellows shoulder to soulder to me drop dead and saw lots of fellows go crazy. I fought fires in the mountains for 36 hours without a bite to eat. I saw men after they had cut their throats from ear to ear, but we don't have to do any of those things any more. I expect to be home soon but I won't let you know so I can surprise you. ORVIL.

SUPT. HALE PICKETT SLEEPS IN A BED.

The following interesting letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Shinolt, of Holton, from their nephew Hale C. Pickett:—

Somewhere in France
November 8th, 1918
Dear Aunt and Uncle:—

I am a truck driver in an ammunition train. Therefore I have had an opportunity to see France. Today is the first day that I have been off of duty for two months. I have just finished a twelve-day trip across France in a truck. We stopped at a

large city each night. Many of us stopped at hotels at night. I ate some real French fried potatoes and slept on a feather bed.

The rural districts of France are beautiful with their fertile valleys, winding canals and grassy hills. But the townspeople do not seem to appreciate the beauties of nature or of the fine arts. They are too easily satisfied with what they have.

The French cannot understand the Americans. When the Americans first came over here the Americans walked and moved about so fast that the French thought that the Americans were zig zag (French for drunk). They think that all Americans are rich, therefore they charge us accordingly. One French lady expressed the thought by saying "They shovel gold in America." We are paid in French money. I have passed thru the home city of Joan of Arc and I saw a statue which was erected in her honor in this town.

We crossed a mountain range with snow capped peaks. We froze our

ears. At present I am billeted in a small town. There are five of us in one room, which has a bed built in the wall, a fire place and a smooth stone floor. We have plenty to eat and plenty to wear. We have fresh beef and white bread. I have a pair of hip rubber boots and a leather jacket which is lined.

All the land is owned by a count or lord. The lord lives in a large chateau and all of his tenants live in a large community or town. There are no rural homes in France. Each community has a large church with a town clock that chimes, a public school and a public wash house. Water is piped from springs in the hills for the towns. The streets are narrow and winding, all of the buildings are built of stone except a few, which are built of tile. Even the roofs are built of thin stones. The houses and barns are always connected. The barnyard and the front yard are one and the same yard. The largest renter has the largest dung pile in his front yard. The count does not have his land fenced in fields, therefore the women or children must take a stool and the dog and graze the cattle and sheep. They drive them in town at noon and put them in the barn. In the afternoon they must drive them out again. They always keep them in the stable at night. There does not seem to be any system about their fields. They have many small irregular fields in a five acre plot with three or four different crops. I have never seen a corn field in England or France. Vineyards and sugar beets take its place. The land is fertile, tillable and the crops are good.

Their methods of labor are ancient. They use two-wheeled wagons exclusively with two or three horses

hitched one ahead of the other. The explanation for the use of the two wheeled wagon is that in past years vehicles were taxed according to the number of wheels. They have large draft horses. They lead their horses. They use oxen. Sometimes they work oxen and horses together. They have their oxen shod.

The cradle and scythe are used chiefly for reaping crops. Occasionally I have seen a United States binder.

They store their grain in the barns and thresh it on rainy days. Their threshers are about twice as large as a fanning mill. They are run by horse power. A boy ties the straw in sheaves as it is threshed. You can judge how fast they thresh their grain. I saw a Frenchman killing a hog today. He rolled it in a pile of burning straw to burn the hair off of it. All wear wooden shoes. Every community has two or more wine rooms. They never go for a day's work or journey unless they have some wine. No meal is complete without a bottle of wine. Water is not very good for drinking in France.

The roads are fine for autos. The roads are wide and smooth with a row of trees on both sides of the road.

Occasionally they have fruit trees along the road. They have piles of crushed stones along the road to fill up the ruts as they appear. All railroad crossings are blocked with iron gates to prevent railroad accidents. A family lives at every crossing to operate these gates.

Wood is scarce in France. No one cuts a tree without government authority. Then when they cut them, they grub the stump out by the roots, the brush is tied in bunches for fuel. I have seen them take the bark off of logs for fuel.

Fig trees, English walnut trees, mistletoe and holly grow abundantly.

All railroads are owned by the state. The cars are very small. The limit of almost all cars is ten tons. The passenger cars are of three classes. They are side-door Pullmans with five doors on the side of a coach which opens to five so-called state rooms.

It looks good to see an entire U. S. A. train in France, engine, cars and crew all from U. S. A.

We hope that we shall have "On earth peace and good will toward men" this Christmas in the true sense of the word. Hoping for that great day when the boys come home,

Yours, HALE C. PICKETT,
Co. B., 315 Am. Train
American E. F., U. S. A.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 20, 1918
Dear Brother and all:—

How are you folks. I am all O K. and hope you are all the same. Well, I must tell you I have been transferred two different times since I

wrote the last letter. They transferred me to the Quarter masters. I am now helping to load trucks with food at the ware house. I have been keeping account of stuff that goes out of here in a day. There is about 7 or 8 of us that has the job. The work I am doing is an easy job. There is always about 8 or 10 men with me that carry the boxes around. I sure have saw a lot of this country since Sunday. We got on the train Sunday morning about nine o'clock and stayed till Monday night till nine o'clock. Surely did see some sights. I like this place fine; like it better than any place I have been yet since I arrived in France. I am getting good things to eat here and plenty of it. Don't you ever worry that I don't get enough to eat out here. Well I don't think it will be very long till I can go back. They are transferring a lot out of the hospital now; all that are able to stand the trip will go back first, that is, the men that are in the hospitals and it wont take them long to get them out. The talk is that they are going to start sending divisions in a few days.

Well Albert, what are you doing these days? How is the weather out there this fall? It sure is fine out here. I don't think I ever saw such nice weather at this time of year. Have you heard of Wil'e lately? I haven't seen him since I have been here. I would like to see some of the boys from home and see how they are getting along. I haven't seen anyone since I have been in France, but I am getting along fine among strangers. We all act like we have known one another for years. Well, how is everybody out in Ripley; just like always, I suppose. How is grandpa and all the rest? Tell them all hello for me. Will close for this time. Hope to hear from you soon. Haven't heard from you folks since I have been in France. I have been transferred so much I guess they can't make it catch up with me. Excuse bad writing. I am writing this in the Y. M. C. A. building and there is a kind of a show going on and singing and you might know what kind of a place to write. This is one place a fellow never gets lonesome. Write soon and tell all the rest to write. Will send you my new address in a day or so I don't know my address yet. By by, love to all.

From your loving brother,
EDWARD H. SWINGLE.

Mr. Swingle is a son of Mr. and Mrs John Swingle, south of Versailles.

Somewhere in Belgium.

Dear Father:—

I have the opportunity of filling the greatest pleasure of my life, taking advantage of the A. E. F. Xmas peace letter to the dear folks back home. Many of the American boys

who are now among the fighting forces of this great European country have not the opportunity of sending a letter to one most dear to him and to whom he must look back to boyhood days to see the foundation of his manhood of which I am most grateful to you dear dad.

Then again many have been called to fill a position in a cause most dear to the allied nations and yet to be learned and appreciated by our enemies who have fallen on the field of honor. To these brave men our prayers flow out in devotion of appeal to their safety and consolation of their beloved ones at home.

Dear Papa it may be on or near the day that we are always looking forward to, namely the beautiful period of Xmas season when you receive this letter.

Under the present condition and what we are all looking forward to a final signature of the greatest peace proposal the world has ever had placed before them. We can rest at ease with the intention of being able to celebrate the Xmas season in a peaceful way in thanksgiving to our Lord for granting that which we have so much looked forward to, since the seventh of April, 1917 and what our allies have been endeavoring to accomplish for more than forty years. Why can't the folks back home make this the greatest feast day of their lives or time.

It is very true that we can not all be back home to help celebrate Xmas as usual. But we can feel cheerful at heart to think that the folks back home are at least enjoying themselves in the grand old American way.

We hope to have the consolation of being free from the cold and destitute fields of battle. Where the spirit of manhood must be the greatest and likewise where it has been shown and proven by the American troops on all occasions.

We have been traveling about this beautiful country of Belgium for several weeks. Passing over a part where the battle line of no mans was for nearly four years. Once in a beautiful agriculture state now to be viewed a complete ruin by terrific shell fire. Not even a tree remaining alive or scarcely a rock resting on their foundation many towns for instance the beautiful city of "Ypres" But since the rapid retreat of the Germans on this part of "Flanders" front there were less distinction for we sure put the "Huns" on the run.

Now we are waiting for Kaiser Bill to do his bit, that we may vacate this little country of the army that have trodden its soil for seemingly endless time. That it may awake from its folds of mourning to again make it a greater and more beautiful Belgium.

We are all anxious to get back for the opening of the spring work. When this great army of Sammies get

back to the states many different kinds of trades it is for the master of, I am sure that the future times back in dear old U. S. A. shall be very bright and encouraging for the burdens that has been brought by the world wars. I hope to see all the boys back in "Old Ripley" that have been called to the colors.

Before we were transferred to our new division there were several of Ripley county boys in my company. Since then we are among the different companies of the regiment. Probably some of the boys back home recognize these familiar names: Ben

Johnson, who is still in my company; M. G. Walter Messner, James H. Fisher. We are still well and making life as real as possible. Have my little bunk waiting for me. I want to get back in time to help clean up some of the good old sausage that mother puts out along about the time of the country butchering. Here is luck for a speedy return. Yours a true son. EVERETT.

JOHN E. KREMER,
362 M. G. Company
A. E. F. American P. O. 776.

Glerres, France
Nov. 23, 1918

Mr. James H. Noyes,
Osgood, Indiana.

Dear Dad:—

Tomorrow is dads day over here, every fellow over here is supposed to write a letter to dad tomorrow. The censorship is almost entirely lifted and we can now write a letter and say something; that was my greatest failing to write a letter that is to be censored and say something. The postal authorities have promised to get these letters delivered before Xmas. But at the same time you are supposed to write us one that will get to us by Xmas and I surely hope I will hear from you all by that time. Laying here on my bunk, writing by candle light is not the most pleasant place in the world to write, but I will try and make this a good letter for you all to read for Xmas. First, I will tell you of our trip over. We left Camp Merrit, New York at 4:30 a. m., Friday, Oct. 18, 1918. We marched under full pack. (Our packs at that time weighed about one hundred lbs including a rifle and helmet) until 7:15 a. m. At 7:15 we arrived at the Hudson river; there we caught a ferry boat and road down the Hudson to the White Star Docks in New York City. We marched off the boat onto the docks there we received hot coffee and rolls from the Red Cross. Then we boarded the "Belgic" this is one of the largest British boats. We were the first of the troops on board, after being assigned to our section of the ship we were at liberty to go anywhere on the ship. Friday supper was our first meal, we ate on tables, which fed about 25 men to the table. I was in charge of one table all the

way across. After supper we were quite tired so we put up our hammocks and crawled into them. That was my first night sleeping in a hammock, but I slept just the same. The following day, which was Saturday the 19th, we had nothing to do, we were upon deck most all day, watching the crew put the cargo on the ship and watching the troops march abroad our ship. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock our ship backed into the Hudson and swung around and strated down into the harbor. The band was playing and we were all happy. We went down past Dunton, New York and then out into the harbor, on out past the statue of Liberty. After land had fade out behind us, we sighted a convoy, we were the last ship to meet the convoy. As soon as we arrived all the ships got into the formation and were off. Our ship had the most troops and cargo and being the largest ship we were the flag ship of the convoy. We stayed in the middle of the fleet all the time. There was about fifteen ships in the convoy. Battle ships and Torpedo boats were our protectors. The sea was calm for the first three days, the ship did not rock much and nobody got sick. On the fourth day the sea got quite rough, I had to stay out on deck a good part of the day, I would get dizzy below decks. But I held out and did not get sick. Every day we would have boat drill, that was our only formation on board of ship. One day on the way across I was sargent of the guard. The days across were uneventful, every day the same. One day and night we had a storm but it did not bother us as we kept on going just the same. That day the ship rocked so much that it would look like the railing on the side would almost go down to the water edge. Most every day the band would play on deck, which would keep us happy. On Oct. 29 the battleship from England came out and met us and our battle ship turned around and went back. On the evening of the 30th we could sight the northern coast of Ireland. The night of the 30th and morning of the 31st we docked in Liverpool. We got our packs and marched off at 2 o'clock, lined upon the deck and then started to Camp Ponty Ash on the otherside of Liverpool. We had quite a time as we marched through the streets of Liverpool. People crowded the sidewalks waving flags and shouting. Children followed us thru the streets crying Sammy, give us a souvenir. One old lady ran out and

kissed some of the boys. We found the customs in England very peculiar. We arrived in Ponty Ash at six o'clock. Got supper and went to bed. The following afternoon we got orders to roll packs; at three o'clock we marched to the station. The English coaches are all compartment coaches with sidedoor entrances. The engines are small but speedy.

We road until one o'clock that night. At one o'clock we arrived in Winchester; then we had a five mile hike to Wildeldown Camp that is a rest camp. We had nothing to do there but clean up. Monday, Nov. 4th we rolled packs and marched back to Winchester, there boarded a train for South Hampton. We arrived at Hampton about 3 o'clock that afternoon, at seven in the evening we got on a channel boat. At eight thirty the boat pulled out into the harbor; we layed in the harbor all night, as there was such a storm on the English Channel that we could not cross it. Tuesday morning we came back into dock. In the afternoon we were taken off the boat and given a hike around in South Hampton; we came back and got on our boats in the evening, that night we pulled out. The next morning we were in the harbor at Clerkbrough, France. At nine o'clock got off the boat and marched to a rest camp just outside the town. We had nothing to do there. We left there at 4 o'clock the next day, which was Thursday the 7th, at 6 o'clock we were back in Clerkbrough. There we were put in box cars—that was my first ride in a box car. All the troops are moved in box cars here in France. At 8 o'clock the train pulled out. At ten the next morning we passed thru Le Mons, at five that evening we arrived at Angers; there we unloaded and marched about a mile to a big Eng'rs Camp. After a good supper we turned in. The next morning we started to drill! we drilled all day. The next day, Saturday we stood inspection, drilled until noon, then we were thru until Monday. Sunday we had nothing to do, we got official news that day that the Kaiser had quit. Monday we drilled all morning, in the afternoon they took our guns and helmets away from us, we sure were glad to get rid of them. At one o'clock we got the news that the armistice was signed and that the war was over. Believe me there was sure some happy fellows there, there were quite a few French soldiers in the camp and they sure did celebrate.

Tuesday morning we drilled, in the afternoon we got orders to roll our packs and be ready to leave at 11:30 that night; at 4 a. m. Wednesday morning we boarded the train and pulled out of Angers. At noon we passed through Tours, there we got a cup of coffee from the American Red Cross that night we arrived at this camp at Gierres, France. Since we have been here we have been doing a little detail work and a little drilling. Day before yesterday I was transferred to Co.—128th Bn Engineers. That is a new regiment being formed. We don't know yet what Co. it will be.

I am acting sargeant in this Company same as I was in the 4th Casual.

I hope to be able to get the stripes in this company. We are going to leave here for somewhere, we don't know where tomorrow.

I am feeling fine and have not been sick since I have been over here. I am not getting home sick, but I am just like the rest, anxious to get back home. That is the main topic of conversation over here, "When we get home." My opinion is it won't be so very long now before we make a start toward home.

The weather over here is not bad. It gets quite cool in the evening, but warm in the day time.

I hope that everything is alright back home and that you are not worrying about me. Don't worry for it won't be so very long before we are back. Give my regards to everybody. Tell them I expect to see them all before long. I don't expect to be home for Xmas or New Years, but I will celebrate both of them when I get back. Some have the opinion that we will be on our way back by Xmas, others don't. Nobody knows, but I hope it won't be so long after that. I have not seen anyone from the old home town since I came over, I suppose boys that were still in the camps will be getting back soon.

Give my best. Your loving son.

RUSSELL.

Private Co.—128th Bn Engineers, A.
P. O. No. 724, A E F.

Letter From

Kenan V. Wager

Camp Gordon, Ga.,
Nov. 7, 1918.

Dear Grandmother:

I recall the fact that this is your 73d birthday anniversary and think it a very appropriate time to spend a few moments with you. A great many changes have taken place in our family since you enjoyed your last birthday anniversary, but we cannot say that these changes were all for the worse. As you well know, you have one son and two grandsons in the service of the U. S. A. and you are thankful for that.

We have a great deal of our time taken up and our thoughts are mostly of army life, but we never forget our dearest friends at home and the way in which they are supporting us. To have the privilege of writing home and of receiving letters from there is one of the best things in connection with army life. It is impossible to know the value of a word from home unless you all were in with us, but I can safely say that it would be hard to keep up the morale without an occasional bit of news from home. I shall try to

enjoy the day as I would were I in your presence.

We are having a great time nowadays sleeping out-of-doors and trying to conquer the influenza epidemic and we have the camp very well rid of it. I am spending my hours in the office now and an hour every morning in school, trying to learn more about the ordnance.

The war news as given in the papers looks mighty good and in a few days I think we shall know something more certain about it. Nevertheless, I think I will get a chance to visit France, and I hope Berlin too, before the matter is settled up completely. We are all requested to remind the ones at home of the importance of the United War Work Campaign, and we ask you all to do what you can toward it. These organizations are a great help to us and the support that is given us is surely not in vain.

Well, I only hope we can be together on many more such occasions and I feel assured we will. I also hope this finds you as happy and as healthy as you have always been.

With love,

Your grandson in khaki,
KENAN WAGER.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Miss Bertha Greemann Tells More
Of Experiences as Nurse.

We publish below three interesting letters from Miss Bertha Greemann to home folks here.

France, Nov. 24, 1918.

My Dear Brother:—

Your letter of Oct. 26, reached me three days ago. That was the quickest that any letter has come as yet. I sure was glad to get your letter and to know that you were still safe in the home land. Coming over here has been great in many ways for we who didn't have to go to the front. We have of course had to endure somethings which were not at all pleasant or comfortable and in a measure have been in great danger at times when Fritz sailed over head, etc. But oh Buddy, hand it out to the Infantry. It's the "dough boy" who won the war or at least who paid the price. The rest of the army, the medical corps and the folks back home did wonders in backing them up, of course.

In the last drives our boys went so fast that the field kitchens were unable to keep up and the boys often went days without food and water, having lost their packs and not being

able to get anything. Then they were wounded and again it was a long time before the little bearers could get to them. By the time they got to us they often died of nothing but utter exhaustion. Then is when we felt that our hearts would break. To be right honest I must confess that I have often wished myself out of this "frogland" as the boys call it. But, I also thank God that it has been my privilege to come and to do what I could.

I wish that the censorship was lifted so that I might write you something interesting about the ruins I have visited and tell you about some of the little towns around here but I can't.

Yesterday I visited a great German prison camp. They only have about 500 just now. Was privileged to speak to them and I want to say that they are certainly treated right. I only hope our boys fare as well. Write again soon. Lovingly, Bert.

I haven't any idea so far about when we will get back to the U. S. A.

Brizeaux-Forriestier, France.
Dec. 3, 1918.

Dear Nora:—

Your letter enclosing kodak pictures of Edwin, the Zierer's etc., came two days ago. The day before that I received the picture of Ada and of the service flag dedication which Alice sent at the time she wrote me before I left New York. I have the ten kodak pictures and Ada's picture stuck up on my wall so I can look at you all whenever I happen to enter my shack. The dedication picture I want to keep for framing. I sure appreciate them and tell Alice I thank her. Now while I am speaking of pictures, what about my cabinets. Are they so awful that you hate to speak of them? Let me know so I can have some others taken when I get back to New York. When? ? Well we are going to move somewhere within the next three or four days. It may be back to some base, it may be home or there are still some prospects of our having to go to Germany for a while. We don't know where we are going but we're on our way. At any rate we are evacuating our patients as quickly as possible and packing. We started this three times before and had to unpack but I guess its a sure go this time. My address will continue to be Emergency Unit, Evacuation No. 11, for the present. Watch my letters and always address according to the last date.

Well the censorship has been lifted in a measure so I can give you the names of a few of the towns and villages I have been in and visited. We landed in LeMare, spent one night in Paris, then went to Meres, Reimecourt St. Desier, and on to here. Since com-

ing here I have been to Verdun, Clermont, Fluery Frodois, Swionlly, Borleduc, Leslettes, St. Meinehould, Tri-court, Wally, etc.

Did Edwin get home for Thanksgiving? We had a very nice day here. Had my first French chicken—of course it was not drafted. It was so old it had to enlist. But we had some splendid dumplings in the gravy. It had to be stewed as there was a shortage of ovens. We had a four course dinner, the first was vegetable soup made of dried vegetable. Then the chicken dumplings, potatoes, canned corn, and cauliflower. The other courses were pumpkin pie, molasses candy, grapes, apples, bread, butter, jam, tea and coffee. Oh yes, we also had some runty celery and olives but they were like everything else in France. Nuff sed. The men had a nice time too, the girls decorated an empty ward with holly and both we and they had some new sheet table cloths. Ordinarily they just have to stand around and eat from their kits—don't have tables. They report great times back at the bases but I guess we did better than most evacuation hospitals. In the evening four of the boys came over to our shack and we made fudge (no matter where we got the sugar) and had a dandy little party.

There are patients in only three wards now and as I have two very good corps men in my ward, my work is light and I can get off several hours at a time.

Sunday morning I got off long enough to hear the sermon and it sure was a good one. He is a congregational minister and knows what he is talking about.

Did I tell you that a crowd or rather, three of us went to Triacourt last week and visited a German prison camp. We sure treat our prisoners right. They are well fed and comparatively happy. They are all glad the war is over. It was quite a privilege to be shown all over this camp and be allowed to talk with the prisoners. Well we made a hit with some of those "non-coms" and Sunday afternoon they brought some horses over and we had some ride. We wore our corduroys, mine are brown, the other girls' are gray. We had such a good time and all the girls certainly envied us. In order to return the favor we invited them over for a little party tonight and we look forward to a good time.

Well I must close now. I'll let you know soon if there are any prospects of coming home.

Merry Christmas to all, if I don't see you. Lovingly, Bert.

Brizeaux-Forriestier, France.

Friday, Dec. 13, 1918.

Dear Nora and Grace:—

First of all let me give you a list of letters that have reached me so far from you two, 9-10, 9-12, 9-18, 9-22, 9-26, 10-4, 10-10, 10-18, 10-20, 10-28 and one from Edwin. If you wrote any more they are at the bottom of the sea or are touring France. I am ashamed to think that I have not written all week but "all play makes Jack a bad boy" and such is the case in this place. We are again ready to move but where to we do not know. I think we are going into German territory but one can never be sure of anything in the army. At any rate our trunks and all hospital equipment have been taken to the nearest railroad for shipment and we are having a number of box cars fitted up for us to travel in. We will have cots and will live on light (?) rations. I'll write you full details after the trip. We may be going to southern France enroute for home, but its barely possible. How long we'll have to live without our trunks again I do not know, but at any rate we have our carry alls this time with our heavy clothing and blankets. One thing I am going to be short on is stationery for I forgot and put my large box in my trunk.

Well we have been having a wonderful time. Since all the divisions have moved back from the front we no longer have much chance for truck hopping and besides we can't be away from the cantonment very long at a time for fear orders will come. However, I have done nothing but play for more than a week. Sunday the boys at the German prisoner camp entertained four of us and it was great. They came for us in a rickety old Ford. The Germans had a splendid program they did all sorts of acrobatic stunts, slight of hand tricks and sang. Oh how they sang!! Watch on Rhine, Feste Burg, Lolerlei—in fact they sang for three hours but what I enjoyed best of all when a choir of about 14 men out of the 452 stepped out and sang "Harre Meine Seele" and a number of other dear old G. M. E. hymns. I was so pleased to see so many others join in. I was also a wee bit home sick while they sang. The boys had a splendid supper for us and after supper they sang.

I am enclosing two kodak pictures which one of our boys took. I should love to have some others for you but I haven't any kodak; and kodak and supplies are so hard to get. The boy on one of these is a good friend of mine, so he managed to get a kodak and have a few taken right here at our shack. We are in our old corduroy

armistice was signed. I happened to capture 25 marks in silver from a civilian which I intend to take home soon.

We were stationed at Frielinger, Germany a few weeks doing guard duty at the front line of the American occupied territory. Now and then we would get to see German military officers. There was a saw mill in this town run by water power and there were two ladies employed and they operated the machinery the same and as good as the men could do. There is lot of timberland here, mostly pine trees. It is a pretty sight to see the ground covered with snow and the pine forest green in mid winter. Some of our soldiers went out deer hunting. The big woods are full of deers.

I won't say much about my experience at the front as it is almost six months since it happened. I went over the top once and escaped without getting hurt. I will say we of the first division did some tall hiking. If some officer would say we are going to hike back the same way we came, I would go A. W. O. L. in Germany. We hiked from the time the armistice was signed until December 16th. We crossed the Rhine on December 13th. We entered German soil on December 1st and followed the Mosel river to Coblenz. We climbed some high hills. The winding road that leads to their tops was about 7 kilometers.

I must say that Germany, France, Luxemburg and Alsace Lorraine have got very solid roads. We hiked over some roads that Napoleon's soldiers built many years ago.

We are having good mail service. The mail from the states reaches us within 14 days. I think our Division will sail for the states in the near future. I hope I will get to spend some of the summer in Indiana. I will close for this time. Will write another letter later on.

As ever, Al Tekulve.

A Ripley county U. S. Soldier returned from France after a nineteen months' service in the the army of our country and has written the following letter to his aunt at Oldenburg.

Columbus, Ind., May 15, 1919
Dear Aunt:

It is certainly a pleasure for me to write to you after such great changes as the terrible period of war has brought about. This letter ought to be a letter of thanksgiving for all kindnesses of yours shown to me during my career as a U. S. soldier from the blue grass hills surrounding the beautiful military training camp of "Taylor" to the last view of the rock

bound coast of Maine, amid the stormy waves and dangers of the great ocean, from the first placing of a foot on foreign soil, to the last long kilometer of my travels as a U. S. soldier in the distant land.

My career of nineteen months in the service has been marked by many joys and sorrows indeed. The most trying period of all was the leaving of home. Not that I didn't love my country for surely I do, and the cause that was taking me away, but the the home and principally that what it takes to make one, namely, my good parents. No literature can ever be written, to express in words, the the parting of a son from the joys of home and parents, only actual experience will do that.

It would take too long to write a complete story of the entire experience while in the service of war. I shall only mention a few incidents. The greatest and the most impressive one was the promise I made to my dear father, that I would comply with his request to do always "right" or as near as the occasion would permit me to do. The main object in this promise was faith. I understood his well meaning desire.

In our cantonments here in the states we have the K. of C. building to our great advantage where we could hear mass on Sundays if not on special duty and often during the week. On our entering a foreign country our military movements would not permit us to fulfill our religious duties. Particular when up on the front. Most certainly more men prayed and offered up prayers than in any other period of their lives.

While we were in our military career for weeks at a time, both in Belgium and France I attended mass in some of the churches of these countries. Although some of these churches were damaged by shells, nevertheless mass could be said in them. In Belgium the churches were filled like in this country, not so by far in France. Sometimes there were more U. S. soldiers attending than French civilians. On Xmas I attended mass in a Belgium town.

The saddest affair was when crossing "No Man's Land." The part in Belgium was absolutely destroyed. Here hundreds and thousands of men had suffered and died. I thought that my fate would also soon follow. I hid the tears and the view, and said my rosary on my march beside my comrades.

One of the three most precious articles I carried on my person in all my movements. while in the army was the rosary beads that you sent

me while at Camp Taylor. I am very grateful to you for your kindness and I always deemed it a part of my armor in all the battles and trials left in the service. It is a sort of souvenir. It has become soiled, yet it is as precious as ever. I am returning it by mail. I did intend to bring it back personally. I am sorry to say I cannot just now but will call on you ere long. Some near future I will come to Oldenburg and then I can tell you still more.

My dear brother, Leo, is kept in France until next fall. He is requested to stay, being offered a very good pay until he leaves.

With love and gratitude,

I remain your nephew,

John E. Kremer.

CHRISTMAS ON THE MOSELLE

Former County Supt. Hale
Bradt, Describes Christmas
With Army of Occupation.

Dec. 25, 1918.

Mr. Harry W. Thompson,

Versailles, Indiana,

Dear Friend Harry:—

Christmas on the Moselle! How does that sound for a headline? This morning when I awoke and took a look through my window everything was white. Was it moonlight or snow? It was snow. The first of the season. The hills were white to the very tops and that means about 1,000 feet right here.

What about our Christmas stockings, here in the land where Santa Claus and his reindeer were born? Of course we hung them up and of course they were filled. For three days in rain and snow, Santa had been busy getting things ready and on Xmas morning the boys—all—every boy in the 59th Inf.—got a package marked "From the folks back home through the Y. M. C. A." It wasn't much but it was a remembrance and it made the boys feel good. Then the boys had a good feed, mashed potatoes and goose dinner and Xmas was different for everybody.

This is a wonderful country. The hills are steeper than the steepest hills along Laughery and ten times as high. The rocks are of a slaty formation, splitting up into slabs which make good wall building material. So these people build walls along the face of the hill to keep the soil from sliding down the hill. Above this wall a mass of small stones with very

little soil is piled making a terrace, perhaps 10-20 feet wide, then another wall and another bench, etc. On the hill across the river opposite my room there are 37 such walls and terraces. To save building material and labor they throw in an archway into the wall every few feet. Some of these archways are well made and look for all the world as tho they must be a doorway leading into the heart of the mountain.

You can't help but think of Hissier and his wonderful sword, The Pied Piper of Hamelin and other old fairy stories. Little narrow stairways lead up along the walls from terrace to terrace and along these children and men and women carry in baskets fertilizer and soil for their vines and cultivate and carry down the products of their labor.

On the points of some of these hills are the crumbling remains of old castles that have doubtless been there a thousand years or more. The walls are crumbling and covered with vines. Think of capturing such a fortress in the days when swords, shields, bows and arrows were all the weapons available.

The Moselle is a swift stream here and fish are caught in abundance. Rafts of considerable size ply its waters. But the hills are so sparsely settled that deer and wild boars are said to be abundant.

The climate must be very mild. Cabbage, lettuce and many other garden products are fresh in the gardens and grass and weeds are green everywhere.

We are hungry for news. Our latest paper was two weeks ago. Our mail is very irregular. Some letters came for me while I was in the hospital and were sent back to Paris. My! But that hurt. To miss my mail by so much. I hurried a card off to Paris to return it to the 59th and wait.

The air is full of rumors that we are to be relieved soon and again that we must be kept here until June. We are much interested and hope our time is soon to come to see U. S. soon again.

Sincerely,

HALE BRADT.

and I are from near Holton and Ashley Ewing from Osgood. We have been here since August and have seen some great sights.

We are working in a big repair shop fixing things up that were torn up at the front. Some of the Hun captured stuff comes here and believe me it sure looks like it had been through a cyclone and the old Kaiser will look the same way when we get thru with him. We had a lonely trip over seas when we came over, as the weather was warm and the water calm.

The subs were thick but they were afraid to show themselves and I guess from the looks of the big guns that were pointed in every direction it was a good thing they kept in hiding.

We came along the coast of Ireland then went up the Clyde river to Glasgow, Scotland, where I saw the most beautiful scenery I have ever witnessed. The Scotch people gave us a warm welcome and we were all glad to get on land again after 16 days on the water. From there we rode a passenger train with coaches all petitioned off for 8 people in a place and a side door for going in a queer looking train to us. We went to Winchester, England a ride of two days and two nights. We took a few days rest there and from there we hiked 12 miles one nice warm day to South Hampton, England, where we boarded another ship to cross the English Channel. This was a very rough ride and most all the boys got sea sick crossing the Channel. Then we landed in France where the fighting was going on but when the Kaiser learned that the Ripley county boys had gotten here he began to back up and he never got started forward any more and now his army is back across the Rhine.

Well it will soon be time for the lights to be extinguished so I had better bring this to a close, hoping to see my Old Ripley County home soon and that we may have a copy of your next paper I am

Yours Respectfully,

PVT. SAMUEL R. ELLIOTT,
3 Company Ordnance Repair Shop
Det. A. P. O. 741 American E. F.
via New York, France.

On Active Service with American Expeditionary Forces, A. P. O., 927
Feb. 11, 1919.

Dear Uncle and All:—

I will try and drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and have not forgotten you. I would have written oftener but I wrote two or three letters and never heard from you and I didn't know whether you were getting them or not or whether I was not getting your answers so I thought I would try again.

I have a fairly good job now driving the Police Patrol, which is an old ambulance, but on Jan. 23 was called out to a little town about 4 or 5 miles from here and a very bad road and no lights so I skidded over the bank and the car turned up side down and me lying on my back under the seat of which the top crumbled right in and it wrenched by shoulders and fractured two of my ribs over my heart. I was in the hospital eight days but am out now on light duty, which is doing nothing but I consider myself lucky that I didn't get hurt worse.

Have you heard anything of Charley lately or is he out of the service now. Give him my best regards when you see him or write to him.

We are having fine weather here for this time of year although it is a little chilly but not nearly so cold as it is there. Have not had but one little snow and that was on Christmas and then I had my car in the shop for repairs and did not have to work the day before Christmas and Christmas day so enjoyed Christmas very much for one in the place we're in.

I am stationed at Coblenz, Germany, on the bank of the Rhine river where the Moselle empties into the Rhine, which is a pretty place and is more like the states than any place I have been in since I left the States.

How is Uncle Lytle getting along as I have not heard from him for a long time. Seems like I can't hear from any one much I don't know whether I am not getting their mail or what the trouble is. I can't tell when I will be back now as am in the army of occupation and can't tell when that will be relieved although my time is overdue of which I enlisted for so can't tell but hope to get back soon.

I will close for this time hoping that this will find you all well and to hear from you soon. Your Nephew,

HARRY SWAZY,
Military Police, A. P. O. 927,
American Exp. Forces.

Feb. 28th, 1919.

To Mr. and Mrs. Adam Endres,
Sunman, Ind.

My Dear Friends:

Received your letter of the 30th and was glad to hear from you although quite a bit surprised.

At the present time I am located about 60 miles from Brest, with a lot of "niggers" loading wood into cars to be used at Brest to keep the boys warm while they are getting ready to leave.

I remained in a fighting group until the armistice was signed and then I was transferred as a sergeant foreman to a "nigger" labor battalion,

LETTERS FROM OUR SOLDIER

BOYS

Versailles Republican
Melun, France.
Jan. 31, 1919.

Versailles Republican,
Versailles, Ind.

Gentlemen:—

I am just writing you a few lines to let you know I have enjoyed reading your paper and have passed it around to the rest of the Hoosiers as there are about 35 of them here. We all came from Indianapolis Training Detachment No 1 together and have been together ever since. Three of us are from old Ripley, John Lawless

riding suits. The one is right in front of my door. You will notice the windows are of oiled muslin. While the war was still on just as soon as we lit a light we had to draw the heavy dark curtains. The other is the only lawn bench I have seen in this part of France. It is in the garden right behind our shack and we girls called it the "coughing bench" for we could hear it so plainly. Ha, ha.

Well I must close, Merry Xmas and lots of love to all. Bert.

Bertha C. Greemann,
Emergency Unit, Group E.
Evacuation Hosp. No. 11.

REPORT OF UNITED WAR WORK FUNDS

The following is a report of T. H. Thompson, Chairman and Robert Borders, Treasurer of the United War Work Campaign in Ripley County.

In this campaign Ripley County citizens contributed \$22,841.52 towards the \$170,500,000 fund which was divided among the various associations doing war work as follows:

The Young Men's Christian Association.....	\$100,000,000
The Young Women's Christian Association...	15,000,000
National Catholic War Council (K. of C.).....	30,000,000
Jewish Welfare Board...	3,500,000
War Camp Community Service	15,000,000
The American Library Association	3,500,000
Salvation Army.....	3,500,000
Received of Mrs. Laura Beer, Treasurer of the Ripley County Council of Defense, \$20,000.00 as follows:	
Versailles	\$ 533.36
Johnson Township	1,548.68
Washington Township.....	890.92
Brown Township	1,661.92
Shelby Township	1,803.86
Franklin Township	1,332.35
Milan	586.28
Otter Creek Township.....	1,884.61
Jackson Township	968.51
Adams Township	2,312.50
Sunman	493.09
Laughery Township	843.32
Batesville	2,037.24
Delaware Township	1,049.85
Center Township	1,016.68
Osgood	1,036.83

DONATIONS RECEIVED

C. V. Smith, Chairman	
Johnson Tp., & Versailles	\$253.40
H. L. Akers, Chairman,	
Brown Tp.....	327.78
J. F. Holzer, Chairman,	
Shelby Tp.....	139.40

George Laws, Chairman,	
Franklin Tp.....	495.26
W. P. Castner, Chairman,	
Otter Creek Tp.....	118.69
Clint Shook, Chairman,	
Jackson Tp.....	233.30
L. A. Bruns and George Bos,	
Chairmen Adams Tp. &	
Sunman	513.10
M. F. Bohland, Chairman,	
Laughery Tp. & Batesville	401.50
W. A. Wagner, Chairman,	
Center Tp. & Osgood.....	273.50
Victory Girls of Ripley Co....	17.10
Interest on Deposit.....	68.22

Total Receipts\$22,841.25

The following payments were made to the state treasurer, Stoughton A. Fletcher:

Decemehr 28th, 1918	\$10,000.00
January 20th, 1919	12,000.00
March 11th, 1919	768.22
April 15th, 1919	70.00
October 18th 1919 cash to	
credit U. W. W. C.....	3.03

Total Disbursements \$22,841.25

LOCAL MARINES GIVEN ORATION MONDAY NIGHT

Chas. Gibson and Wm. Kreuzman two of Batesville's World War Heroes Honored.

ARE LOOKING WELL

William Kreuzman and Chas. Gibson returned Saturday evening with an honorable discharge from the U. S. Marines. These two Batesville boys had a wide and varied experience. They enlisted together, were in the same company, kept together during the entire war, were in all the big drives and both escaped without a scratch and neither was sick a day while in the service although they were out nearly two and one-half years. Both were given the distinguished service cross and the croix de guerre.

Because of their rare good luck and long service they were given a splendid ovation Monday evening. The citizens of Batesville assembled on the corner of Main and Boehringer streets at 8:30 Monday evening and the young warriors were escorted to the place in an automobile and lead by the Eureka band. The line of the

parade was lighted with red fire. Arriving at the street corner designated, a mixed choir sang "Home Again" and A. B. Wycoff made a short address in which he gave the reason for this special reception. After the program friends thronged about the automobile and extended the glad hand of welcome.

As both boys enlisted together and went through the service together and returned together their service record is about the same.

They enlisted in the U. S. Marines on May 10th, 1917, and were sent to Paris Island. They were then transferred to Quantico, Va. In July of that year they were sent home on a short furlough and returned to Philadelphia. From here they went to New York. They left New York on Oct. 31st, and landed in Brest, France, on November 12th, 1917. On the way over their transport was rammed by the Agamenon. This accident delayed them for a few days. At Brest they were placed in the 6th Regiment, Second Division and taken in side door Pullman cars to Bordeaux where they enjoyed themselves building docks and other needed structures.

They were then sent to a training sector in Daublan in January, 1918. They then left for the Verdun sector in March where they remained until May. They were then sent into the Chateau Thierre sector and then from one sector to another. They were in all the big fighting and drives from Chateau Thierre up to the time the armistice was signed and were on the Meuse-Argonne when the Germans gave up the ghost.

On December 13, 1918, they entered the Army of Occupation in Germany and stayed until June 15th, when they were transferred to the Composite Regiment and went with General Pershing in his parades in London, Paris, New York and Washington. They were finally discharged on September 25th, having served nearly two and one-half years. They received their honor medals on the Argonne front.

Dave Wagner of Headquarters Company of the 120 Infantry reached home Thursday evening after eleven months' service abroad. With the exception of the time spent in final training after reaching France and the time he was in the hospital after being wounded, Dave was in the front line practically all the time and had two very close calls for his life. He was shot once across the back of his head when the fraction of an inch would have meant instant death and at another time a bullet passed entirely through his hip but fortunately did not strike a bone. Dave was greatly commended for his bravery in saving his Lieutenant from capture or death at the hands of the Germans. While fighting in No Man's Land both Dave and the Lieutenant were wounded the latter being shot in the leg and unable to move. Dave managed to get the officer on his back, and although wounded himself, carried him to safety in the American lines.

The inability to receive any word from either Charles Gibson and Wm. Kreuzman for many weeks, despite the writing of letters and sending of cablegrams, was leading to much anxiety for the safety of the boys upon the part of their parents and of their friends so naturally the following letter, received by Mayor Gibson Wednesday morning bringing assurance that both boys had come safely through the fighting, was indeed good news. While naturally to Mayor Gibson and family and William Kreuzman and family the news means most still it is scarcely less gratifying to their many friends who rejoice with them.

The entire community has reason to be proud of these two boys, members of the 6th Regiment of U. S. Marines, not alone for the fact that both the boys have been recommended for Distinguished Services Crosses, which is honor sufficient in itself, but also from the fact that it was the Fifth and Sixth regiments of Marines which met and held the Germans, saved Paris and started the retreat of the Germans. Their fight at Chateau-Thierry is recognized as the turning point of the war and throughout France they are hailed as the saviors of the nation. On July 4th the French government requested these heroes to parade in Paris that the people might see and pay tribute to them. All those able to march, among whom were the two Batesville boys, paraded the historic streets of Paris while the French populace cheered and showered them with flowers.

Well may the French and all nations greet these two regiments of Marines as heroes for towards the end of May 1918 the German hordes were sweeping down the valleys of the Oise and the Marne towards Paris. Realizing that the fall of Paris meant the loss of their nation the French fought only as men fight with their backs to the wall but greatly outnumbered were forced back mile by mile. Finally forced to abandon Chateau-Thierry their retreat towards Paris was that of a hopeless defeated army.

On the morning of June 1st the sun rose on a triumphant German army proudly, rapidly advancing on French soil but that evening it set on a German army held at bay and fighting for their lives—for the Marines had come—only 8,000, the 5th and 6th regiment brought in army trucks the night before from Verdun 125 miles away, but 8,000 fighting men which before the sun went down the Germans christened "Teufelhunde"—the devil-dogs—men who did not have sense enough they said to know when they were whipped.

Early in the morning the retreating

French heard far down the road to Paris the sound of singing as the Marines marched singing:

"The Yanks are coming,

The drums rum-tumming everywhere.

Over there, say a prayer;

Send the word, send the word to beware.

We'll be over; we're coming over,

And we won't go back till its over over Here!"

A French dispatch bearer informed Lieutenant Colonel Wise "I am instructed to request you to hold the Germans as long as you can. You will then retreat to the trenches we will have prepared for you". The marine commander replied "Retreat? Retreat Hell! We have just come. We'll let the boches do the retreating and at the head of his singing men they went in. For three days they fought, fought the Germans with bullets and bayonets and when they were too close to use the bayonet they blistered their hands by grasping their hot gun barrels and swinging the butts on the German heads. Of the 8,000 who went in 6,200 were hit but they saved Paris and turned the tide of the war.

Through all this and the many battles which followed the two Batesville boys fought and the community re-

joices with their parents in their safety and takes a just pride in their achievements.

Leudesdorf, Am. Rhein,

Dec. 18, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:—

I received your telegram and was so glad to hear from you. I am as well as can be expected. I am glad the war is over and I think everybody else is, or should be. I think I will be in the states soon, but of course I don't know. Well I guess the old town will brighten up now when all the boys come back. Ade told me about the big celebration in the states when the armistice was signed. Well, there was no one happier than we were, because we were to go over the top the next morning and cross the river which meant sure death to the biggest part of us. We would have gone though, even if there wouldn't have been but one man left. We had pushed up to the river and were supposed to cross on pontoons, for the Germans had blown all the bridges, and crossing on a pontoon is not the easiest thing in the world to do, because a good machine gunner on the other side could pick off the majority of them while trying to cross. Some of the American troops crossed but had great losses and it was nobody's fault but one old thick head. But orders are orders. I will tell you all about it when I get home for the Captain might censor

this. Kreuzman and I both were recommended for a D. S. C. but don't know whether we will get it or not. Well how are Max and Malcolm? Do they still have their little fights? I suppose they both are good sized boys. Tilford, Carl and young Charles, Jr., ought to be big enough to fight among one another. Give Geo. M. Hillenbrand my best and tell him I will write to him in a few days. I tell you the boys that never went through this were sure lucky in one way and unlucky in another. I would not give my experience for all the spondulix in the world. It was hard going, for you had to sleep in little holes filled with water and blood. Maybe there would be a dead man in it to keep you company and all the sleep you got was on your nerves. Well, folks, will write in the near future. Hoping you are all well and continue to be so until my return. Tell Ora I will write to her tomorrow or next day.

Your loving son, Charles.

Pvt. Charles S. Gibson,

82nd Co. 6th Regt.,

U. S. Marines, A. E. F.

Vielbach, Germany, May 7, 1919.

Mr. Peter Holzer,

Batesville, Ind.

Dear Friend:

As I have a few minutes to spare thought I would write a few lines to let you know I am well and hope the same for you and all. We are located about 32 kilometers from the city of Coblenz, Germany, between the large hills near the Rhine river. This is a lovely country. The fields are nice and green. The spring weather was slow coming, but it got here at last. On the 1st of May it snowed all morning. The farmers are all very busy now. Every inch of ground is cultivated. Germany is very thickly populated. The farm villages are as close as 1 and 2 kilometers. The trains don't run very fast here as the towns and cities are too close together. The farmers in this locality use cows instead of horses to draw the wagons and the plows. The other day I saw a horse and cow hitched to a wagon.

Corn isn't planted over here as the frost comes too early. Wheat, rye and oats and lots of potatoes are planted. The German people make their coffee by roasting rye. I often get a lunch from the German people, sometimes sauerkraut, potatoes, pan cakes, waffles and eggs and brown bread. White bread and real coffee are very scarce among the civilians. The price of eggs is one mark each. The value of a mark is about 8 cents in U. S. money. Silver and gold money is very scarce as the Kaiser called in all coins about 6 months before the

something that I did not care to get into but we cannot get everything we want and as the labor battalion is necessary I suppose I will finish my army career chasing "niggers."

Now for the subject that is far more interesting to you all then anything else.

I had met Christ's sergeant around the 20th of October at Lyon while attending an officers school. I never had much time to talk to him but the few minutes I did I got all I could in regard to all my old pals. I would have a hard time to see this fellow again as we parted and he was sent back to his outfit and I was sent here, but you can rest assured if I should ever see him again I will know all he knows of all the old boys.

I have written to Martin Prickle and told him to write to you all and give you all the information he can. Now I will give you all I know and will get anymore I possibly can. Christ served in the big fight at "Kemmel Hill," was moved to a place near St. Quintin and went through one of the hardest fights the Americans had and the first place where the Hindenburg line was broken at Bellicourt in which fight Coy Sunman lost his life Sunday, Sept. 29. After this line was broken it was one continuous running fight and it was in this that Christ had to fall.

I have a map (military map) showing Bellicourt and all the trenches, that I bought from a fellow that fought there. I received a letter from a friend of mine today that I had mailed it to and they will keep it until I get back and I surely will give you all a friendly call and show you the very town that Christ helped capture. I can hardly tell you anymore at the present time but rest assured if I get any ways near where Christ is buried I sure will look up his grave.

Here is one more important thing the sergeant told me that I forgot to mention. Christ was what we call a runner or liaison man, in short it is a man that carries messages for his platoon during a fight. Now this sergeant told me that Christ was the best and most trusted runner of the whole company and in that I can safely say it is a very good compliment as a good runner is one of the most important parts of an army. The old saying in the French army is that if you have not got good runners you have no army. So you can judge from that how important a runner is.

Will have to close now trusting that this little information I have may be of value to you and with a promise to get all other information I can,

I am Respectfully Yours,
Sgt. W. I. Nordmeyer.

Gladbach, Germany, Mar. 3, 1919
Dear Brother and Family:

Your most welcome letter of Feb. 15th arrived this evening, and believe me I surely was glad to get it. I haven't received the Xmas box you sent me. I received a letter from Matilda and Kathryn this evening, and also one from dear mother and sister, Clara. I have lots of time to write now, so I will write you a long letter this evening, maybe some parts will interest you. Will tell you all about my trip from the U. S. A. to the "Wacht am Rhein."

On the 6th of August we set sail for France about 2:30 in the afternoon. So before dark, land was out of sight. We landed at Brest, France, the 18th of August on Sunday afternoon. We were all glad to see land again. We lived in pup tents at the outskirts of Brest for three days. From there we had a two day train ride to Mehun, France. I surely did like it there for it was a pretty place. We stayed at Mehun till the middle of October. We hiked to St. Florent to catch our train which took us near the front line where we joined the 126th Inf. in the Argonne Forest. We camped there in reserve of the 90th Div. till the 2nd of November. There's where I went through my first experience of an air raid. I surely did hike for a dugout one night, for the Boche were bombing all around us.

From there we took a half day hike. We had to, for the Yanks were driving the Huns back and we had to stay with them. The place where we camped here was terribly muddy, but I found a very nice spot for my tent under a tree top.

There surely was a bunch of dead soldiers in that woods, for there was a terrible battle fought there two days before. We were busy for a while burying our comrades. In the evening of Nov. 9th orders came to move. So we rolled packs and started in about fifteen minutes. We crossed the Meuse river at midnight over a temporary bridge for the main bridge was blown up by the Huns on their retreat. We hiked till 2 a. m. Then pitched tents and took a nap till 7 a. m. We had breakfast at 8:30 that Sunday morning. Yes, and I was late for chow. I had a little trouble getting my socks and shoes on for they were froze. It surely felt fine to put them on, ha, ha. But just the same we all were happy, and, talk about laughing, we did our share of it. At 11 a. m. we rolled packs again and started another journey until 7 p. m. that evening. I surely was tired and hungry that night. Nothing to eat since breakfast, but I saw worse times than that on our hike, but think I will wait and tell you about it when

I get home. On Nov. 10th about every hour we met an ambulance filled with wounded, so I knew we where very near the front line. We stopped almost right on the firing line that night on a big hillside, several shells came over that night and hit very near us, at at least as near as I wanted them to, for they threw ground on my bed. I slept good that night for I was dead tired.

The next morning at breakfast we received word that at eleven o'clock the Armistice was going to be signed. It surely was great news to us, for that night we were to go on the firing line.

In the afternoon we moved into a small town named Loopy where we took up the outpost line. I was on duty the first night. My post was very near the enemy outpost. At daybreak the next morning I had a little chat with a German soldier. He surely was surprised to learn that I could speak a little German. On the 17th of November we started our hike to the Rhine and the 8th day we landed at Echternacht Luxemburg. We stayed there 7 days. On Sunday morning, Dec. 1st, we crossed the line into Germany, and on the 13th of December we crossed the Rhine river. We stopped at Gladbach over night. The next morning we hiked to Niederstinbach, and stayed there on outpost till Dec. 28th. Then we came back to Gladbach where we are stationed at present.

We got quite a bit of drilling since we are here, and last week we were at the rifle range. I surely enjoyed it.

Four of us are staying in a Dutchman's house. We have a very nice room. We spent the evenings in card games and telling stories when we aren't writing letters to our relatives and friends.

Well, dear brother, I told you quite a bit of my trip, but yet it isn't the beginning of it. It would take a sheet of paper from here to the States to write it all on. I am well and hope the same of you all. Don't hear anything about going home anymore. I think we will stay here quite a while yet. Hello to all the children.

Your Loving Brother,

Pvt. Nicholas A. Prickel.

P. S. Tell Zillebuehler and the others that I found a fine place to fish in the Rhine river. I located it on Christmas Day.

Headquarters Company M., 120th Inf
A. E. F., France, Jan. 15th, 1919
From C. C. Co. M., 120th Infantry,
To: Mr. Adam Endres, Sunman,
Subject: Information relative to
death of Pvt. Chris F. Endres.

It is perhaps the saddest duty of
an officer to communicate such un-
welcome news to bereaved mothers
and relatives, though it is quite nec-
essary in as much as the official an-
nouncement of a casualty lacks satis-
factory details.

Following is all available inform-
ation concerning his death:

Private Endres made the supreme
sacrifice on October 10th in what
proved to be perhaps one of the most
important battles in which this or-
ganization was engaged. His death
resulted from artillery shell fire and
was instantaneous. At this time his
organization was assaulting the de-
fences at Vaux Andigney, France on
the Somme Front. With other gal-
lant comrades Private Endres moved
to the assault with great courage in
the face of determined resistance,
proving himself a true and loyal
soldier and a man unafraid. It was
such spirit as this young man dis-
played which permitted of such a
glorious victory in the cause of hu-
manity and through our tears we
now realize that such noble sacrifices
as this have not been in vain. It is
sometimes difficult to recognize
the justice and wisdom of Providence
but with time healing the wounds of
sorrow I am sure there will come the
full realization that the Great Com-
mander doeth all things well.

The body of Private Endres now
rests with those of several of his
comrades near Vaux Andigney
France. It is near the scene of his
death and the grave is marked with
his name and organization and will
be preserved until the time comes
for the removal of the remains to the
favored land for which he gave his
very all. Proper and fitting ar-
rangements for the burial were com-
pleted and carried out and the ser-
vices were conducted by the Battal-
ion chaplain. The personal effects
were thru channels to his mother.

To the bereaved mother and fam-
ily you will kindly convey my per-
sonal sincere condolence and sym-
pathy and say to them for me that
Private Endres was a type of the
ideal soldier and young man of char-
acter and principle, blessed with a
gracious and charitable disposition.
By his officer he was regarded as an
especially courteous and obedient
soldier. But perhaps his most
praiseworthy quality and best of all
to be sure was his marked unfalter-
ing devotion to duty.

F. L. ST. JOHN.
Captain 120th Infantry,
Commanding Co. M.

Tours, France,
Feb. 14, 1919.
Mr. and Mrs. John Bronnenberg,
Versailles, Ind.

Dear Father and Mother:—

Your letter of Jan. 23, received
this p. m. and was sure glad to hear
from you as this is the first for sev-
eral days. You say the boys upon
returning from over here are com-
plaining about not getting enough to
eat. I don't see what makes them
talk that way as it only causes the
people to worry that much more over
the boys who are still over here. I
have always had plenty and believe
me as long as there is anything to
eat around I am sure going to get my
share, so don't worry about me
whatsoever. Some fellows would
kick if they were living in mansions
and feeding like Kings, don't believe
everything you hear.

The weather in the past week has

been like spring and of course dur-
ing the noon hour most all the boys
are out practicing up for the com-
ing base-ball season. It won't be
long until we will see some real base
ball again, which will be good for
keeping our minds upon instead of
on going home. I see by the papers
that the movement of troops towards
the States has been pushed along
more rapidly the past few days, we
will all get home bye and bye so
cut out the worrying and give us
time. No I haven't heard from Earl
since I was down to see him, I guess
he has quit writing altogether.

I am sending some pictures which
I had taken while in Bourges and
some since coming back to town. I
will ring off hoping to hear from you
soon and that everyone is well and
happy. Give them all my best re-
gards.

Your Son,
ALVIE,

U. S. S. Nevada, Firth of Forth,
November 29, 1918

Dear Mike:

Your letter received. I spent
Thanksgiving in Edinburg, anchored
in the Firth of Forth but we are
sailing tomorrow for an English port.
I hope to get to Stratford, Kent, next
week to see Louie.

With the war over and surrender of
the German fleet we've been busy.
They are anchored with us now. The
Grand fleet is some show. There are
360 ships and make a battle line 38
miles long. The Nevada is the only
ship in all with three gun turrets.
So you can guess we've got things
our own way.

Ships of every nation are here now.
England has the largest navy alright,
but even the famous "Queen Eliza-
beth" can't hold a candle to the "Ne-
vada." We can whip any two they
got. The Japs have got some crack
torpedo boats. I'll tell you all about
it when I get back.

We only had eleven to die aboard.
They were mostly fire and engine
room men. They are pretty strict
about fresh air rules now.

No prospects of us getting back to
the States soon, at least not until
President Wilson is through over
here.

I ought to write home but I'm busy.
You can tell them you heard from
me.

Sincerely,
Hugo Benz.

France, Nov. 17, 1918

Dearest Folks:

Just received your last letters and
one from Abe Wunning. I was glad
to hear from you and get all the news.
I don't see why you did not get my
letters. I have written to you every
week and sometimes oftener.

Well, you all know that the war is
over and I guess that everybody is
glad of it. I guess you all celebrated
it when you heard the good news. So
did we. All the church and school
bells and bands in France were kept
busy. Everything is quiet at the
front now. We used to drive and
walk around without lights, but now
we can have lights everywhere and can
drive right up to the front line with
big headlights.

The Germans are turning some of
our prisoners lose. Today I met hun-
dreds of them on the road. I stopped
and talked to some of the boys. They
said the Germans did not treat them
very good, especially with eats. Their
clothes were made of paper and they
looked very ragged. They sure were
glad to get back.

If Germany had not signed up she
would have gotten what was coming
to her because things were all set
along our front for a big drive. But
I guess she got enough as it was. The
German people are glad that it is
over.

We are not very busy at present.
I was away from my company for a
few days evacuating patients from the
field hospital to the base hospital.
But now I am back again. We are
turning in some of our cars. I don't
know what that means but I hope it
means that we are on our way back
to the boat soon. According to news
here now, I may be at home for my
birthday celebration. Some say we
will be among the first and some, that
we will be among the last to go. We
are with the regular army now and
I can't tell when we will start back.

The following nine fellows are with
me: John Schmidt, Al Fritsch, Al
Popenhouse, Walter Hasting, Wm.
Gutzwiller, Fred Chaplin, Steingrueber
and Stegemoeller. I stopped at
a little town the other day to take a
hot bath and met a fellow who used
to work for Mike at Indianapolis.
His name is Shenk. He knew Clif-
ford and Uncle Will. At the field
hospital I met a fellow who knew

Mr. Botney, of New Bethel, where Mr. Botney lives. He knew Mr. Bretzloff and his father helped build Mr. Bretzloff's house. I have met lots of boys that always know someone from Batesville.

I was glad to hear that Henry is getting better. That flu must be awful. We have lots of cases too. So far I have been feeling fine and have a good appetite.

I have plenty of warm clothes. I have rubber boots, overshoes, two pairs of shoes, three pairs of heavy gloves and about six pairs of heavy socks and not very much to do. Time hangs heavy on our hands now.

Christ Brockman is in the base hospital but I have never had the chance to meet him. Lots of the boys are hunting souvenirs. I could get lots of them but I don't think I'll bother with them, I may bring a few. I'll be satisfied to get home in good health. I could get lots of German helmets but they are too unhandy to carry.

Regards from all the boys.
Your Loving Son and Brother,
Gilbert A. Goyert.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 20.
Harry Huber, Sunman, Ind.
Dear Brother and Family:

Received your kind and welcome letter you wrote October 25, yesterday and was glad to find out that you now receive my mail. I had a letter from Stella and Dessie and also one from you last week. I think I get all my mail now but did not at first. I only hope you get all my mail I have been sending. I am just fine and hope you are all the same. We are having fine weather over here for the last few weeks. Only hope it stays like this as long as we are over here. I guess you are all glad the war is over. Now I hope we will get back soon. Our division belongs to the second army and I understand that the third army will stay over here the longest. So that might bring us home sooner. I just wonder to what division Will belongs. He might have to stay longer if he is in the third.

I had a letter from Edw. Huber. He wrote that he was in the hospital and was his first day out of bed. He said he wrote you a letter the same day he wrote to me. Guess you know all about it. He sure was lucky by not being killed. I guess his pack saved him from being seriously wounded. I only hope he will be O. K. again. I think he will get home before we will as they say the wounded and the sick will be sent home first.

I did not get to go to the front. I thought we would see some of it before it was over but I guess we are better off. Only it would have given us a little more experience. We have been lucky in our battery so far. Everybody is enjoying good health. So we are not worrying about anything.

I seen in the paper this morning that Ohio went dry and also elected a democratic governor. I am sure Mr. Pittner and the bunch don't like to see that. I guess I must look for a diff-

erent job after I get out of the army but that does not worry me in the least. I only hope to get back sound and all right. I can always find work.

I had a letter from brother Harry and Eli and one from Elmer.

Wish I was back for a few days hunt. I think I can beat you farmers shooting now after carrying a rifle for five months, don't you think so? I only hope I will get back before it goes dry in Cindy as I would surely like a good glass of beer.

I cannot write much news for I don't know much. I think we might change our address soon. I am not certain. I am orderly for three of us. I got two rooms to take care of. This makes it much easier for me now. I don't have to drill very much any more. We got some Cincinnati papers the last two weeks. I wish I could be back in time to help you husk corn. Guess I must ring off with love and kisses to all.

From Your Loving Brother,
Edw. Hoff.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 16.
Peter Schmidt,
R. 1, Batesville, Ind.
Dear Parents:

Just have time to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present. I am going to let you know that I have been at the front for eighteen days living under shell fire not feeling very leary at that. So you know that I have helped some in winning the war.

On the ninth I was called to go to the front line trench and I went with cheer and did my work right. The shells sure were bursting. They would sing a song when they would come through the air and believe me there were a few of them too, as I have heard them sing for eighteen days and they sang a different song every day. That is what I thought anyway. But the song they would sing at night were the ones that were listened to the most.

Well, Ma our company got through lucky at the front. We were there in action for 32 days. On Monday the eleventh they stopped firing. It was Monday the eleventh day and the eleventh month and the ninth hour when the armistice was signed and it sure did seem funny to hear all of the guns quit firing and see everybody walk around.

Well, Gilbert Goyert is driving an ambulance and I only get to see him once or twice a week but he is looking fine and he is getting fat.

We are back again in the camp and I am working at the officer's mess right now and everybody is jolly and feeling happy.

They are all standing a good chance to come home soon. But I think it will be a while till they all get back as it will take some time to send all of them back after peace will be signed.

I will come to a close but I would like to write more but I will have to

help serve supper. So I will have to close. Hope your supper will taste as good as dinner did to me today, as we sure had a good dinner today and a good supper too. So don't forget to write. I think I told you that I got those pictures in my last letter and sure was glad to get them.

Goodbye to all,
From Your Loving Son,
John A. Schmidt.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 11.
Dear Parents:

Having some spare moments these long evenings, will let you know that I am well and feeling fine except a bad cold and cough, the after effects of gas which we received at the front, but is is getting better now.

Was up at the front for several weeks and had quite a hard time of it but I am now back in a rest camp getting some good sleep and rest which we surely need. We received all new equipments since we returned from the front so we are well prepared for the winter if we have to stay here when cold weather comes. We have very damp weather here now with a little frost once in a while.

I guess you have heard the glad news by now, that German has signed an armistice and at 11:30 o'clock this morning all hostilities ceased. There certainly is a happy bunch of American soldiers over here now.

All we want now is that they may soon conclude peace then we will soon be back in the States again.

I didn't see any of the boys yet from back home since we came back from the front, so don't know how they got through.

I had a letter from Henry the other day. He said he liked the country pretty well so far over here. I don't know if he was at the front or not when the fighting stopped.

Did you do any hunting this fall? There are a few wild rabbits here but the people raise quite a few tame rabbits here.

Y. M. C. A. There were a great many I am writing this letter in a French French soldiers in this town but they nearly all left when we came in.

Had several letters from Gertrude the other day.

Well, this is all the news for tonight so will close and hope this reaches you in good health as it leaves me, with best regards to all.

Your Son,
Pvt. Anthony P. Siefert.

WOUNDED OSGOOD BOY JUST HOME KILLED SEVEN HUNS.

Edgar Wooley writes his parents at Osgood that he is recovering nicely and has at lease seven Boches to his credit.

Dec. 18, 1918.

New York City,

Dear Mamma, Papa and Bro's:--

I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am back in the U. S.

I am getting along fine and sure

hope you are all the same. I think I will be sent to a hospital close to home.

I will get discharged soon and will be home with you.

I will tell you how I was wounded. A machine gun bullet hit me in the jaw breaking my jaw knocking out 7 teeth, going into my shoulder breaking my collar bone, going thru my right lung stopping in my back. Then I was operated on for the bullet. They cut it out the 12 day of November. My jaw is growing back fine and my collar bone is healed up fine. My shoulder is stiff. So you see it will not be long before I will be home again. I sure want to get home as soon as I can.

I have not gotten a letter from home since the 20th of September.

How is everybody? When I get to the new place I will send my address.

Suppose you got my telegram alright. They are going to put seven false teeth in for me or give me the money to have it done.

Hope you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

It will probably be two months before I get home but that will not be long.

Tell Papa I still have a big knife for him. I only killed seven darned Germans that I know of.

I know I killed that many for I was on top of them before they knew it. Well I will tell you the rest when I get home. Hoping to see you soon I will close. I am your son.

EDGAR WOOLEY.

GILBERT GOYERT WRITES LETTER

George H. Goyert and family are in receipt of the following letter from their son and brother, Gilbert, who is still in France but like the great majority of the boys is longing for the time when he will once more return to "Good Old Indiana."

Mars, La-Tour

France.

2, 13, '19.

Dearest Folks:—

I received your letters and cards before I left the Co., and never had time to answer until to-night.

Was glad to hear that you are all well as I am the same. I will be away from my Co. for two weeks so you see I won't get any mail until I get back to the Co. Am with the 34th Infantry now, near the German line and taking care of their patients. Mostly sight seeing though. It took me almost a day to drive here from "Rogeville" and saw some towns and country believe me.

Today I was to "Couflains" and "Briey." These are the first towns the Germans captured in this section. I am making use of my German lan-

guage up here. Its lots of fun to chat with these pretty German girls. ha. They are pretty and sure do wear fancy dresses, (nit).

The officers in this outfit have adopted a little German boy and put a U. S. A. uniform on him, he is about the age of Paul and rides around with me in the ambulance. He can talk German better than I but we get along fine. His mother and father are dead and I sure do feel sorry for him. I can't do enough for him. He wants to go to the U. S. A. Well, who wouldn't want to go to God's country. I hope we will be on our way back soon for I am tired of this country and life although I am getting to see some country, but you know the life here isn't like back home in Indiana.

The Crown Prince's Castle is here, but he has beaten it. It sure is some castle. I found a room full of German books and took three books along to read. One is a Bible, they are all new books. I am reading one now that is made up of letters that a German soldier wrote home to his mother while at Camp and at the front since 1915. They are very interesting. He sure had his troubles.

I am going to keep this book and the bible for souvenirs as I found them at the C. P. Castle.

Well, it's about time to go to bed so will close

With love

Wag. Gil. Goyert.

P. S.—Rec'd. a letter from W. Michel and he gave me Lester James' address. He is with him only in a different company.

Mallendar, Germany.

February 9, 1919.

"Dear Parents and All:—

Am writing to let you know I am at Mallendar, Germany, now. We are having pretty cold weather at present. Yesterday morning it was ten below zero, and this morning three below. It snows a little every day, but the snow doesn't stay long. I go to church every day and receive Communion every Sunday. The church I go to is the one I sent you the picture of. It certainly is a pretty church. The old fellow I am staying with bought two pigs about four weeks old and paid \$25 apiece for them—some price, isn't it. He said before the war it took a very big hog to bring \$25. When the war began he had five cows and a yoke of oxen taken away from him and used to feed the soldiers.

Received the pictures, and they certainly are fine. Every time I look at the picture of the tractor I wish I was on it. But I will be on it soon again. How did you get along with the shredder this fall? Some of the big farm-

ers over here use the Big Bull tractors and all are made in the United States. Stick to your old "Bull" for it is a good make.

Received a letter from Margaret. She wanted to know how I would like to have a French or English girl for a wife. I say the "good American girl" for me. The English and French have too much war in them. I sure have enough of it. I haven't been paid for eight months, have about \$200 back pay coming and will send all home that I don't need. I received a letter from Kress the other day. He is in France as a Military Police. In the past week I received letters from Miss Edna, Maybelle, Bernice, and also from my old friend, E. M. S. If you see them, tell them Hello for me. Must cut this short as I am wanting to send some post cards of places over here. Hoping to see you all soon, I remain

Your son,
JOSEPH KEENE.

Ft. Sheridan, Ills.
Feb. 26, 1919.

Dear Editor:—

As I have landed back in the good old U. S. A. again I will take the time and pleasure to write a few lines and let the people of

old Ripley know I am still among the living after spending six months on the battle fields of Europe.

I am here at Ft. Sheridan recovering from a wound I received Oct. 31 on the Flanders front in Belgium. I saw my share of the fighting as my division was trained to the minute before we left the States and we were put into active service soon after we stepped on foreign soil. The main drive I was in and the only real American front was on the Verdun front in the Argonne Forest. The Americans were on a forty-five mile front. Our barrage was started at 2:30 on the morning of Sept. 26, which consisted of two thousand cannon on our sector, from a three-inch to a twenty-inch gun. It lasted until one o'clock in the afternoon and was a continual roar like heavy thunder. Our first men went over the top at 5:30 and at 6:30 we had two thousand prisoners captured and the woods were covered with dead and wounded. We also captured a number of cannon and machine guns. The French wanted to bet us ten to one that we couldn't take Dead Man's Hill where they made three attacks and lost sixty thousand men, but the Yanks took it and advanced fifteen miles further before we

were relieved. We got the Hun on the run and we kept them going. We couldn't get a hand to hand fight out of them but they were handy with their machine guns. They tried all of their tactics on us but the Yanks were just a little wiser and had the guts to use the blue steel. It was a miracle to get through that drive and live. The Germans were shelling us so heavily that it was hard to get rations to us. The last three days we lived and fought on what we got off of the dead Jerrys. When we would knock one off we would run a race to see who was first to get his cornwillie and hardtack. We had 189 men in our company when we went into the drive and came out with 76, but we walked loved three Huns to every Yank we left sleeping in France.

In the last drive of the war I was in Belgium where Jerry drolled me up for the hospital. The last I heard of my company they had fifteen men left. What it took to beat the Huns, the Yanks were broke out with it. This is just an idea of what real warfare is.

I am getting along nicely and hope I will soon be back in old Ripley ready for another fight whenever Uncle Sam needs me.

GROVER C. FOX,
Co. I, 148th U. S. Infy., 37th Div.
U. S. Gen. Hosp. No. 28, Ft. Sheridan, Ills.

Pvt. Walter Eckert, of Paris Island, S. C., received his honorable discharge and arrived home Sunday morning.

Mrs. J. W. Cox, of Holton, received word last Monday that her brother, Ollie, had landed in New York.

A young Mr. Licking, of Nevada, son of Wm. Licking, who served as Second Lieutenant in the last war, was at Friendship this week on a visit to his birthplace, relatives and friends, and will soon return to his home in Nevada. Although young, he has started on the right road to success, the practice of law, one of the cleanest and most upright occupations on earth.

Private Charles Caster of Battery E., 70 Reg., has arrived at Camp Merriett, N. J., on his return from overseas, and is expected to return to his home near Vankirk school house soon.

Willie Rogers, an industrious youngfarmer living east of Rexville, left early last summer to do service for his country, has re-

turned home. He was with the American army in France for several months and reports having been very ill with influenza-pneumonia while over there.

Harry Wilmer has received an honorable discharge and returned to his home at Lockspring last week. Mr. Wilmer and wife will move to Mr. Moore's farm at Letts Corner, where he will have employment during the summer.

Tom Bedunnah and Russell Sutton, of Milan, have landed on U. S. soil and will be home within the next few weeks.

February 3, 1919.

Dear Uncle and All:—

Will try and drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well, and hope this will find you the same.

I had a little accident Jan. 23, about 11 o'clock at night. It was very dark and I had no lights at all. The road was a side road, just wide enough to go over, and a new road at that. I was sent out to another town and the right front wheel struck a little wash-out and turned the car over the bank. The bank was just high enough to turn the car upside down, and I was underneath all except my head, but was under the seat and the cushion was on top of me and that was all that saved my life. All I got was two cracked ribs just over my heart and a sprained shoulder. I just got out of the hospital today and am a little weak and nervous, but will be all right in a few days. I sure consider myself very lucky at that.

It is not very cold here now for this time of the year and there is no snow on the ground, but it has been very cloudy for the last two or three weeks.

I am sending you one of my pictures which is not very good but maybe it will do to scare the rats and mice away.

I can't tell just when I will get home as I am with the advanced troops in Germany. Is Alfretta teaching school this winter or is she working in the city yet? I suppose that Orval is out of the army by this time as I understand that they are turning all of them back in the states. Suppose that Ebert Fisher is out by now. Give them all my best regards.

Who is going to help you with the farm this year, or have you any one to help you yet? Suppose you will be able to get plenty of help this year.

I will close hoping to hear from you soon.

Your nephew,
HARRY SWAZY,

Co. A., Third Army, Military Police, A.P.O. No. 927, Via New York, A.E.F.

P. S.—How is Uncle Jake and wife getting along? Give them my best regards, also Charlie.

Mr. Allen Stevens, west of Versailles, received a letter today bearing date of Jan. 19, from his son Romney, which is the first word he has had from him since he sailed for France last September. Romney says he is in a hospital in France recovering from an attack of measles.

Jesse Allen, who has been stationed at Camp McClellan for several months, returned home last week honorably discharged.

Irving Harding and Robert Haidle who were both just recently released from service paid the Republican a pleasant call Thursday afternoon. Robert was wounded while facing the Huns on French soil and he has quite a little limp in his walk. He was able to give us a lot of first-hand information relative to the fighting in Alsace Lorraine, which we greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Anna Hunter is in receipt of a letter from her son Horace, who is in the navy and is now located at Pelham Bay Park, N. Y. Horace is taking extensive training. He says it will be two months before he will have completed the course and that they are all working hard striving for commissions.

Private Arno Uphaus has received an honorable discharge from the army and returned to his home at Napoleon last Friday. Private Uphaus has been in a southern camp.

Earl A. Cain, who has been stationed at Camp McClellan, Ala., has been honorably discharged and is now at home on Madison R. 10.

Cirnelius Miller late of the A. E. F., is at home at Batesville on a short furlough from the hospital at Ft. Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala. He was wounded in the arm in September last.

Sylvester Lindenmeier, Louis and Wm. Ensinger and Otto Thie all of Batesville, came home on discharge from the army last week.

After being confined to seven different hospitals since September, C. W. Morrow arrived home from the hospital at Camp Sherman, O., Saturday evening for a ten day furlough with home folks and friends at Sunman. Shortly after reaching France he was shell shocked and bruised from which he is slowly improving.

The burden of suspense that has been borne upon the shoulders of Henry Stohlman and wife, of Sunman, the past three or four months was lifted this week when they received a letter from their son Edward who had just returned to the States from France. This is the first heard from him since the cessation of hostilities.

Capt. and Mrs. Stanford Auderson, of Schenectady, N. Y., are at Os-

good, for a two months visit with her father, Dr. E. D. Freeman and wife.

Fred Wilhelm, of Cincinnati, lately returned from France visited his aunt, at Osgood, Mrs. Fritz Ebel, over Sunday. Mr. Wilhelm was wounded five times and carries a bullet between his ribs as a souvenir.

Pvts. Weber Wagner and Glenn Dismore were mustered out of service at Camp Taylor and returned to their homes at Osgood, Saturday.

Corporal Roy Kettenbrink has received his discharge and is at home at Friendship from Camp Taylor.

Elrod friends have received word that Norman Connell, of Camp Taylor is in the Base Hospital. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Robert W. Copeland, of U. S. S. Dale is at home at Cross Plains on a ten day furlough.

Will Tebbing and Garret Fisse, of Olean who have been in training at Camp McClellan, Ala., have received their honorable discharge from the U. S. Army.

WITH OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

The following is a portion of a letter received by Adella A. Lane on Dec. 23 from Dennis Israel, who has been over seas almost a year.

Steinsel, Luxemburg,
Nov. 26, 1918.

Dear Friend,

Received your most welcome letter of Oct. 24 today. Glad to hear you have your fall work so far along. We are having fine weather now.

We have left France for Germany. The people surely treat us fine. When the armistice was signed we were at Cheppy, France. We were transferred from the first army corps to the third. So the third army corps was sent to Germany as occupation troops. So that is the way we came to go on that trip. We went from Cheppy to Dun Se Mense. We only stayed there a few days, then we moved to Longivy to run a Red Cross hospital. The Germans had only left two days before we got there. It is only three kilometers from Belgium. We surely had some job. We had all nationalities there. I cooked at nights. Our hospital was in what was an up to date hotel before the war. There was a nice kitchen. We left Longivy last Sunday and came to Steinsel. We came across part of Belgium. I don't know how long we will stay here. The people are surely glad to see Americans.

Luxemburg is a small country but very thickly populated. A very pretty country and very industrious.

I tell you if some of the boys had been over here for the last drive I think they would have had enough to last them a while. When the boys took the Argonne Woods they had to fight hand to hand for every inch of the woods. The machine gun bullets coming as thick as hail. If you could see the battle ground you would say nobody could take it. It is all over now but not forgotten. The British and French need to praise the Yanks.

Moses Curran writes his sister,
Mrs. Wesley Cole from Over There:

Somewhere in France

Dearest Sis:—

Received your letter and was certainly glad to hear from you. I am well and hope you are the same. It had taken a long time for you to get my letter, I wrote it the 15 of September. But I supposed you have received several by this time. This letter I received from you was written the 23 of October, was the first letter I had received from you since arriving over sea. But have got several from the folks. I have had so many addresses and they all have to be transferred so it takes much longer. You were sure right about the war ending soon. I suppose everyone is rejoicing over the Victory. Everyone is sure happy over here. You need not send me a sweater as I have three, also a helmet and more warm clothes than I ever had at one time before. I would like to have been there and gone to shuck corn with Wes. We would certainly have made the nubbins fly.

I would like to see some of the boys from home that are over here and I expect they would be glad to see me too. We see some very pitiful sights here. I don't think the Huns will ever be forgiven for all the misery they have caused.

The soldiers are making up a fund for the War Orphans and everyone is giving liberally. Scotland is the prettiest country I have seen. I have been in six miles of Paris and hope I get to go there before I return. There are many pretty girls here but they can't understand us and we can't them so we don't talk much. I am sending you a little present; it don't amount to much but probably I will be able to bring something better home with me. Write often and tell everyone hello.

MOSE B. CURRAN.

Intermediate Ordance Dept. No. 25

A. P. O. No. 713 A. E. F.

The following letter was received by Mrs. W. H. Thomas of Milan, from her brother Wilbur G. Conyer:

Nov. 22, 1918.

Aboard British Transport.

Dear Sister:—

You have without doubt received the cards and letters I sent you be-

fore sailing. I am now nearing our destination. I saw the first sight of land this morning which is the first I have seen for ten days. We will land sometime tomorrow if everything is favorable. Taking everything as a whole I have had a very pleasant trip across. However I will try to give you a brief account of it.

We left camp Crane on Monday, Nov. 11 and went to Camp Merritt, New Jersey the same day. We were there only a few hours and then hiked four or five miles from Camp Merritt, to the Ferry which took us to our ship. We went on board our ship on Tuesday Nov. 12 and sailed on Wednesday, Nov. 13 we were well under way by dark. We only got a glimpse of New York City. The old statue of Liberty looks just like pictures you see of it. The ocean got pretty rough when we got well away

from the coast. The ship we were on isn't a very large one and it rolled and tossed about considerable and believe me there were a bunch of sick boys when we got well out at sea. I mean of course "sea sick". It got me too, but not as severe as it did some of the fellows. I didn't eat anything for two days after leaving the pier at New York. I was too sick, but after that I was alright. The ocean was rather rough for the first three or four days but since then it has been calm and smooth. There are two transports, five fighters, one battleship and several submarine chasers in our group. There was no excitement on the way over here and it is getting rather monotonous. I will be glad when we get on land again.

I understand that we land at Liverpool, England and will likely remain there a few days and then go on to France. I am mighty glad to have been fortunate enough to come over here but would much rather come while there was something going on. As far as I have been able to learn all fighting and hostilities has stopped and I don't imagine that I will stay over here so awful long, of course I don't know though.

I presume you are having some bad weather by this time back there. We had real nice weather all the way across. I guess this is all I will write this time. I hope you are all well. I am as well as can be, so don't worry about me. I will write to you whenever I can. I am sending you a picture of the ship I am on now. It is useless for you to send anything for Xmas as I wouldn't in all probabilities get it. It will all be appreciated just the same. With love and best wishes from your loving brother.

WILBUR,

My address is Mobile Hospital Unit No. 102 American Expeditionary Forces.

France, Nov. 24, 1918.

Kind Mother and Daddie:—

Just come in off a camp this morning. I went to the barn, fed and cuffed my team, then took for the timber looking for wild hog but didn't find any, saw in many places where they had been working but the pines are so thick in places I could hardly get through. Saw three foxes in my rounds. Crossed thru a valley by quite a lake; saw about two hundred wild duck. The farmers don't live on farms like they did in the south or back there; they live in little towns—no farm houses; lots of sheep trails. I was going up a side hill or mountain on a sheep trail when the trail turned to my left. I went on but hadn't gone far until I was out of the thicket on the edge of a canyon looking down on a beautiful little town; couldn't go as I had no pass and was in my working outfit; thought I would look around a bit; climbed down and around a little closer; saw a walk way built up the side of the canyon; wondering where it went when I saw a large old church on a high peak; went around to it. It was closed but not locked; looked all around but couldn't see where any one had been there for some time; windows were broken. I was alone and didn't know whether to go in or not but finally decided to go in. It was the most beautiful place I ever saw; don't think it had been used for years. There were owls and all kinds of birds in it, didn't stay long. Ha, Ha! I have been working a team for two weeks, a nice black team—call them dock and dan.

Roy is on night watch at the barn; has been for three months. I am going back to the steam shovel in the morning; have been on the shovel all the time except 4 or 5 weeks; will be like getting home again. I like it real well, altho there is lots of work.

The job we are now on is a yard, 27 miles of track, two miles of six inch water line, that is, the main line around house of course. Lots of dirt to move with the shovel. I laugh at Roy; he tells me I am a fool for not keeping the team. I like a team but I think I know pretty well how to handle a team and don't know as much of a shovel as I might or I would like to. I think I could handle a shovel by myself, altho I have never been left with one. Dad, what do you think of loading 250 to 300 cars a day? I guess that is pretty good, out of a bank that averages 8 or 10 feet. Have been having some cold weather for a while. I guess its time. There is lots of talk of going home among the boys. No use to talk or think of that because the other fellow will tell us when to go. I am not guessing on it at all. Am all O. K., doing fine both of us.

Roy had a letter from his wife yesterday. I haven't heard from you for a long time had decided not to write until I heard from you thinking I could stand it as long as you could. I gave up and wrote.

REUBEN RUNNER.
Co. B. 18th Engineers R. Y.
U. S. Army P. O. 730.
American E. F. France.

Coblentz, Germany, Jan. 31, 1919
Dear Mother:

Well, it is just exactly ten bells, and so I feel I have about 1 hour for letter writing, of course I have sent you a card or so since I landed here, but I never told you just how I came to get this trip up to Coblentz, Germany.

You see the Y. M. C. A. Educational Books is making a big hit in the 3rd Army, the Army of Occupation and the Hdqs is stationed at Coblentz, Germany. I think I told you in a letter a few weeks ago that we were very busy handling the Y. M. C. A. Educational Books. So last Monday morning I arrived at the office for duty about 8:30 a. m. and no more than I sat down at my desk I noticed a note, sayin that I was to act as a guard and take a car load of Educational Books to Coblentz, Germany, and was to start from the Chaumont, R. R. station at 4 p. m. Monday evening so of course I had to hurry to get my baggage down to the depot. I did not do much work at the office. You know they say you cannot tell what is going to happen so the Chief Clerk sent a Yank from the stock room also so it would not be so lonesome on the trip.

Our car sure was filled from top to bottom and end to end. Two-thirds of the car was Y. M. C. A. Educational Books and the other one-third was taken up with our baggage. Our baggage consisted of 2 field cots, 2 straw ticks, 1 comfort, 11 blankets, shaving outfits, towels, mess kits, etc. In the line of eats we had tomatoes, canned corn, jam, Beans, bread, coffee, different kinds of meat, etc. We also had an alcohol stove so we could warm our eats and drinks. Oh our outfit was complete.

Well at 4 p. m. our car was ready to leave, but the American Special was late, so we did not leave Chaumont until about 10 p. m. Monday evening. We went to bed and in a short time we were hooked on behind the American Special bound for Coblentz, Germany.

Tuesday morning we arose about 6 bells and I acted as chief cook and about 7 o'clock our breakfast was ready. Oh it sure tasted fine and dandy—beans, bread, hot toast, tomatoes and that good coffee. You know I like coffee.

We arrived at Toul about 9 a. m. Tuesday morning. Was in Toul till about 12 M. and then we were bound for Coblentz, Germany, again. The weather was very cold, snowing, etc., but every little bit we would open the side door and take a peep or so outside to see how much different everything looked there than at Chaumont. About 15 or 20 kilometers from Metz that is where our eyes were opened. Oh how many beautiful homes were destroyed, not a single person to be seen in the towns except a few Yanks doing guard duty along the R. R. Talk about your dugouts, trenches, wire entanglements, etc., of the Huns—we sure could see all from the train. We arrived at Metz at 5 P. M. Sure a nice city, strong fortification all around the city.

While our train was taking water at Metz I was talking to a German lad, who said he was only going to be 18 years old in July. Had been in service 21 months. Had deserted 3 times and the third time they left him stay home. He said all boys of 15 and 16 years had to join the army or else be put in irons or in prison. Sure sad to hear such a tale. He also said that the famine had touched many families in Metz, last year, he said their family numbered 7 besides their father and mother and eats were so scarce that two of his little sisters died from starvation, one was 10 years old, the other 6½ years old. We gave the lad a piece of bread and jam. He sure was hungry.

At 5:20 P. M. we started moving again about 40 miles per hour. The Germans sure have a wonderful railroad bed. Their trains are also pretty nice, but of course nothing like the good old U. S. can build. We ate supper in our convoy car at 6 bells. We ate a little of everything that we carried in the line of eats.

We arrived at Luxemburg about 11 p. m. Could not see much on account of it being night. Went to bed at 11:15 p. m. and had a good night's sleep.

Well Wednesday morning about 5:30 a. m. I awoke and got up and peeped and here we were at a standstill in the freight station at Coblentz, Germany. So we got dressed, washed up, cooked our breakfast and then one of us started to find the G. H. Q. of the 3rd Army. We were successful. At 8 a. m. 3 trucks were there to unload the car of Y. M. C. A. Educational for the 3rd Army of Occupation. At 11 a. m. books were checked up and all O. K. Well, then we were at liberty while in Coblentz.

Our first move was to look for a hotel and no more than we stepped outside of the R. R. Station we spied the Hausa Hotel. We registered there

for it was near the depot and then we would not have to carry our baggage very far. Fine hotel, indeed. The best of eats and oh, that soft bed. I felt like I was at home when I got in that soft bed. It felt different than a straw tick.

About 1:30 p. m. Wednesday we started taking in Coblenz. Sure some fine city. Population 56,000. Street car fare is 15 Pfennig per person, about 1-6 of a mark and a mark is valued at 12c at present, so you see you can ride all over the city of Coblenz for about 2 cents.

Well, when we got down to the Rhine River I sure opened my eyes, because the beautiful bridges, all kinds of them, and the scenery is grand and there are many other special features that show why the Germans thought so much of their Rhine River.

Wednesday evening went down to the Fest Halle, that is the building where the Y. M. C. A. have their headquarters. About 9 p. m. Wednesday evening we stepped into a German cabaret and sure enjoyed the evening eating a few sandwiches, drinking a little lemonade with foam on top, and besides that sat and smoked a few cigars and listening to the music. American pieces played by Germans on an Accordion, Zither and Guitar. The waiters were German Damsels—and them red cheeks of theirs and their little Dutch caps—and they would try and sing American songs. We sure had a nice time.

At 10:30 we arrived at the Hausa hotel and Toot Sweet we was in bed. At 7 o'clock Thursday morning we arose, got all dolled up, ate our breakfast and after we got finished eating we started out on our sightseeing tour again. Went down to see the Kaiser's Palace and many other Denkmals of him. They sure thought a good bit of their Kaiser, but not so much anymore.

I have bought many post cards which I am going to send tomorrow sometime. I bought a few pictures and I am going to send them to you as soon as I arrive at G. H. Q. at Chaumont, France. They are for you and sister, Cora. I also have some other souvenirs but I don't know whether I should send them under separate mail or keep them till I hit the good old U. S. You see I sent you a package or two a few weeks ago and if you receive the packages O. K. then I will send everything else that I have in the line of souvenirs.

They sure have a fine Red Cross Canteen here at Coblenz, R. R. station it is open from 6 a. m. to 12 p. m. 7 days a week. Everything free. Large fresh doughnuts they nearly

melt in your mouth. All kinds of ham and cheese sandwiches and good coffee with milk and sugar just suit your taste, and Beaucoup chocolate and cocoa. The more you eat the better you like it. The Red Cross sure is making a hit in the A. E. F. especially in the 3rd Army.

Now it is just about 11:30 p. m. and I think I am going to (cochay) which means going to sleep, so I guess I will come to a close and tomorrow I am going to mail a few post cards to you and the rest, relatives and friends, for I am sure all of you will be glad to receive news from me while I am sightseeing in Coblenz, Germany. I am in the best of health. Hope you and everybody are O. K. Goodbye, Goodnight. With Love.

Your Loving Son,
Pvt. Geo. J. Engel.

St. Vincent Depres, France,
Feb. 5th, 1919.

Dear Sister and All:

Will drop you a few lines tonight. I am all O. K. and hope you are all the same. I haven't had a letter since the one you sent written Jan. 13. It seems like there hasn't been much mail come in for the last two weeks. We got paid again yesterday so I have plenty of change all the time.

Well, I still can't tell you anything about coming home. It is hard to tell anything, we hear so many rumors. We may have to go to Germany yet. No one can tell.

It has been pretty cold for a few days here. It is warmer today. The snow is about all melted again.

I get a few eggs once in a while, from the French. They cost about 10c each. That's why they're so good.

Tell Teddy the "cooties" are not very bad now, most all of the boys are rid of them. We sleep in a barn, it sure is healthy. I'll bet you are having some cold weather there. I'd like to be there and shoot a few of those cottontails. I am in an old French lady's house tonight. I am writing on a table near the fire. The old lady is knitting. I think she lives by herself. We have been trying to talk, but it is quite a job. I can understand her about as well as she understands me, ha, ha.

We drill on the streets. I have a rifle again now. I saw Earl Kleiner, of Batesville, last week. He is O. K. I think we will move from this place in about two weeks, I hope we move towards home, too. I think Holden S. must be in the 35th Division if he is in the 138th Inf.

I know some of the boys from the Div. got a trip to Germany. They paraded there and also in Brussels. They were gone 6 days. I'd sure liked

that. Some that go to Germany for guard duty are liable to get to stay there some time, too.

Well, I will close hoping to hear from you all soon.

Love to all.

Pvt. Benj. G. Johnson.

Edinburg, Scotland,
Dec. 22, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Am leaving here for Liverpool tomorrow after a week spent in the picturesque highlands of Scotland. Leaving Liverpool on Monday night, we took the train for Aberdeen, arriving there at 2 p. m. on Tuesday after a rail journey of thirteen hours. We stopped Tuesday night at the Waverly hotel and saw a good show at the Tivoli theater. Next day, Wednesday, we arose not too early and went out to see the town. First we visited the Bridge of Balgownie, built in the year 800. It's still in good condition and is interesting chiefly from the fact that Robert Bruce led his army across it to the Battle of Culloden. In a little stone hut at the foot of the bridge was a photographer's shop. Here we stopped and had our pictures taken in kilts, the one we wore being the dress uniform of the Gordon Highlanders. Will send you one of them when I get back. Then we saw the Cathedral of St. Machar, which was built in 1010. Entering this building, which, by the way, is still used for services, we saw the old baptismal font, the stained glass windows and decorated ceilings which have stood for centuries. Next we visited King's College and Manschal College and Museum. Wednesday night we stayed again at the Waverly and arose early Thursday morning and went to the fish market. Aberdeen is a great fishing port and at the market we saw the ships unload their cargoes, which were promptly sold by auctioneers to the dealers.

At noon we took the train for Edinburg, arriving here at four o'clock. Here we stopped overnight at the American Welcome club for the night. Friday morning we organized a party of eight soldiers and sailors and secured a guide for a trip to the Lakes. In the afternoon we went through Edinburg castle. Here we saw Queen Mary's room, the throne room, the crown and royal scepter of Scotland, the prison, the palace and all the old cannons used in the sieges of olden days. The castle is situated on a high cliff and, although centuries old, is still in good condition.

About four in the afternoon our party started for Glasgow. Here

we stopped over night at the American Y. M. C. A. and added a few more to our party. The next morning we started for Tarbet, on the Caledonian railway. In our party then there was one American girl, a Y. M. C. A. worker from Nyac, New York. After a trip of about an hour by rail thru the Scottish mountains, we got off at Tarbet. Here we mailed a few cards at the postoffice and walked down to the banks of beautiful Loch Lomond. Here at the pier we took a little boat, the "Princess Patricia," and went about 5 miles up the lake to Inversnaid. Here we got off and, taking a footpath, we ascended a hill past the cascades and a beautiful waterfall. At the top we saw the ruins of an old Scottish fort and the graveyard where nearly all of the garrison is buried. We then descended the hill and were met by two American Red Cross nurses, who joined the party. This made us 25 strong, and everyone an American, too. We then went into the Inversnaid hotel and had a wonderful dinner in their dining room, which faced Loch Lomond and the Grampian range of mountains. From the table we could see the

lake and the mountains, Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis. After the meal we had music for an hour in the drawing room and then lined up by the cascade for a picture of the group. The steamer came back at two and we then took a 20-mile ride on the most beautiful lake in the world. Leaving the boat at Balloch we again caught the train to Glasgow. Here we stayed only an hour and got another train for Stirling. Arriving here our guide took us to the Corn Exchange cafe for supper and then scattered about to various houses for the night. Four of us were with an old Scotchman and his wife and they entertained us in real Scottish fashion. They heated irons and put in the beds to keep our feet warm, and in the morning we had tea and toast in bed. Nothing like that at home. Stirling is a very old city with about 30,000 population. Here they have one street car line, the cars being pulled by horses.

This morning we visited Cambrunneth Abbey, where the body of James III of Scotland lies. From there we ascended a steep hill to the Wallace Monument. This is about 250 feet high, and in the rooms inside there is the sword of Sir William Wallace, also statues of Walter Scott, Robert Bruce, John Knox and other famous Scotchmen. On the site of this monument, Wallace stood and watched the approach of the British just before he defeated them at the Battle of Bannockburn.

From the top of the monument one gets a view of seven famous battlefields, among them the field of Bannockburn, the sites of the battles of Sterling, Linlithgow and several others. Then we had lunch in town and this afternoon went through Stirling Castle. Here we saw the palace, the dungeons, the House of Parliament, the first Scottish mint and the room where Douglas was murdered by King James III., also the room where James IV. was kept during childhood. Mounting the parapet, we saw Queen Mary's lookout, the round table where the knights of old held their games, and the ladies' lookout where the court ladies used to watch the games. Coming down, we passed thru the wild animal den and the ladies' rock where guns were mounted when the castle was captured. We also saw the beheading stone where prisoners were beheaded.

Then we passed through what is the only church of its kind in the world. It is separated in the center by a vestibule and in each end is a room and each Sunday services are held in each end at the same time. In the graveyard about the church I found an old headstone with this inscription:

Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay and are full fed.
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day—
He that goes soonest has the least to pay.

We left there at 4:30 and arrived here about 6 this evening. Tomorrow we are going to visit Holyrood Castle and the art gallery, the Parliament House, etc. Will start home tomorrow evening and will report for duty on Christmas Eve.

Have had a wonderful trip and one that I wouldn't have missed for anything. Am feeling fine and expect to be with you in about four months. Have a collection of souvenirs to send you as soon as I return.

Your loving son,
HAL L. MYERS.

The following is a letter received by Harman H. Steingrueber, of Friendship, from his stepson, Private Earnest F. Hess, who arrived back in the United States on the 10th of January:

Portsmouth, Va.

Jan. 19, 1919.

Dear Mother and All:

I have landed once again in the old U. S. A. and am tickled to be back as I have been gone for over 14 months. I am here in the hospital to be fitted with a glass eye and don't know how long they will

keep me here. I will come home as soon as I can, and stay as long as I can. I hope to get my discharge as soon as I leave the hospital. I hope so, for I have done my bit, having lost my left eye, although I manage to get along alright. Tell Sister Laura to write to me and not to forget her old war veteran brother. When you see Bill Colvin tell him I didn't get to stay long enough to get the Kaiser, but I did stay long enough to shoot some of his best men full of lead and run some of them ragged.

Well, mother, I think I am lucky to get out alive, for when I was wounded there were three of us in a little ditch when a big shell hit it and I was the only one that came out alive. I had been in several battles before. I have faced many machine guns and have seen lots of good Americans killed by them, and also a lot of the square heads killed, too. It is all over now, but I never will forget it. Well, goodbye, must close, with love to all. From your son,

PVT. EARNEST F. HESS.

Naval Hospital, Ward 3, Portsmouth, Va.

(Concluded From Page 1.)

grins and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe. They came to tell how pleased they were the fight had stopped, how glad they were the Kaiser had departed for parts unknown, how fine it was to know they would have a republic at last in Germany.

"No," said one stubborn little Prussian, "it's a kingdom we want."

Whereat his own companions mobbed him and howled him down.

The farthest north at 11 o'clock on the front of the two armies was held at the extreme American left up Sedan way by the troops of the 77th Division. The farthest east—the nearest to the Rhine—was held by those negro soldiers who used to make up the old New York 15th and have long been brigaded with the French. They were in Alsace and their line ran through Thaum and across the railway that leads to Colmar.

Nov. 17, 1918.

Wag. Gilbert A. Goyert,

Amb. Co. 34, A. E. F.

Dearest Folks:—

Just received your last two letters and one from Abe Wanning and was glad to hear from yon and get all the news. But I don't see why you didn't get my letters. I have written to you every week and some times more.

Well you all know that the war is over and I guess everybody is glad of it. I guess you all celebrater it when you heard the good news so did we all the church and school bells and bands in France were kept busy. Everything is quiet at the front now. We used to drive without lights and walked around without lights any where, but now we can have lights

every place and we drive up to the front line with big head lights on. There is no danger anywhere.

The Germans are turning some of our prisoners loose now and today I met hundreds of them on the road. I stopped and talked to some of the boys. They said the Germans did not treat them very good especially with eats and their clothes were made of paper and they looked very ragged. They sure are glad to get back. Well if Germany had not signed up, they would have gotten first what they were looking for, because things were all set on our front for a big drive. But I guess they got enough the way it was and the German people are glad it is over. We are not very busy at present. I was away from my company for a few days evacuating patients from a field hospital to the base hospitals and now I am back to the Co. again. We are turning in some of our cars. I don't know what that means, but I hope that it means on our way back to the boat soon. The way news is just now I may be home for my birthday celebration. Let's hope so anyway. Some say we are among the first and some say last. We are with the regular army now, so can't tell when we will start back.

You wanted to know the ten fellows they are Gilbert Goyert, John Schmith, Al Fritsch, Al Poppenhause, Walter Hasting, Wm. Chaplin, Steingruber and Stegomoeller. I stopped at a little town the other day to take a hot bath and met a fellow that used to work for Mike at Indianapolis. His name is Mr. Shenk. He knew Henry, Clifford and Uncle Will and at the field hospital I met a fellow from New Bethel, where Mr. Boteny lives who knew Mr. Bretzloff and his father helped build Mr. Bretzloff's house where Gust lived in. He seemed to be a nice boy. I have met lots of boys that always knew someone in Batesville. I was glad to hear Henry is getting better. That flu sure must be awful. We have lots of cases too but so far I am feeling fine and have a good appetite all the time. Well I will have to close as it is bed time. Will tell all about France when I get home which I think will be soon. Don't worry about me as I am all O. K. and have plenty warm clothes. Have rubber boots, over shoes, two pair shoes, 3 pairs heavy gloves and about 6 pairs heavy socks and not very much to do, only time does not go fast enough for us now. Hope this finds you all well. Chester Brockman is in Base Hospital but I have never had the chance to meet him. Lots of boys are hunting souvenirs. I could get lots

of them, but I don't think I'll bother with any, although I may bring a few. Will be satisfied if I get back in good health myself and soon. Could get lots of German helmets but are too unhandy to carry. Regards from all the boys and wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your loving son and brother,
Gil.

Ambrose Hickman of New Pennington, is in receipt of the following interesting letter from his son-in-law, Ralph Linville, who previous to his enlistment for service was in charge of the schools at Sunman.

Private Linville's statement that he did his best and the endeavor of

thousands of other freedom loving Americans to do likewise has brought results for "the best" of the American army proved too much for the Germans in every conflict in which they met. Their American spirit and their desire to do their best has made it possible that this Christmas be one of "Peace on Earth."

Romorantin, France.
November 24, 1918.

Dear Dad:—

As I write this letter there are perhaps a million others doing the same thing over here. This is to be "Dad's Xmas Letter" and will probably be the only present I shall be able to send to you this year.

A little over a year ago I entered this service and this letter will be a summary of that time. The time spent at the training camp I shall not relate in any detail, but the experiences that I had thrust on me at the Recruit Depot at Ft. Thomas I shall never forget. It was there that I really saw what the old army game was. A Private there in charge of quarters was bigger than a Major-General would be now. But I never experienced real army until I got to Camp Hancock. This was quite a place but I really enjoyed it for many reasons. I had a real first hand Southern experience, had a real winter in the South, and it was here that I received my first soldier training. Camp Greene presented very little of real interest but it was from here on the 19th day of June that we began our great trip overseas.

We boarded the train that morning, arriving in Jersey City the next evening at 5:30. That night was spent in the station, no one was given a pass even those who lived there in the city. The next morning early we were taken out to Brooklyn Navy Yards and put aboard the Marseilles-Naples Liner "Patria" and she pulled out into the bay and anchored for the night. The night of the 23rd we set sail amid great joy. As we passed thru the forts and passed the great Statue of Liberty I could not help but wonder what the next few days had in store for us. Well, as the sun went down on the first day that I was ever out of the old United States, we were steaming along Long Island, apparently bound for the northern route from Nova Scotia to Liverpool but some time in the night we turned to the south. We were now the only troop ship but with us was one battle Cruiser and four sub chasers. We sailed for two days and came opposite Hampton Roads opposite New Port News and here we met a convoy of five other troop ships. We then struck across the Atlantic accompanied by the cruiser only. For ten long days we sailed over water, water, everywhere. By this time our voyage had extended along the coast of Africa and Spain.

About the 3rd day of July we were met by a convoy of fourteen destroyers for we were and had been for a day or two, in the Danger Zone and were our life preservers constantly. Then came the glorious Fourth. As we steamed through the waters where Germany was supposed to sink all ships, when the sun came up on us the old U. S. Flag was flying over us all and the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner as if to say "To Hell With Germany and Her Subs too." I shall never forget that Fourth. The next day about four p. m. we came in sight

of land. From the ship we could see the rolling landscape of France as we floated thru the channel of the harbor of the quaint French seaport of Brest, France. We unloaded into a tug boat and went ashore and spent the night and next four days in a rest camp, that is we rested all day and worked all night down at the docks.

From Brest we were sent to our present station and there we remained for the period of this war. Our work has been the production of Liberty Aeroplanes, the great production of modern mechanical engineering. I am hardly enough of a mechanic to try to tell you anything of this plane so I shall not try that. Our work has been in the shops most of the time so I can say very little of it, it was construction and that is about all I can say. I could tell more than I can write.

Now that it is all over we are all waiting for the return, which we hope will be very soon, and the great home coming we will have.

This will indeed be a Xmas of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men". America should be proud of her soldiers as we are proud that we are Americans. My earnest desire is that I as a single person may share a prominent place in the love of your soul. I have done the best I could what I considered to be my duties as a real American soldier. I have failed in many respects but I can truthfully say I did my very best.

Wishing you and all a very merry Xmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, I am,

Your Loving Son,
Ralph.

Pvt. 1cl Ralph B. Linville,
9th Co., 3rd Air Service Mech. Reg.
A. P. O. 713—A. American E. F.

Mrs. Susan Johnson and family, of R. R. No. 1, are in receipt of the following letters from their son and brother, Benj. G. Johnson, a member of a machine gun company attached to the 362nd Infantry, his company now being stationed in Belgium.

Somewhere in Belgium.
Nov. 13, 1918.

Dear Folks:—

I got another one of your letters today, dated Sept. 26. You also said you got my card that I landed overseas. The letters don't come to me one after the other as you write them. I received one dated Oct. 2, guess I'll get all the news anyway if I get them all. Well I guess the war is over. It will take a long time to settle up things. It will be quite a while till I get back I suppose. Don't worry as I'm not in any danger now. We have a fine place to sleep. I never saw any of the boys but Harry Wulner from Batesville. Guess they are all scattered out. Well we are drilling again. Guess we'll soon be ready for a big parade in Washington, D. C. I am sure anxious to get there, but I'll have to wait "till my turn comes on the boat, as it's a little too far to swim. Well I hope the good news cheered you all like it did us. Everybody seems happy. Maybe we will be able to tell you more now. Well, I have been traveling around most of the time. Never stopped long in any place. I'll sure have lots to tell you too. I was clear across to France. There are lots of turnips and beets and the grass is nice and green. Must close for this time.

With lots of love from

Ben.

Belgium.

Nov. 17, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—

This leaves me all O. K. and hope you are all the same. I am still in Belgium. We are in a town here called —. It is about 4 miles to —.

That is a big town, but it is sure all shot up. The people all moving back to their homes now. They are all happy that the Boche is gone. We drill a little every day. This is Sunday. We have the day off. There are lots of churches here. It sounds nice to hear the old bells ring. I got a big souvenir for you. It is a German helmet. I picked it up on the battlefields. I hope it gets there O. K. I got it wrapped good and hope it don't get lost. I have all different kinds of money to bring home, Belgium, France and all kind. I am getting plenty candy to eat. Well I don't think I'll be home until next spring. There are lots to go before us. So don't expect to see me for quite a while.

As ever, Ben.

WITH OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

Nov. 8, 1918,

Motor Field Hospital, A. E. F.

Dear brother Herbert:—

I will write you a few lines tonight as I know you folks like to hear from me as often as possible even if it is only a few lines. I am well and hope this will find you all the same suppose you have received several of my letters by this time. I have received quite a bit of mail since I was over here, after it once started and it certainly is a pleasure to me to read letters from home telling how every body is and how things are progressing. I hope you had nicer weather during the month of October than we had last year. It has not been very cold yet over here. We have had but a few hard frosts so far. I don't think it gets as cold over here any way as it does at home. Well it will not be long until Thanksgiving and don't expect to enjoy the day with you folks, but hope it will be one of the happiest days we ever experienced any way. For I hope that the object that we are here for will soon be accomplished. I guess I must close for this time trusting this finds everybody well as it leaves me.

I am as ever Your Loving Brother,
Edgar.

P. S. I am enclosing a little poem that I wrote the title is A Soldier's Thoughts.

A SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS.

As I retire each night to rest,

On my little bed so queer,

With its poultry netting mattress,

Tho to me is very dear,

As I lie there in my slumbers.

I often dream of home,
My dreams are many in numbers,
Of the happy days to come
That when this war is ended

We'll have gained what we intended,

An everlasting peace,

And when I may return,
To those so dear to me.

I never more shall yearn
To cross the deep blue sea.

—EDGAR G. STEINGRUBER.

Liverpool, England,

Nov. 13th, 1918.

Dear Mother:—

At last there is a break in the clouds and we can begin to see the light of Peace, in the mids of all rejoicing over the news I could think only of you and millions of mothers in the U. S. who were shedding tears of joy over the cessation of hostilities. There will never dawn a greater day than Nov. 11, 1918, I can only imagine how great a demonstration there was in the States but it must have been wonderful.

On the morn of the 11th we went to work as usual and one could never have told that the war was nearly over. At eleven a. m. I was on the streets and everything was very quiet when suddenly it seemed that all the whistles in the world were blowing, and the bells in every church burst forth in their merry Peace song. It seemed as if the crowds sprang right out of the ground and within an hour all the downtown streets were literally packed with a twisting and shouting mass of humanity. The narrow streets here were soon so crowded that practically all traffic was stopped. One could hardly force his passage through. And such a wild scene as ensued for the next twelve hours, never before have I witnessed anything like it. Parades were organized hurriedly and were joined in by cheering thousands. Shops and residences gled with each other to have the biggest display of flags of the Allies and people who a few hours before had passed each other without even a word now were embracing each other wildly. Our small bunch of Yanks were sadly outnumbered but we held our own in the demonstration. All work was suspended immediately and we joined in the happy throng. I found time to have my picture taken with a cosmopolitan a crowd as could be assembled. In the group were British marines, sailors and Tommies, French Pottius, War's Land girls and last but not least American soldiers and sailors. If they turn out well it will be a treasured possession in after years. On our quarters Old Glory which has been kept furled since our arrival, burst forth in the sunshine with her color's bathed in new glory. Never before did our flag seem so grand to me as it floated proudly in the breeze over our little bit of

Yankee land over here. And her colors always severed took upon themselves a new meaning for all of us. A new pride was born in by breast that I had followed that flag over sea and had even a small part in her new triumph. From every side people were cheering us and old fathers and mothers with tears streaming down their cheeks invoked God's blessing on the Yanks.

The enthusiasm has cooled down somewhat but even now a band of buglers and drummers are kicking up a row in the street in front of our quarters. If the end of the war means a lot to you now, imagine what it would mean to you had it gone on three more years. Of course it will be a long time before we are home yet but we know the time is near and even now we have visions of being Homeward Bound and sailing into New York harbor past the statue of Liberty. I think I have written enough for this time. Give my love to all. Am well and enjoying myself more than ever, now that the war is over. Your loving son in Khaki.

SERGT. 1ST CLASS HAL L. MYERS

Medical Supply Depot U. S. A.

Liverpool, England, A. E. F.

309 Engr's Co. A.

Amer. E. F. Nov. 2, 1918.

Dear Dad:—

Well I am feeling fine and we are in a good camp (the one I was in when I wrote last time.) We are in squad tents now. Have good bunks and plenty to eat. Are still working on the saw mill. Have the framing done, but have not done anything else at it. I have not been out on the job every day. Some of us have to stay in camp to police it and build a bath house. I worked on the bath house a day or two. When we first came here we had a time to get water. Had to carry all we had for about a quarter of a mile. Now we have a pipe that brings it to the bath house and kitchen. Will have the camp in fine shape in another week.

I was down town this evening bought a tablet and some envelopes. They cost me four francs or 80 cents in our money. They sure put the price upon us over here and laugh at us for paying it I guess.

Have you heard from Lewis lately? I would sure like to see him, and would not be surprised if I would see him sometime when I go down town. Am always looking for him. There is a rumor out that the war will soon be over also another one that there is a bill before Congress to keep us over here 22 months after the war is over. I do not know whether there is any truth in either but hope I get to come home as soon as the war is over.

How are you getting along with the corn husking? Wish I could put in

a few days in the corn field. This job I am on now beats drilling all hollow, but would rather be shucking corn or hunting rabbits. Suppose you don't have much time to go out. There ought to be lots of game for there are so many gone to camp that there will be no one to get them. Will close hoping to hear from you often.

Your loving son,
Orvil R. Walker.

France, Nov. 7, 1918.

Dear Mother:—

As I have a little spare time I will drop you a line. I guess we will soon be coming home as the war is about over only one country to fight and they are pretty well done up.

We are having a rainy spell at present, it shows and drizzles almost every day. But I still hold on to good health and it don't seem to affect me in the least. Some of the boys are continuously having colds. But not like the boys are sick in the States (flu.)

We have been drilling a little today To get the old rust off and make us nimble again. That's so we will be worthy of our nickname Yanks. I was reading a piece in the paper the other day and according to the paper the name Yank has a good meaning and we have to rank up to the name. Look it up for yourself and I guess you will decide the Americans deserve the name. (Yanks.)

I run across a couple of fellows from Indianapolis that I was acquainted with. I used to know one of them well and the other one I have seen a few times. They were brought in by request and happened to fall into the same company that I fell in. But of course all are counted the same over here and there is no difference. It is much different from in the States, but in that respect I like it better. For everyone is treated the same. According to his actions. That is all for tonight Your Son.

LEWIS WALKER.

Prov. Co. 116th Military Police.

Amer E. F., France.

Camp McClellan, Nov. 11, 1918

Dear Mother:—

I received your letter today and was very glad to get it. I haven't heard from home for so long because I told you I was going to move. We have been expecting to be moved for two weeks but don't think we will now.

I wrote to Dad yesterday and to Edith today. I want you to write to me often. Mother, I am as happy as I can be only I would like to be back home just for a little while at least.

You spoke about Grandfather Roberts being down here to the Lookout Mountain in Sherman's march to the sea. I saw the battle-

field where the battle of Chickamauga was fought on my way down here. This camp is located in an old battle field. I would like to have sometime off to run around down here and see what I could for there is lots to see.

Mother, have a good time over the peace terms for that is what we all desire. Wish I was back to make some noise.

I was very sick for a while with the flu but not near as sick as some of the others. I did not tell it until I was about well for I knew you would worry about me. There is no use for you to worry about us boys for we are all coming back.

Well, I will have to quit for I want to write to Corabelle before I mail this. Write as soon as you can

because I like to hear from home. With love. Your Son. MARC.

PVT. WALTER M. WALKER.

Battery B, 26th Reg. F. A.

Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Harley C. Griffith to his mother at Napoleon.

U. S. S. Bresse,

Cfo P. M. New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Emma Griffith,

Napoleon, Ind.

My Dear Mother:—

Well I am on board ship now for good and am on a good ship I believe. Today is our first day aboard. Brand new, put her is commission tomorrow morning—she is the very latest thing in torpedo boat destroyers. We go out the last of this week or first of next—go to Newport, R. I., for torpedoes and ammunition, from there I know no one else except Washington knows. But it is rumored that we will go to the Mediterranean for duty. Our quarters are of the very best—we can go as fast as a passenger train, made over thirty-five knots on our speed run, that equals to about forty miles an hour, she wasn't opened up to her full speed then.

It was my intentions to write a big long letter but there is too much doing around to suit me, also the fresh but dry paint hurts my eyes.

They are having a time ashore with the flu but we have it all checked. Many of the fellows died with it.

Well mother dear, will promise a longer letter next time. Hoping you are all fine as can be, am your Loving Son. HARLEY.

One of the (inexplicable?) features of the recent campaign which has come to our attention is the failure of the Republican soldier boys in the camps and cantonments in this country to get their applications for absent voters ballots.

The Republican county committee in this county as in every other county in Indiana, saw to it that every Republican voter in the camps was mailed an application for an absent

voters ballot. The Democratic committees of the ninety-two counties of the state did likewise. Now for the (inexplicable?) part. The Democratic voters received their applications and returned them, got their ballots and voted. Many Republican boys did not receive theirs. Some of the Republican boys wrote to friends or relatives to send them an application and a second application was sent. In several cases the third application was sent but very few of the boys received them unless they were registered. The solution of the why and wherefore of this matter is entirely too deep for our feeble mind to fathom and we leave it to our readers. If any of you solve it we would like to have you call around and whisper your solution in our political ear.

Mr. James Willson, husband of our accommodating assistant postmistress, Mrs. Margaret Willson was one of the unfortunate boys. Jim of course was under the impression that no application had been sent him by the Republican workers, but we have the word of the secretary, Mr. Daily E. McCoy, a man whose word is unquestionable that one was sent in ample time. The boys thought it strange that the workers did not care enough about their votes to send them an application.

The following letter from Mr. Jas. Willson, of Camp McClellan, Alabama to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willson, of Elrod, is one of the numerous cases that have been called to our attention.

Camp McClellan,

Nov. 5, 1918

Dear Folks:—

I am still here in the same old place. We have been ready to leave for a week and are just loafing around waiting the word to start. I have been expecting to go every day but we are still here and no telling when we will go for they keep fooling around every day and I believe they are just killing time to see what is going to happen on the other side. I think there has about enough happened there now to settle the war for good. The impression here is that the end is almost in sight. I have fully recovered from the influenza and feel better than I ever did. I received the telegram last Friday that you sent me October 15 same quick service. A man could have walked the distance quicker than that came.

I lost my vote good and slick for I just got my ballots yesterday noon of course there was no chance then.

Seems to me like the Republican party is asleep this year for very few Republican boys here got their ap-

plications. All the Democrats got theirs alright and in good time too. It wasn't your place to send me the

application it was the place of the politicians to look after that. If they don't think enough of us boys votes to send us the application in time I think they had better go out of business.

I will be glad when the election is over for I think the war question will be settled soon after. I have been transferred to Headquarters Co. of the same regiment 25 F. A. I am very well pleased with the change I hated to leave the boys at Battery A but I have a better place here, Headquarters Company isn't a fighting organization it is composed of the Band, Radio, Telephone operators, clerks, bookkeepers, etc for the rest of the regiment. There are four of us Ripley county boys here, Wm. Tebbing, "Bum" Wagner, of Osgood, and a Scheidler from Morris. Wagner and Schneider play in the band, Tebbing and I are Radio operators. The whole regiment will move together so I will be with the old bunch, most of the time. Margaret tells me that Wilbur Duncan died at Camp Mills with the flu. Was surprised to hear that for the last I heard he was almost well. It is about done for here now we very seldom hear of it any more still another man from Battery A died from the effects of it yesterday that makes five out of a battery of about 175 men. Four of them were from Indiana and one from Kentucky.

You can still write to me here for our letters will follow us wherever we go. Will have to close as I am on guard tonight and will have to get ready. We are having fine weather here now. How is it at home. Write to me whenever it is convenient. As ever Your Son,
JAMES W. WILLSON,
Headquarters Co. 25th F. A.

Mechanics James C. Shook writes his sister, Mrs. Ethel Roberts, of Delaware:

Somewhere in France,
October 2, 1918.

Dear Sister:—

Will drop you a few lines to let you know I am all O. K. and feeling fine. I would have written sooner but could not get enough paper to write to all. I was up to see my brother Cecil Sunday. He is all right except a cold. We made the trip fine I felt a little sick one day but not much. I have seen some fine country but they are a hundred years behind the U. S. They have two wheeled carts pulled by little jinnys or cattle, mostly cattle. The people wear wooden shoes. They raise lots of grapes here and make wine. Lots of nuts grow here to. Such as Chestnuts and English walnuts. We have nice quarters to stay in and beautiful surroundings. But I would never get used to their way of living.

I have been blackberrying a few

times. There are lots of nice ones—much sweeter than our berries—and they never use them so we get a lot to eat.

Well we can't write much only to let you know how we are so I will close for this time, love to all.

By, By. MECH. JAMES C. SHOOK
Co. A. 335th Inf.
American E. F.
A. P. O. 905.

With Our Soldier Laddies

IN-SUBMARINE FIGHT ON WAY OVERSEAS.

Frank H. Kramer writes a very interesting letter to his father John Kramer for Father's Day, in which he recounts some of his many wonderful adventures overseas.

Warville, France.

Nov. 24, 1919

Dearest Dad:—

This letter will be your Xmas and it is also a treat for me to get to write it for censorship is no more and Nov. 24 has been set aside as Father's Day over the whole A. E. F. and every soldier is requested to write a letter to his father and he is getting the facts and many interesting stories that have been secrets for many months. I am well and feeling great. We are at a little town or what is left of it, called Montigny. It is a couple of miles east of the Meuse river. The river is where Kaiser Bill lost out. We have a large engineer dumper. The Germans only left it a few weeks ago. We live in the factory building. The first time I have slept in a building since I have been in France. We have a nice big stove in the center of the room that is as big as a bakery stove and beds made by Germans filled with shavings and we also have a piano. When Fritz was occupying this territory he sure thought he was going to stay. He had gardens and had built a lot of nice buildings and when he left it he went so fast that he didn't have time to move much. The capture of this dump was a pretty good haul. It is full of all kinds of tools, trunks and railways. I have been where the big guns cough for the last month and it sure is a relief to have quietness. Up till the Armistice was signed there were shells going over our heads all night and day and when one burst it only made a hole big enough to put a house in and the country is full of them. You would wonder after seeing it that any of us would get to come home and it is sure, there will be quite a few that won't. I can say I am lucky for once. I have thought many times that my time here was getting short, but it always turned some other way. I

have tried to sleep right up against an eight inch gun and there were many of them. It was a constant flash day in and day out. That is how we won the war. We never stopped or allowed anything to stop us. On a clear night Fritz would always come over and see us in his bombing planes and you could hear him coming by the sound of the motor and every bomb he dropped would be closer and you would think you were next but luckily I was not. We had a taste of war before we got over here. On Sunday morning, Aug. 11, about 300 miles off the coast of France we were attacked 3 times by German submarines. The first time about 7:30 a. m., the next time 10 a. m. and the third time about 3:30 p. m. We got two of them. When we left Hoboken, N. J., it was about 4:30 p. m., August 1. There were nine ships in the convoy including one battleship and one submarine chaser. On the seven ships were 45,000 troops. The deck where I slept at night was below the water line—good bait for subs. When we arrived there English submarine chasers took us thru the danger zone. We took a southern course. I was seasick for about twelve days and landed at Brest on the Biscay Bay. You can find all these places on the map. Land sure did look good to me. We stayed there one week and then went to Gondrecourt; that was five days and four nights on a train. Railroads are very slow. I think the distance is about 500 miles, and from there we hiked 60 miles, all after night to a town called Dumball and then to Montfaucon. It is a town on top of a high hill and is where in 1914 the Kaiser watched the battle of Verdun and made the statement that he would eat Thanksgiving dinner at Paris, but he did not get there. Around this sector there was tough fighting, especially thru Argonne forests. We just left them and are now on pretty level country. I am about 200 miles from Paris now but have been pretty close. I was at Dun yesterday; that is about six miles north of Montigny—25 of us went to take a bath. Nearly all of us have cooties, but it can not be helped, sleeping in all kind of places and

with everybody. I have not had my clothes off since I got on the ship at New York and now it is too cold and you never know when you would have to jump up and move. You can imagine how I will feel when I get back in a real bed and can get up when I get ready. I saw some French people moving back to their homes yesterday. They never had much to see of them, but they seemed glad to get back. I have a little map to show you where I am, so don't destroy it. Well, Dad I can not go into detail and tell you all for it would take too long and I could never write it, but I am expecting to be home before long. I am in the first army, that is, the first 1,250,000. I guess they will be the first home. I hope so. I guess they are sending the wounded and sick home now. Well, Dad, I will have to close and will write soon again I hope you'll have a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Tell mother and all I said hello and send love and kisses to all.

Your Son,
FRANK.

THERE IS A DAY CALLED FATHER'S DAY.

The following poems were written by Cook Edgar G. Steingruber, of the A. E. F., to his father, Henry Steingruber, of near Friendship, on "Father's Day" and also a poem for his mother on "Mother's Day."

There is a day called Father's Day,
So says our Uncle Sam,
And now, as I'm so far away,
I'll write just how I am.

I still enjoy the best of health,
Here in this foreign land,
I came not here, seeking wealth,
But to give a helping hand,
And father, you are helping too
But in a different way,
But toiling with a heart so true.
From morn 'till night, each day.

Now as the gloom begins to raise,
And the future seems more bright,
We mustn't forget to give some praise
To those backing us in the fight.
So boys, when telling what you have done,

And trials you have had,
Remember each and every one,
Don't forget your Dear Old Dad.

FOLLOW THE TEACHINGS OF YOUR MOTHER.

There are many mothers with hearts that yearn,

For the time of their son's safe return.

And many are the boys that are longing too,

To be back with their mother, so kind and true.

For it is now, the value we really see
Of the teachings we received on mothers' knee.

For it was with a heart full of mother's love,

She taught us to trust in the One above.

And with our trust in Him secure,
Our trials are easier to endure.
We are trusting in Him for a safe return,
And more of mother's teachings learn.
So as you live from one day to another,
Follow the teachings of your dear mother.

EDGAR G. STEINGRUBER.
France, Feb. 16, 1919.

The following letter from Pvt. Elmer Hankins to his sister, Mrs. Lula Greenwood, was handed us for publication:

Molenee, France,
Feb. 16, 1919.

My Dear Sister:—

It is with pleasure that I am writing to let you know that I am living and all O. K. I guess you think I should write to you often but I have been writing and haven't had a letter from any one since October. Did you get the letter I wrote in October? I was at the front and in battles and believe me I don't care to go there any more. I came thru alright. How are you anyway and how are they all down home? I would just love to see you all. I do hope that I get home in time to farm this spring and I think I will. I'll sure be glad to get back. Do they hear from Edgar Elston? I haven't seen him since we come over. Sure would like to know if he is dead or alive. Where is Don Whitham and Everett Burress? Tell them hello. This is a pretty country, are having plenty of rain over here. I like France fine but the U. S. A. is good enough for me. I suppose the 84th Division is home by now. Guess there are lots of boys coming home. I expect to be home before I can hear from you but write anyway. I drill of mornings and go to school in the afternoon so you see I am pretty busy yet. Well, I will close hoping to hear from you soon. With love to all.

As ever, Your brother,
PVT. ELMER HANKINS,
80 Div., 320 Infantry, Company A.,
Molenee, France.

Holton, Indiana March 31, 1919.
The Editors of the Versailles Republican:—

Enclosed find a letter written to me from a nurse for a soldier boy thanking me for the socks he received that I had knit and if you have room wish you would kindly publish it as I have had people tell me that our socks would never reach France. This is an exact copy of her letter as I wanted to keep hers. Respectfully,

MRS. C. B. WILMETH.
American Red Cross, Inter Office letter,
March 1, 1919.
From: Home Service Bureau, Yours
To: Mrs. C. B. Wilmeth, Holton, Ind.
Subject: Bingham La Belle, Co. D, 103 Inf. 26th Div., A. E. F.

My Dear Mrs. Wilmeth:—

The soldier above named asked me to write you and tell you he was the boy who drew your knitted socks. We found the note and the boy wanted you to know how much he appreciated getting them.

This soldier is only eighteen years old and has been through the Chateau Thierry Drive and has gone over the top nine times. He wears two wound stripes and has been over here since June, 1917, he is a very fine boy and a splendid soldier. He is being sent home before his division, as he is classed in D class and will return on

Hospital ship. I expect he will be back in the United States by the end of March or the beginning of April. You have no idea of the appreciation of our soldier boys in all that you American women have done and are doing. The stockings are beautifully made and the boys love them. This soldier boy lives in Burlington, Vermont. I expect he will be released as soon as he is relieved from hospital. I know you would love to know that your socks really did arrive over here and are being used for our soldier boys.

KATHRYN ANNA COLLINS,
For Bingham LaBelle.

Monte Carlo, France.
Mar. 8, 1919.

Dear father, mother, brother & sisters

I wrote you from Dijon, France, on my way down here on my seven-day furlough. I came here last Wednesday and will leave here next Wednesday by the way of Marseilles and Lyon. Have been busy seeing sights and am sending you some post card views of some of the places around here, but everything is finer than it looks on the cards.

There is some class and style here, as this is the greatest place of its kind and the most expensive place in the world. It is along the coast and the Alps mountains are all along the coast. Rich people from all over the world come here during the winter, as the climate is fine; sun shines here same as in summer time. Climate is about like the south coast of California. Oranges and lemons are growing here. Women are out on the beach with their umbrellas—also a dog and a cane. I don't expect you could buy the clothes they wear here for less than a thousand dollars.

I was down to Nice, France, yesterday. It is a pretty place and I was up in Italy, Thursday. Sent you some post card pictures from Italy. This morning I was up to a tower on the mountains—an old ancient place. Ruins there that were built by the Romans before Christ; this evening I went and visited the Prince of Monaco Palace and Museum. There is a place here called the Casino (marked on the cards.) I was in it the other morning and it is the finest

place I ever saw or ever will see again. Have a Kodak with me and will get some nice pictures. Will not write any more from here so I can tell you all about it when I get home. Hoping this will find you well I remain as ever.

PVT. WALTER BAKER.
28th Engineer Co., A. E. F.

(By Carey Torps.)

Banjour Martinique.

Dear Editors:—

As for my cruise in the West India Island we have visited a new port which is called Fort-de-France. We dropped the mud hook of our super-dreadnaught, Utah, on which I have served all of my time since I've been doing sea duty. I'd like to say a few words to the folks about some of the history of what I saw in three days. It sure was a wonderful sight for one to see. The capitol of this Island is Martinique and a French Island in the lesser antilles discovered by Columbus in the year of 1502. The island has an area of 381 square miles the greater part of which is of volcanic origin. The highest point on the Island is Mount Pelie, situated in the north eastern part.

Before the eruption of this volcano in May 1902 it was about 4,300 feet but has increased to 5,200 feet owing to the deposit of volcanic matter at its summit. These eruptions occurred in 1762 and 1851 neither of which were very violent. In April 28, 1902 the active opening of a grate one half mile wide, in what is known as dry lake, warning of impending danger, an avalanche of boiling black mud began issuing from the crater and destroyed nearby plantations.

On May 8th came the great explosion, when a black cloud of steam charged with glowing incandescent particles and at the same time was spitting fire, destroyed St. Piene and buried 99,000 people alive in a period of a few minutes. Only two from that city were saved. On August 30 following, a second eruption occurred destroying several small towns and causing the loss of about 25,000 lives.

For some time after the second explosion the volcano was continuously active in discharging vast quantities of boiling mineral matter and ashes.

During this eruption it is estimated the discharge matter was lifted over 1,500 feet above the crater and had an initial velocity of 100 miles an hour.

The steam descended miles into the air, spreading out into a broad mushroom like canopy.

An extraordinary feature of this eruption was a giant mass of rock obelisk shaped which was pushed up through the summit to the height of 808 feet with a thickness at the base of 350 feet, strangely this afterward disappeared.

The Island proper is made up with

mountains with beautiful valleys between its rugged hills about one-third of its territory is under cultivation, the principal crops being sugar cane, coffee, tobacco, cotton and a few other things. There are only a few railways in Martinique and these are on private plantations.

Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence. In 1839 Fort-de-France was partially destroyed by a quake. Its present population is about 28,000.

Few of the ancient Carib Indians are left on the Island, which in 1911 had a population of 184,984, composed of negroes and mulattos.

A governor appointed by the home government in Paris administers the affairs of Martinique. Well, by us being there only three days, we all had a fine time and enjoyed ourselves.

And as we sailed away from that Island we could still see the same smoke and hot vapor coming up from that large volcano hole. It sure was a sight to see.

WILBUR JONES TELLS OF WAR EXPERIENCES.

Private Wilbur Jones, son of Mayor Frank S. Jones, of Columbus, (former residents of Versailles) has written a letter to his friend Gregor Hendricks of Columbus which relates his experience in the war zone. Although in the midst of hard fighting, Jones escapes uninjured. The letter follows: Engers, Germany, Feb. 25, 1919.

Dear Gregor:—

Well, old boy, I expect you think I have passed into another world, but this will let you know that I have not. I received a letter from you quite a while ago, but I have not answered it yet. I will undertake to tell you a few of my experiences while in France, but will save the most of them until I get back to God's country.

I landed in Glasgow, Scotland, October 2, 1917, and stayed in England until the night of October 5 when we crossed the channel in a side-wheeler a boat which has a large paddle wheel on each side. You have probably heard that the channel is the roughest bit of water on the globe and I sure believe it.

I was some sick coming across the ocean, but in the four or five hours that it took us to cross the channel I "heaved up" my toe nails. It was a pretty stormy night and that old side-wheeler sure did acrobatic stunts.

I spent a very hard winter in building hospitals. It rained nearly every day for two months and we had no boots nor did we have good billets. We received engineer and infantry drill in the spring of 1918 and on the first of June landed at Chateau-Thierry, or rather Belleau Wood. The second engineer went in the front lines there with the marines

and we sure had a good time. You have probably read all about Belleau Wood and Mason probably told about us being there. I spent a week there. Then when the Chateau Thierry salient was wiped out we, the second division, were just a few kilometers south of Soissons. Here the second engineers went over the top for three kilometers. In the St. Mihiel drive the second division captured Thiaucourt, the largest town captured by the Americans. I went over the top there and cut the barbed wire entanglements, with others, of course, and then went along with the dough boys.

On September 1 the second division attacked the French army, attacked on the Champagne front and here the marines captured in a half hour Mont Blanc, the mountain which the French had tried five times in a week to capture.

The Boche offered strong resistance here in the mountains and woods. I was attached to one of our machine gun battalions for three days and saw quite a lively time. On the Champagne front two French officers distinguished themselves, General Vin Blanc and Captain Vin Rouge. I had the pleasure of meeting both of them. You may think this rather odd that a common "buck" should meet two officers, but I will explain when I get home, for the censor might forbid such news in a letter.

On Halloween night we marched up to the line on the Meuse-Argonne front for the drive on November 1. Here I went over the top again to cut wire and went with the marines eight kilometers the first day of the drive. On November 10, the last night of the war, B company put a foot bridge across the Meuse river, and next to Belleau Wood, it was the worst place that I was ever in during the war. The Boche had machine guns lined in a woods just 50 yards from the river and they sure like to shoot up ammunition. The big guns in the rear also opened up on us and I expected to be carried out of there on a stretcher—if I went at all. However, I came thru all right. I have been in nearly every big American fight and I have not been wounded at all and have never been to a hospital. However, many and many a time I wished that a small piece of shrapnel would hit me so that I would be "safely" wounded and could go to a hospital for a while. Now I am very glad that I was never touched.

After the armistice was signed we started for the Rhine, and here I am now on the eastern bank of it. That does not mean that I am satisfied for I am very anxious to get home, but I think it will be mid-summer before I again see the States.

Before we crossed the Atlantic we spent 10 days at Halifax, N. S., making 23 days on board ship without getting off. Besides that port I have

seen Ireland, passed thru Scotland
and resided three days in England,
lived quite a few months in France,
gone through Belgium and Luxem-
burg, and am now "killing time" in
Deutschland. How is that for a
globe trotter? What worries me now
is a job.

PRIVATE WILBUR W. JONES,
Co. B, Second Engineers A. E. F.

3. Photographs.

A. Gold Star Men.

List Incomplete.



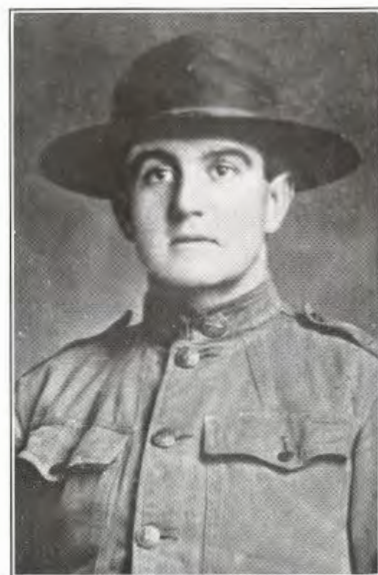
Harry C. May,
Co. B, 334th Inf. 84th
Div. Died, Sept. 28, 1918
at Nogent, France.



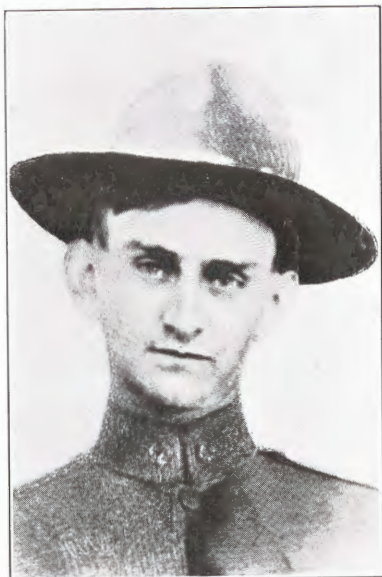
Edward Lawrence Biddle,
Co. C, 25th Inf., 8th Div.
Died, killed in action.
Died of pneumonia
at Camp Taylor, Feb. 22, 1919.



Coy Lammiman,
Co. M, 120th Inf.,
81st Div.
Killed Sept. 29, 1918
at St. Quentin, Fr.



Wm. Walter, Sergeant,
Co. K, 20th Div., 7th Corps,
Died of dysentery,
Jan. 2, 1919. - Germany.



Hugo Pratt,
 25th Div.
 Killed Oct. 6, 1918 at
 Meuse-Argonne, Fr.



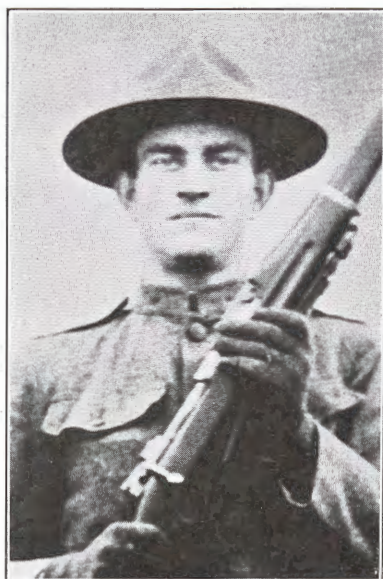
Chris Endles,
 33rd Div.
 Killed, Oct. 10, 1918
 near Vauzy underground, Fr.



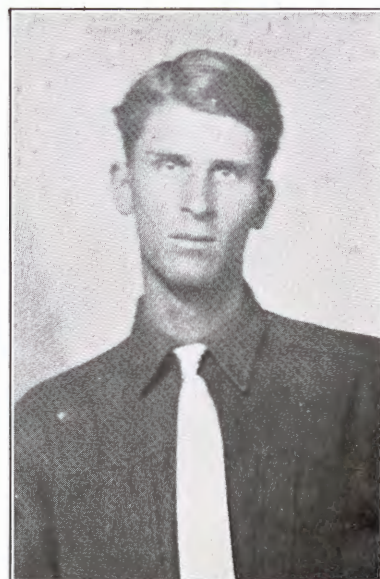
Jesse ...
 C.R.C. Died at
 Balerille, Ind. --
 June 4, 1920 - Tuberc.
 ulosis.



Lee Ishcraft,
 33rd Div.
 Killed, Sept. 29, 1918
 at St. Quentin, Fr.

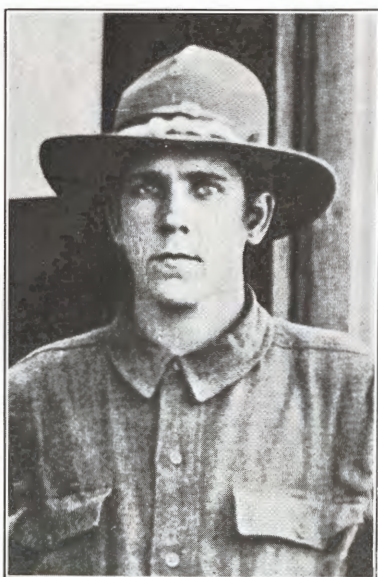


Capt. Harrington, Sgt. 1st
 Co. 2, 160th Inf.,
 42nd Div. "Rainbow"
 Died from Railway accident,
 Jan. 16, 1919, Cobleskill, N.Y.



Chas. Sanderson,
 U.S. Naval Reserve,
 1st Lt., Va.
 Died, May 2, 1917.

Bill of W.D. Soule, Lt.,
 From 2, 10, 14/18.



Thos. Brown,
 Co. C, 119th Inf.,
 80th Div.



Wm. King,
 Co. D, 120th Inf.,
 80th Div.
 Died at Arras, Fr., Nov. 6, 1918.



Corporal John L. Bland,
Co. M., 120th Inf.,
30th Div.
Died of gas, Nov. 2, 1918
at Louville, France



Philip Levine,
Cincinnati, Ohio
Died of pneumonia
Nov. 2, 1918.



Clarence Beck,
U.S.N.R., Puget Sound
Died of pneumonia on
Oct. 28, 1918.



John Flick,
Co. D, 119th Inf.,
35th Div.
Died of wounds at Douaumont,
Oct. 16, 1918.



John Vestal,
Co. A, 335th Regt.,
84th Div.
Died at Camp Taylor, Ky, March, 1918.



W. E. W. Dunning,
Co. E, 165th Regt.,
84th Div.
Died Dec 28, 1918
at Camp Mills, L.I.

Died, Sept. 24, 1918
at Lakes, Ill.



~~Robert~~ Roy,
U.S.N.R., 1st
Class M.T.S.



Theodore Vebes,
Co. A, 335th Regt.,
84th Div.
Died May 9, 1920
Pneumonia

Died at Camp Sevier,
I.C., May 17, 1918.



Edward Hanson,
C.R., 35th Inf.
Co. C, 117th Inf.,
25th Div.



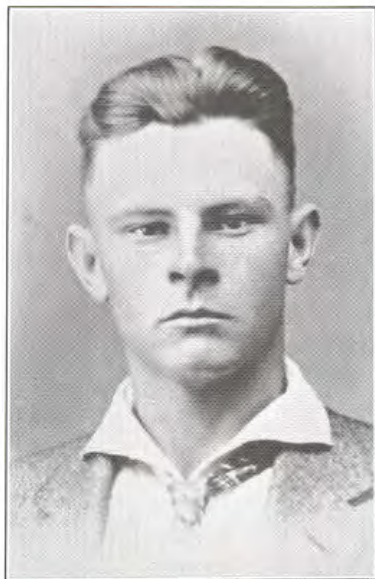
Earl H. H. H.,
Capt., 125th P.
20th Div.
Killed, Oct. 18, 1918, A. Quentin.



Henry Edward Schmitt,
Corpl., Co. M, 125th Inf.,
25th Div.,
Died of wounds, Oct. 14, 1918, A. Quentin, Fr.



Earl D. Dorney,
U.S.S. Wisconsin
Died at sea, September 30, 1915.



Wm. Gordon,
U.S. A.R., died
at Camp Lusk, N.M.
Jan. 26, 1918.



Wm. Lindner,
Capt, 836 to Capt,
84th Div. died
at Camp Lusk, Dec. 28, 1917.



Clifford Parker,
105th Div. Reg.
died at Chiles, O. Camp
S. on Oct. 4, 1918.



For J. E. Hunter,
First Lieut, M.R.C.
104th Div. 38th
died at Camp Lusk, N.M.
April 18, 1918.



Chester Beck,
Master Truck 464,
M.S. Tr. 4, 8, to the Army
Dec 31, 1919 Corporal
-Inde. 1918.



Leon W. Ware,
Corporal, Co-M, 120th
120th Inf., 30th
Div. 1918
Killed at St. Quentin.



Harry Hunter,
C.B., 334th Inf.,
84th Div.
Killed at St. Quentin, 7, 1918.



Wm. E. Ward,
Co. K, 117th Inf.,
84th Div.
Killed at St. Quentin, 7, 1918.



Jas. Alva Francis,
victim in 3rd cl.,
U.S. Destroyer,
Died at sea, 1917. Jacob Jones.



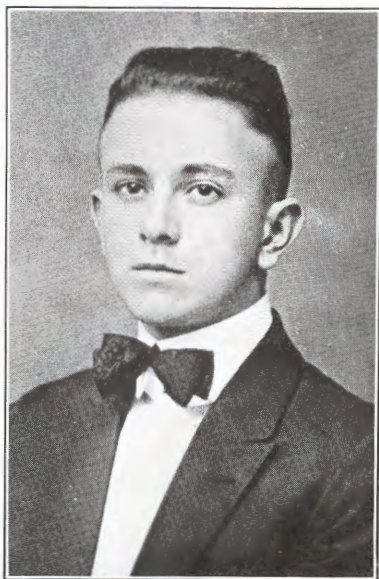
Sup. 2 D. Jones,
Co. A, 23rd Lt.,
84th Div.
Died at Camp Taylor,
Tex. 241/17.



Ray. Brownham,
Hdqr. Co. 1st,
4th C.A.
Died at V.A. 1, 1918, Fr. 11/18.



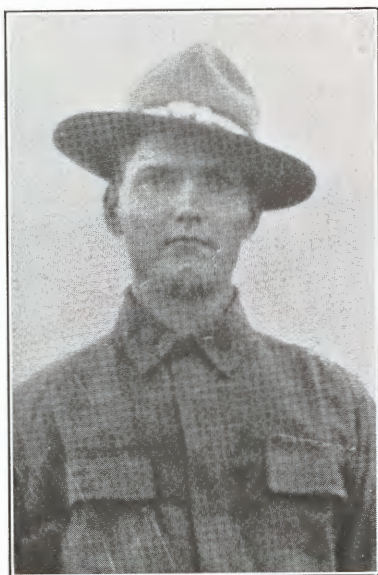
Sam. H. Jones,
Co. 7th, 120th Lt.,
33rd Div.
Died Oct. 28, 1918 at
Rover, Fr. named.



William Whitman,
Co. K, 28th Inf.,
1st Div. Killed at
Ardennes, France, Oct. 6, 1918.



Evan A. Demaree
Co. 499, Aer. Sq.,
in Service. Died
at T. Nazaire, France, Feb. 20, 1919.



Harry W. Smith,
Co. F, 28th Inf., 1st Div.
Killed at
Causery
May 29, 1918.



Edward J. Marting
Co. C, 53rd Engineers,
Tank Service. Died
at Neuve-France,
May 24, 1918.



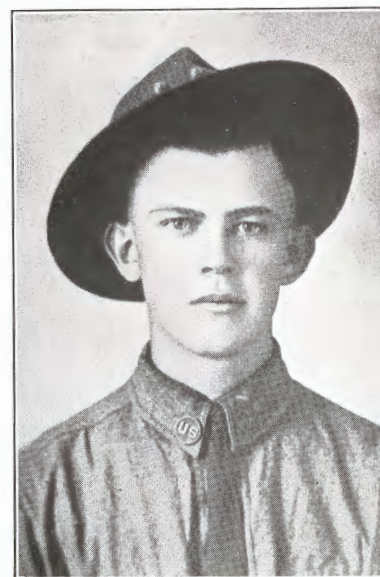
Adrian,
Med. Dept., Regular
Died July 5, 1917 at
Camp. 3, C.S.



Houston, Robert
350 to Capt.
Died at Camp Gordons
Ga., April 19, 1918.



21st Inf.
Co. E, 4th Regt.
Killed in France,
July 29, 1918.



Earl Brannen
Wayne Co., 100, 2nd
First Division
Died at Revers, France on
Feb. 16, 1918.

*1st John F. Fuchsmeyer;
 821. Died at
 Terre Haute, Ind. Dec. 13, 1918.
 821.*



Frank Wentz

Co.B. 1 Anti-Aircraft M.G. Bn. Died,
 April 2, 1920 by an accident at
 Osgood, Ind. Served from July 28,
 1917 to May 23, 1919. Overseas from
 April 1918 to May 1919.



Forrest Clyde Bultman

Terre Haute S.A.T.C. Died at
 Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 17, 1918
 of influenza.

B. Men receiving medals and citations.

Photographs.

List Incomplete.



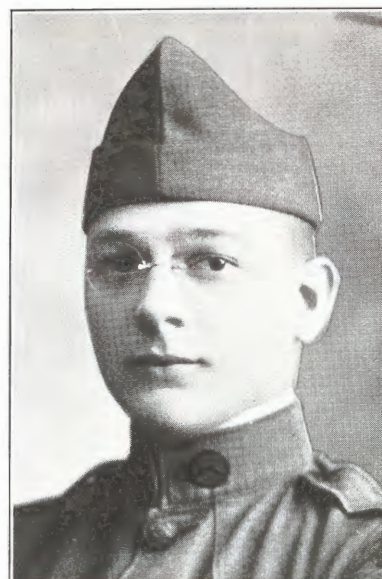
Claude Williams,
Co. I, 20th Inf.
30th Div.
Decorated. Feb. 18, 1919.



John Edwards
Co. G, 3rd Inf.
8th Div.
Special Citation.



Chas. A. Gibson,
8th Co., 6th Marine,
Decorated.



George Wagner
Rainbow Division
Co. D, 160th Inf., 4th
Decorated.



Don C. Eagle
7th F. Am Signal Corps.
special relations.



Martin Hoffmann,
2nd Air Service,
7th F.
special relations.



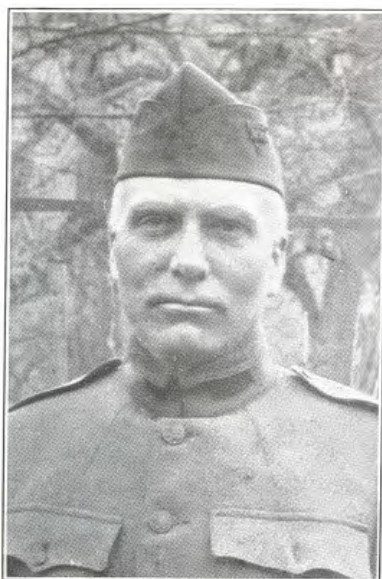
Robert C. ...
1st F. Am Signal Corps.



Robert C. ...
1st F. Am Signal Corps.



Mr. [unclear],
 6th. [unclear] [unclear] 80th [unclear] [unclear]
 4 medals.
 1st Lieutenant
 Citation for
 [unclear]



Hale Krato,
 Y.M.C.A.,
 4th Division.

Dennis [unclear]
 Col, 160th [unclear]
 4th and Division.
 "Rainbow."
 [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]
 Jan. 10 - Nov. 11, 1915.



Howard Smith,
Special Operations
Co. B, 44th Engineers
Northern Russia C. F.



Robert H. T.,
U.S. Destroyer Yarnall.



Capt. Andrew J. Jorgensen
120th W.L. Bn., 1st Division
H. S. 120th Bn.

C. Military and Naval Service.

Photographs.

List Incomplete.



First Division men.
 1. David Hughes, 2. Wm. Jolley, 3. Walter Michael,
 4. Albert Tinkler, 5. Chas. C. Shuck, 6. Henry
 J. Sawmen, 7. Edw. Rohlfke, 8. Robt. Coffee,
 9. Wm. Robinson, 10. Frank Brown, 11. Edward
 D. Pugh, 12. Capt. William Brown.



1. Edward H. Hays, 2. Capt. Wagner, 3. Lt. Hays,
 4. Capt. Hays, 5. Capt. Hays, 6. Capt. Hays,
 7. Capt. Hays, 8. Capt. Hays, 9. Capt. Hays,
 10. Capt. Hays, 11. Capt. Hays, 12. Capt. Hays.



7/11 Division - 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th. 10th. 11th. 12th.
 1. Harry G. ... 2. ... 3. ... 4. ... 5. ... 6. ... 7. ... 8. ... 9. ... 10. ... 11. ... 12. ...



30th Division Men

1. Frank Gaudin, 2. Harry Gaudin,
3. West Gaudin, 4. John H. Meyer,
5. Carl Winter, 6. Edgar Wooley, 7. Harry
- Winter, 8. Martin Smith, 9. William J.
- Greiff, 10. Martin P. H. 11. Fred A. Roman,
12. Louis Johnson.



Rainbow 7th Division Men

1. Virgil W. ...
2. ...
3. ...
4. ...
5. ...
6. ...
7. ...
8. ...
9. ...
10. ...
11. ...
12. ...



Second, Seventh Div. & 7. 9. Men.
 1. Gustav Kalo, 2. Jos. Keene, 3. Sgt. Morris
 4. Edward (Kale), 5. Columbus (Kale),
 6. John (Kale), 7. Ed. (Kale), 8. John (Kale),
 9. John (Kale), 10. David (Kale), 11. Chas.
 12. (Kale), 12. Frank (Kale).



Hospital Service Men -
 1. Cyril Loster, 2. Geo. Lee, 3. Dennis Smith,
 4. John Schmidt, 5. Arthur Schene, 6. Ted Weber,
 7. Manfred Alexander, 8. Earl Pappas, 9.
 Fred Chapman, 10. Wm. West, 11. Roy Johnson,
 12. Wm. H. Engstrom.



1. [Name] 2. [Name] 3. [Name] 4. [Name] 5. [Name] 6. [Name] 7. [Name] 8. [Name] 9. [Name] 10. [Name] 11. [Name] 12. [Name]



The Men, Engineers, Kentucky.
 1. Charles F. Farnham, 2. Fred Palmer, C. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.



Engineering Corps Men:

1. Ernest H. Ackermann, 2. John E. Shaw,
3. Edgar Ben, 4. Henry Kumpert, 5. Edwin
- Cranner, 6. Cecil Brownbeck, 7. Roy Runner,
8. Ray Menier, 9. Harry Zant, 10. Jos. W. Bantz,
11. Wm. Ross, 12. Benjamin Emcke.

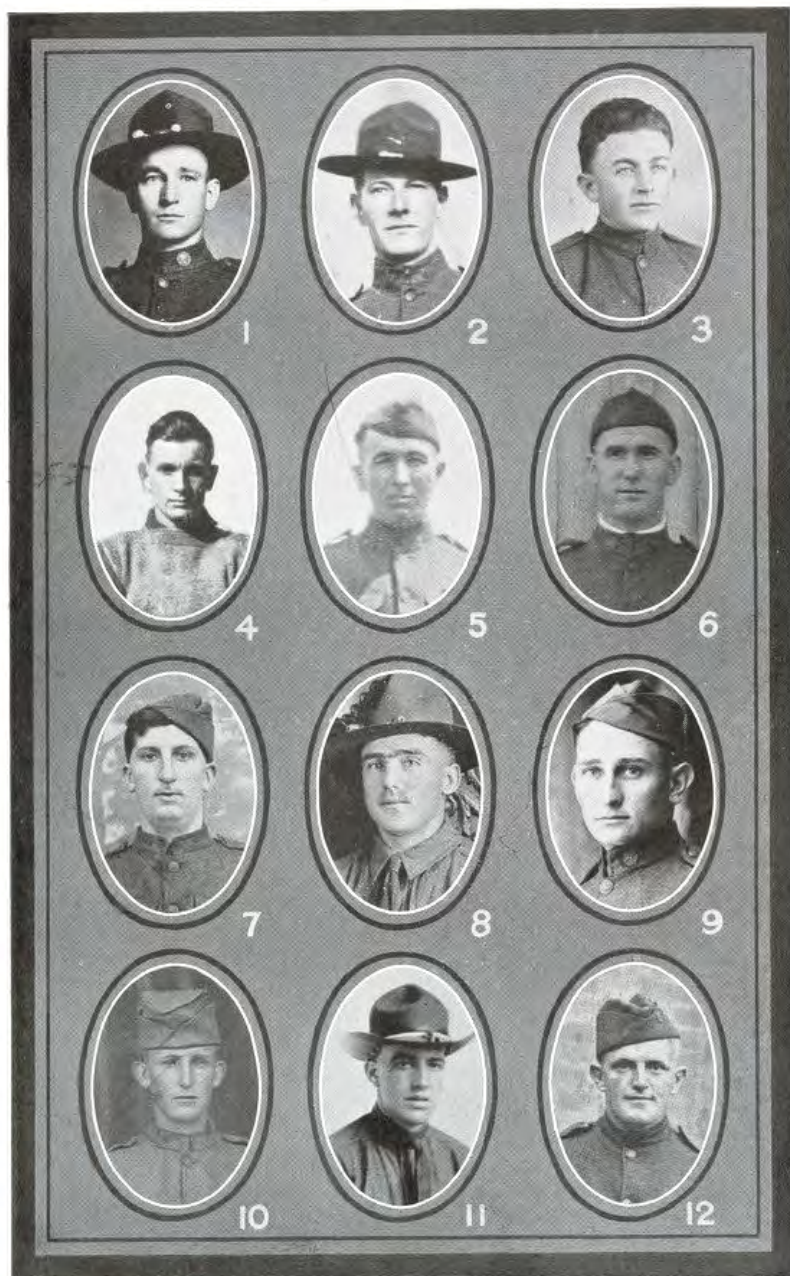
(L)



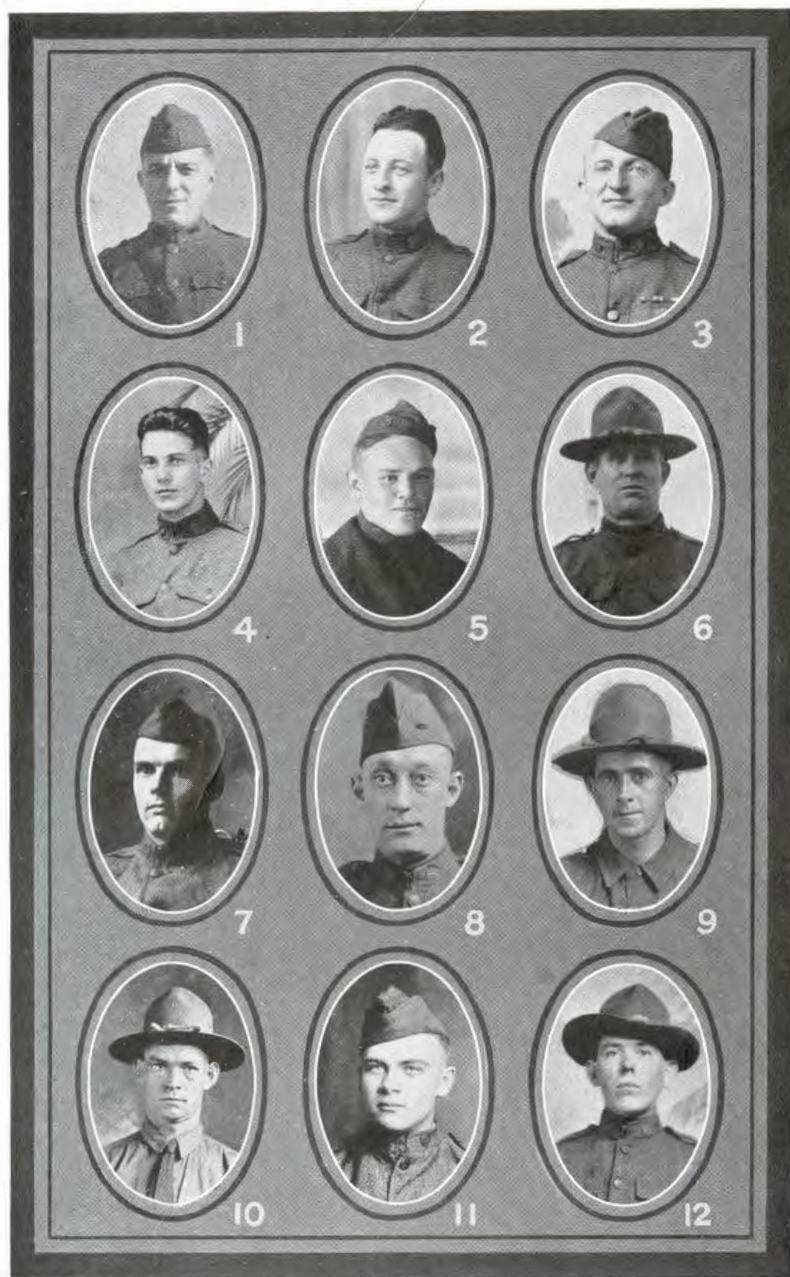
30 & 34 Div. men.

1. Wm. Wernke, 2. Daniel Hull, 3. Cornelius Miller,
4. Frank Burst, 5. Louis Krenner, 6. Lawrence
- Siekerman, 7. Horace Fischer, 8. James W. Wernke,
9. Henry Lindauer, 10. Charles Cole, 11. Edw. Thomas,
12. Roy Henteman.

(M)



87th Division men
 1. J. Lucas, 2. J. C. Lucas, 3. Chas. Sullivan,
 4. Allan D. Myers, 5. Walter Downey, 6. Frank
 Hillman, 7. J. J. Sorenson, 8. Raymond Butler,
 9. Louis Bayard, 10. Frank P. Bayard, 11. William
 Cook, 12. Wm. D. D. D.



Ordinance, Little's Heights, Maine

1. Lee Kramer, 2. Frank Sures, 3. Rev. Engel,
 4. Fawcett Cox, 5. Walter Crocker, 6. Walter
 Webster, 7. Fred Kunkel, 8. Louise Manning
 9. John Lawrence, 10. Samuel Elliot, 11. Edwin Manning
 12. Russell Manning



M.P., 518 to 54 to Division 1120
 1. David Walker, 2. Brighty Birmingham, 3.
 Henry Kress, 4. Leslie Kinkadee, 5. Chas. Rupp, 6. Mon
 res B. Curran, 7. Vincent Starke, 8. Lester James,
 9. Geo. H. Brown, Jr., 10. David Kirschner, 11. Leo
 Benz, 12. Wilson Gookins.

#2 P.



Miscellaneous Service Men.

1. Gilbert Gayest, 2. Dal Spencer, 3. Curtis Wat-
- ters, 4. Oscar C. Horn, 5. McKinley Smith, 6. Bern.
- Drake, 7. Harold Newman, 8. Jas. Kewals, 9. How-
- ard Heitmeier, 10. Keran Wager, 11. Emil Cowen,
12. Leedom unknown. Ensign



1. Ensign Horace E. Hunter
2. Lieut. Jos. L. Hyatt
3. Lieut. Albert Schrader
4. Lieut. Harvey Wörning

5



1. Capt. G. J. Whitlatch, M.R.C.
2. Capt. H. P. Butts, M.R.C.
3. Capt. M. J. Coomes, M.R.C.
4. Capt. L. T. Cox, M.R.C.
5. Capt. Geo. Withrow, Dental Corps.



1. 7th. Lieut. C.D. Ryan, M.R.C.
2. 1st Lieut. Francis J. Row, Dental Corps.
3. 1st Lieut. E. E. Heath, Med. D.C.
4. Capt. M. L. Samms, M.R. Corps.



1. Col. A. E. Ahrends, 2. 1st Lieut L. O. Spaulding, 3. 1st Lieut Potter Krick, 4. 1st Lieut. Harvey Manning, 5. 1st Lieut. Joseph B. Taylor - Military Officers.

69



Miscellaneous Group.

1. Arthur Schein, 2. Albert Lambert, 3. John
Kreuzman, 4. Mike Vanderheide, 5. Geo. Olsen,
6. Collis Huntington, 7. Floyd Jarvis, 8. Robert Hernd,
9. Nick Prickel, 10. Frank Strothman, 11. Earl
Arndt, 12. Frank Eckstein.



Martha Delany,
Base Hospital #1,
Base Hospital #9.
(Nurses)



Bertha C. Greeman,
Evacuation Hospital
#1, Camp Hospital
101.
(Nurses)



Vivian Wiebking,
U.S.C., Douglas,
Arizona.
(Mrs. E. W. Stacey
after November 1918.)



Carolyn Maffey,
R.A.N.,
Camp Mead, Md.
H. McHenry, Md.

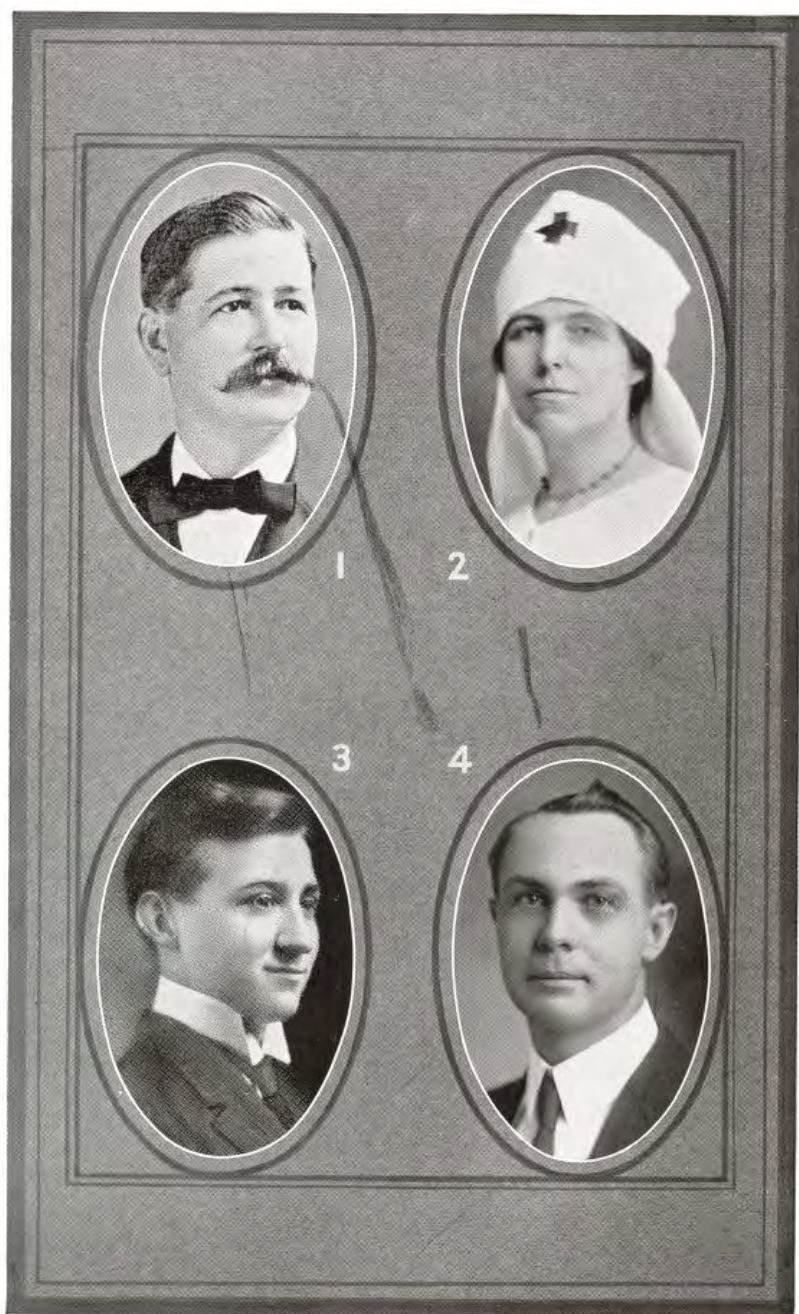
D. Civilian Service.

Photographs.

List Incomplete.



Liberty Loan Committeemen
 1. Dennis Gordon, 2. Louis G. Bruns,
 3. Nora Lookins, 4. John Minger,
 5. Wm. Caener, 6. Brainerd Sawyer & Co.
 Also Pearce, Sumner, Napoleon, Sumner,
 Holton & Esgood, respectively.



Ripley County Chapter

American Red Cross Executive
Officers:

1. G. J. Baas, Treasurer
2. Minnie E. Wycoff, Director, Production
3. Clarence Andrews, Chairman
4. Neil D. McCallum, Secretary



Ripley Co. Council of D. Jones: Harry Behlmer,
 A. W. Kornwinder, F. J. Kline, E. S. Abbott, standing: 1 Dr.
 seated, Left to right - J. T. Lockard, Mrs. Lawrence
 Green, Oliver C. Shook.



Executive Officers - Ripley Co.
War Mothers, 1918.

1. Flora Spaulding, War Mother
2. Luella Bilby, Scriptor. + 6: May
Wagner, Auditor.
3. Mrs. J. H. Cornelly, Treas.
4. Ida H. Wager, Registrar.

E. Miscellaneous.

Photographs.

Campfire Co. Linn Corp.



①

*Liberty Loan parade -
Batesville - April 6, 1918*



2

*Liberty Loan Parade - For George
Batesville, April 6-1918*



3

*Liberty Loan parade speakers at
Batesville, April 6-1918*



War Exhibit Tractor at
Baltimore, Md. Sept 9



Airplane & Pilot at Baltimore
Sept 22, 1918 - 9:30 a.m.



War Exhibit Tractor at
Baltimore, Md. Sept 9



Florida Febr'y Loan Parade
1916-1918

Baltimore



Victory Loan 1919
"Johnnie Brown" Michigan

Baltimore



War Effort Exhibit
Baltimore 1918



4th Liberty Loan



Camouflage War Effort Train
at Baltimore 1918



Franklin. Adams Township group. Sept. 20, 1917.



First group of Selective Service Men, Sept. 1917.



~~June 20, 1918~~ June 20, 1918

June 26, 1918. Group of Selective Service men
leaving for camp.



Sept. 6, 1918. Last group of selective service men
from Ripley County leaving for camp.



HAYS PHOTO
BATESVILLE, IND.
9/20/17



Group of selected men. May 27, 1918.



Tractor Show, Batesville, Ind. 1910



Tractor Show, Batesville, Indiana 1911



Tractor Show, Batesville, Indiana. 1910



Tractor Show, Batesville, Indiana.
Snapped in action.



The Tractor Show, Batesville, Indiana, 1915.



Scene at Air Show 1915, Batesville, Indiana, Sept. 10, 1915.





Jacques Land, Great Lakes, Ill
At Gatesville, Indiana, 1918.



Jacques Land, Great Lakes, Ill
At Gatesville, Indiana, 1918.





WHERE HEROES SLEEP — AMERICAN CEMETARY, ST-NAZAIRE, FRANCE
 Memorial Day 1919
 Presented by the « Y